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MEN, WOMEN, AND THE BYRON-COMPLEX

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

NINETY-EIGHT years ago, in April, 1824, Lord Byron died at Missolonghi. *Astarte* has, within the year, been publicly reissued; two volumes of new Byron letters have been put forth by John Murray within a few months. It is natural that the files of the recent British reviews should be full of him. Natural, indeed, that ever since 1905 (when Lord Lovelace first made his extraordinary gesture of publication), any index of periodical literature should have been studded with Byron's name.

Yet out of all the welter of articles and essays resultant upon *Astarte* and the new Letters, one curious fact emerges, dominant, obtrusive. As it was through all the nineteenth century, so now in the twentieth. None of the recent critics (unless it be Lord Ernle) cares a hang about Byron's poetry, or his prose. Mr. Percy Lubbock says frankly, — too frankly, if that be his real opinion, — that everyone will read the Hobhouse collection of letters with only one purpose: to see if anything new can be gathered about the Byron-Augusta scandal. There is nothing new about Byron and Augusta in the Hobhouse collection, and therefore it is worth nothing. We would give it all for a slim volume of Keats's letters. Thus Mr. Lubbock. Mr.

Maurice Hewlett, reviewing the volumes in the *London Mercury*, never hints at whether or not they sustain Byron's reputation as one of the great English letter-writers. He uses his three pages to vilify Byron the man, as far as his vocabulary will allow. After a hundred years, one ought to be able to consider a man's poetry on its merit. But in the nonacademic world of letters no one, apparently, either knows or cares whether Byron was a great poet. No one except Lord Ernle either knows or cares, as we have said, whether he was a better or a worse letter-writer than we had thought. After a hundred years, the sole question that impassions people is: 'Just how much of a cad was he?'

One looks in vain for another instance quite like this. Lord Byron was not a king, not a great warrior or a great statesman; he was not the leader of a cause, the founder of a party, the winner or loser of a battle-field. His one adventure into public affairs — the espousing of the Greek cause — came late, and amounted to little. He was never, to any group of enthusiasts, a symbol; his name was never the equivalent of a theory or an ideal. He 'stood for' nothing, and therefore gathered no loyalties about him like a borrowed garment.

His poetry and his personality were all that he had to make him significant. Scandal about Shelley has never been wanting; and we have recently acquired a scandal (God save the mark!) about Wordsworth. Yet people go on estimating the *Lyrical Ballads* and *Prometheus Unbound* much as they did before. Critics, however, persist still in abandoning criticism when they speak of Byron. You search their pages for any hint that he wrote *Lara*, *The Bride of Abydos*, or *The Giaour*; and when they mention *Don Juan*, their sole interest seems to lie in being able to name the woman he was living with when he produced a particular canto. The sequence of his works serves as a mere corroborative footnote to the *chronique scandaleuse* of his life.

Scandals a hundred years old usually lack spice for anyone save the antiquary. But, though no one since Matthew Arnold, except Paul Elmer More, has bothered much about Byron's poetry, they are bothering still about Lord Byron and his amours. One would think he was a sufficiently great poet to be spoken of as such. Or Mr. Lubbock or Mr. Hewlett — since they were supposed to be reviewing the Murray volumes — might have thrown in a word or two about Byron's letters, which, as letters, are among the best we have. But no: Byron still arouses an emotion purely personal. People persist in taking him as if he were the defendant in a criminal suit. They are as passionately partisan as if he had not, for years, been dust beneath the stones of Hucknall Torkard church.

This cannot be mere love of scandal; because, as we have said, scandal about other Romantic poets — Shelley or Wordsworth — leaves people able, still, to estimate them as poets. Certainly it is not natural preoccupation

with great figures of English literature, because they care nothing about 'placing' Byron's work in the magnificent sequence of English verse. No: they are simply squabbling over George Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron; adoring or detesting him precisely as did those people who stood by him, or cold-shouldered him, at Lady Jersey's famous party. The simple fact is this: no woman has ever been able to keep her head about Byron; and now that he is dead, the men seem to be as bad as the women. What other private personality, in our Anglo-Saxon world, has ever been so persistent as this?

It is easy to find excuses: easy to say that Harriet Beecher Stowe, in 1869 (for she was the first cause of most of the modern talk), kindled the dying embers, and lit such a candle as, she trusted, should never be put out; easy to say that Lord Lovelace had a grandmother-complex, and felt constrained to produce the worst-written book of the century to vilify his grandfather. Even Lord Lovelace and Mrs. Stowe, who were two as good Byron-haters as you can find anywhere — but we shall come to that later. Easy to say that the controversy over Byron and Augusta dealt (to put it mildly) with peculiarly intriguing possibilities. Yet one must remember that, as Professor Strahan has just pointed out, at the time when Byron left England for Continental exile, there was sympathy abroad for Byron and none for Shelley, and that probably his going to the Shelleys was the *coup de grâce* to Byron's reputation. In the minds of the British public, that is, even after the separation, Byron was a sinner, but Shelley was scum. There is something there, other than scandal, — other, even, than monstrosity of scandal, — to account for this clamor that bursts

out, even to-day, about Byron — both for and against him — on the slightest excuse.

That something is personality. Byron is so real, so vivid, so persistent, as a human being, that you cannot down him. Lucian makes Diogenes in Hades greet Alexander with: 'Dear me, Alexander, *you* dead like the rest of us?' Byron is not dead like the rest of them. He evokes the same kind of adoration, of contempt, of loyalty, that he would evoke if he walked down Piccadilly to-day. People either shed tears over him or spit when his name is mentioned. At least, Mr. Hewitt, K.C., is not far from tears; and Mr. Hewlett's pages come as near the gesture of expectoration as print can come.

No woman, I said earlier, has ever been able to keep her head about Byron, living or dead. Miss E. C. Mayne, in her two-volume life, comes fairly near it; yet even Miss Mayne has lapses from the judicial temper. Being a woman, I should not attempt, myself, to weigh evidence that concerned Byron. It is unfortunate that the man who had access to more facts about him than anyone else — Lord Lovelace, namely — should have been as incapable of either assembling, presenting, or weighing evidence, as any woman. For some years, I have hoped that some man with a judicial mind and an urbane temper would come forward and do us a new book about Byron. But one is constrained to believe that even men encounter a peculiar difficulty in dealing with him. Miss Mayne warns the women 'who are in love with Byron's ghost' that the Byron they love is the Byron his male friends saw and knew, and that, if they had known him in the flesh, they would have fared no better than Annabella Milbanke or Caroline Lamb. That will not prevent women from

being in love with Byron's ghost, or even from writing love-letters to it. All women who have ever been in love with Byron are disqualified, naturally. But, curiously enough, the people who are not in love with him are equally disqualified.

I do not know who was editing the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1869.¹ The gentleman is presumably dead, and lovers of literature, it is to be hoped, are not carrying flowers to his grave. He moulders with the man who, in the *North American Review*, emptied the vials of his scorn on Edward Coate Pinkney. Shelley would say that, wherever they are, they are with Gifford. It is almost impossible, you see, not to mention Mrs. Stowe in the Byron connection, not only because she 'started' everything, but because she proves, more amusingly even than Lord Lovelace himself, or the crew now writing about Byron in British reviews, the point we were making. Yet Mrs. Stowe, as the authoress of *Lady Byron Vindicated* (her elaboration and defense, in 1870, of her *Atlantic* and *Macmillan* performance of 1869), is not to be mentioned without preliminary apology — an exculpatory washing of hands. Permit me, therefore, before discussing Mrs. Stowe's discreditable publication, to quote Swinburne's footnote about it. The whole paragraph of the footnote (from the *Essays and Studies*) must

¹ But the editor does very well, for the incident is famous in *Atlantic* annals. Mr. James T. Fields had conducted the magazine with very great success from the hour when Mr. Lowell left it in his hands, but at this time, as it happened, he was abroad, and the assistant editor, Mr. Howells, had the difficult question thrust upon him as to the acceptance of Mrs. Stowe's unfortunate paper. In this situation, he consulted Dr. Holmes, godfather of the magazine; and it was by Dr. Holmes's express advice that the article was printed — and the magazine almost shattered. — THE EDITOR.

be set down, I fear. To set down less would be like not washing one's hands enough.

The worst consequence . . . was not the collapse of such faint hopes or surmises as we might yet have cherished of some benefit to be received in the way of biography, some new and kindly light to be thrown on the life and character of Byron; it was the opportunity given to a filthy female moralist and novelist, who was not slow to avail herself of such an occasion 'to expound her beastly mind to all.' Evidently the laurels of Mrs. Behn had long kept her successor from sleeping; it was not enough to have copied the authoress of *Oroonoko* in the selection of a sable and a servile hero; her American imitator was bent on following her down fouler ways than this. But I feel that an apology is due to the virtuous memory of the chaste Aphra: she was indeed the first 'nigger novelist'; and she was likewise a vendor and purveyor of obscene fiction; but here the parallel ends; for I am not aware that she ever applied her unquestionable abilities in that unlovely line of business to the defamation at second-hand of the illustrious and defenseless dead.

Swinburne, as you see, kept his head no better than the rest of us; yet, considering the enormity of Mrs. Stowe's offense against taste, both public and private, — which no one felt so keenly as Lord Lovelace himself, — who can say that something of the kind was not deserved?

The whole point about Mrs. Stowe, for most of us, is not her inaccuracy or her egregious breach of faith, about which Lady Byron's grandson was so bitter and contemptuous, nor yet the fact that she was ultimately responsible for Lord Lovelace's impotent volume; not even the gusto with which (though that is somewhat overrated by Swinburne) she set herself, with unctuous explicitness, to blacken the poet's character. Let us be temperate about Mrs. Stowe and admit that,

while her position was contemptible, her purpose was not, like Mrs. Behn's, pornographic. The interesting fact for us, as I say, is other.

Here is your official Byron-hater, speaking officially. She had worn Lady Byron's own gloves, and considered Lady Byron the greatest Englishwoman of the century, if not of all time. Lady Byron's devoted grandson had fewer illusions about her. Part of Mrs. Stowe's purpose, according to herself, is to dissuade men and women from reading Lord Byron's remarkable poetry. She hopes, in blasting his personal reputation, to destroy his poetical popularity as well. Reading Byron's poetry, in her opinion, is one of the easiest descents into hell. Mrs. Stowe, it must be said, does not ignore the poetry, like so many of our contemporary commentators. She thinks it magnificent, and refers to her own youth, when young men and maidens chanted his verse with ecstasy. But now that she has held Lady Byron's hand, and heard 'the truth' about Augusta, she would prevent anyone else from being similarly inspired.

Yet even Mrs. Stowe attempts to palliate Byron's crimes.

Ancestral causes had sent him into the world with a most perilous and exceptional sensitiveness of brain and nervous system, which it would have required the most judicious course of education to direct safely or happily. . . . Byron's physical organization was originally as fine and as sensitive as that of the most delicate woman. He possessed the faculty of moral ideality in a high degree, and he had not, in the earlier part of his life, an attraction towards mere brutal vice. . . . In considering his subsequent history, we are to take into account that it was upon the brain and nerve-power, thus exhausted by early excess, that the draughts of sudden and rapid literary composition began to be made. There was something unnatural and

unhealthy in the rapidity, clearness, and vigor with which his various works followed each other. . . .

There still remains undoubted evidence that Byron exercised a most peculiar and fatal power over the moral sense of the women with whom he was brought in relation; and that love for him, in many women, became a sort of insanity, depriving them of the just use of their faculties.

And she inclines, if not to be convinced, to be much struck, by the following statement of Lady Byron's:—

'I could not but conclude that he (Lord Byron) was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator I have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of predestination.'

The last two quotations are from Mrs. Stowe's chapter entitled, 'How Could She Love Him?' It is quite clear that Mrs. Stowe saw perfectly how Lady Byron could love him; and she is obviously much taken (though from anyone but Lady Byron, one gathers, it would have shocked her) with the pretty theory that 'the truth about Augusta,' like everything else, was ultimately John Calvin's fault. Lady Byron, on her first meeting with Mrs. Stowe, told her that '*she* (Mrs. Stowe) could have understood him.' One rather doubts that Mrs. Stowe could have understood Byron; one is fairly sure that Byron would not have thought that she understood him; but one realizes that the compliment was by no means distasteful to her. Read *Lady Byron Vindicated* from cover to cover, and you will see that even Mrs. Stowe was not unaffected by the Byron-complex. To be sure, she alone among his posthumous detractors seems not to have forgotten that he was a great poet—even if she does sym-

pathize with Lady Byron's horror at his poems being made accessible to larger numbers of people by grace of a cheap edition. That, you will remember, is why (according to Mrs. Stowe) Lady Byron 'spoke out.' This loving woman was afraid that her husband's poetry would be more widely read.

But of course Lady Byron's psychology is a muddle and a mess, and Lord Lovelace, devoting his hundreds of pages to defending her, has made the poor woman more incredible and unpalatable than ever. A good many of us were at peace with Lady Byron until we read *Astarte*. No one can read Lady Lovelace's memoir of her husband without sympathy for him. He walked for years in the shadow of his grandparents. To clear his grandmother from accusations of coldness and moral cruelty he wrote his book,—having brooded on the subject the better part of his life,—sacrificing his grandfather completely. Better that Byron should be called immoral than that Lady Byron should be called unfeeling! No one could accuse Lord Lovelace of loving his grandfather. He brushes aside the poetry, except as he thinks it serves to prove his scandalous point. Yet Lord Lovelace judges it well to remind us that there were extenuating circumstances in Byron's 'affair' with Augusta. And having explained, as well as he could, why this was not like other cases, he proceeds, in one of the most remarkable pages ever penned (when you consider that he is a special pleader on the other side), to declare that, ideally speaking, Augusta should have gone to Byron on the Continent, after the separation; that they should have flaunted their relation (as he conceives it to have been) in the eyes of Europe, cutting themselves off from every civilized contact (for every civilized community, he is convinced,

no matter how remote, would have spewed them out); since *then* Byron would have been a truly poetical and sympathetic figure. *Then* we could have loved him. Even Lord Lovelace finds no evidence that Augusta ever wished to go to Byron; but that does not matter. She should have sacrificed herself, her husband, her children, her soul; she should have chucked everything and gone, so that we might love Byron — whose poetry, according to Lord Lovelace, was not of much account.

No: the world certainly has a Byron-complex.

Professor Strahan paints us a vivid picture of Byron's departure from England, after the scandal of the separation: —

Crowds had watched his departure from Piccadilly for Dover; at his hotel at Dover women of position bribed the chambermaids to let them take over their clothes and duties for the evening, so that they might have a near look at the interesting monster; and the next day practically the whole town turned out to see him go to the packet. The same intense curiosity followed him to the end. At Venice, when he crossed in his gondola for his customary ride on the sands of the Lido, all the English visitors in Venice were waiting at San Nicoló to view his landing, some of the women using opera glasses, and some pressing so close that he had occasionally to push his way through them in order to mount his horse. His love of Ravenna was largely due to the fact that the absence of English people saved him from constant mobbing; but when he was going from that city to Pisa, and broke his journey for a night or so at Bologna, Rogers, who was there, told Macaulay that, when he left the hotel, every window in it was crammed with English sightseers.

No bribing of chambermaids to-day would get us a glimpse of Byron, so it is easy to laugh at the poor ladies who made that rather unseemly gesture.

But the attitude — *mutatis mutandis* — has persisted. He is a *person*, still. When Mrs. Stowe — a young thing, then — heard that Byron was dead, she went off and climbed a hill, to be alone all the afternoon with her thoughts of him. Later, she wanted his poetry annihilated, for moral reasons; but she could revert with tenderness to her own gesture of mourning. Mrs. Stowe is long since dead; but these people who are at present concerned with Byron are very like the ladies who bribed the chambermaids. Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Lubbock, and many others are not reading Byron; but they are craning their necks from balconies for glimpses of the man.

I have said more than once that no woman, friend or foe, can to this day quite keep her head about Byron. I still believe that is true. But one woman I have encountered who came very near it. Several years ago I made pilgrimage, like so many others, to Newstead Abbey. The housekeeper, rather bored, did the honors. It dawned upon the woman at last that here were Americans who cared little for Dukeries but a great deal for the poet. Nothing could mitigate her austerity; but she faced us finally in the drawing-room, cluttered with the possessions of the alien owners, and coldly, primly remarked: 'It is a great pity that Lord Byron did not marry Mary Chaworth, and settle down and keep up the place.' For her, Byron was simply a 'landed gentleman' who had neglected his duty.

Recently I have had occasion to contrast her attitude with that of Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, who, you will recall, has done his poor best to white-wash Augusta (that is, Byron, for no one cares a straw about poor Augusta) by ingenious scandal about Mary Chaworth Musters. According to him, Augusta was the screen for a

late affair with the early love; all the compromising letters were really written to Mary; Medora was Mary's child — you know the argument, no doubt. As far as I am aware, no one is convinced by it; but any hypothesis will do to defend Byron, as any hypothesis will do to damn him. No one's reputation counts, for an instant, but Byron's own. If you hate him, you sacrifice Augusta, or Mary Chaworth, or Lady Frances Wedderburne Webster; if you love him, you say, like Professor Strahan, that the Guiccioli was the only woman he had ever pursued — the others had all pursued poor Byron. If you hate him, you speak of Lady Melbourne as hardly as Swinburne spoke of Mrs. Stowe — that impossible creature who received his daily, hourly letters, full of his disgusting affairs. If you love him, you grow lachrymose over what he suffered at the hands of Lady Caroline Lamb and others. None of the women count at all, in and for themselves. No one cares what any one of them was, except as she helps to prove Byron a tiger or a lamb. The ladies Byron knew fare as badly as his poetry, at the hands of his critics. Lady Melbourne, Lady Oxford, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Frances Wedderburne Webster (Mr. Hewlett, being for the moment Leporello, must have her on his list, though Lord Lovelace explicitly says that she does not belong there) — they might be, for all they matter, dancing-girls of the desert, to whom Mohammed denied a soul.

The only impersonal treatment of Byron we have been favored with for many years has come from the British copyright laws. It is possible to buy

the Oxford edition of Byron, in one volume, on India paper, in limp leather. As far as one can see, that is the sole compensation Byron has received for dying in 1824. For, to hear them talk, you would think his death notice was in this morning's paper.

Somewhere, the ghost of Byron is mightily amused — and not a little pleased. Byron cared more for the House of Lords than for any Pantheon, one judges; and he would rather be responsible for a Byron-complex a hundred years after his death than to be prescribed reading in every British schoolroom. He would have bowed with ironic grace to Matthew Arnold, but he would have liked better the people who cannot keep their heads about him. Even Maurice Hewlett's Billingsgate would have been more to his taste than any treatise on the metrical values of *Don Juan* or *Childe Harold*. His champions froth at the mouth over the obvious injustices done him: the burning of his own memoirs four days after his executors knew of his death; the charges made against a dead man who could not defend himself, and so forth, and so on. But, though Byron would have been his own best champion in any verbal ordeal, there is ample reason to believe that he would have taken the Byron-complex to be his sweetest and most satisfying revenge. He would rather be an obsession to the men and women of the twentieth century than to be in Westminster Abbey. His living admirers may resent slanders in his behalf; but, believe me, they waste their tears. Byron's ghost is perfectly appeased.

THE LETTER LAW AND THE GOLDEN RULE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

PRIMITIVE law, the jurists tell us, was in all countries technical and formal. It dealt in ceremonies and procedures. Form came first, while justice lagged and came last. Perhaps it was the failure of law in old times to make approximation to justice, that leaves to us two great figures of personal justice: the rarely realized embodiment of the layman's ideal, Harun-al-Rashid, and Saint Louis.

Down the ages they have come to us, each called by the same undying name, 'The Just.' In themselves they unite the power of the law, and the will to do justice, not according to procedure long since gone and forgotten, but according to the Golden Rule.

Under the big tree at Vincennes, history pictures to us Saint Louis dispensing the high justice, the middle justice, and the low, to those who flocked to him appealing for the righting of their wrongs. It pictures Harun as the protector of the poor, going about among his people, punishing the wrongdoer and giving justice to the oppressed.

The Puritan, and later the Anglo-Saxon, ideal of justice resolutely supplanted the type which these historic figures embody. Ours was to be, as the ancient Charter of Massachusetts solemnly stated, a government of laws and not of men. Laws should be made so that the people could read and understand them; so that standards should be set, which judges should follow and enforce.

Personal justice, justice dependent

alone or mainly upon the personal concept of right in the heart of the judge, — a concept varying with the moral calibre of judges, — was to be discarded. The law was to be, in the main, a book, enforced, to be sure, by a person, but in accordance with the book.

The whole history of law is the struggle for a working compromise between two ideals: judicial discretion and the Saint-Louis ideal, on one hand, and the letter law, superior to and binding upon the judge, and he its sworn servant, on the other. The vast mass of our statute-making, state and national, the intricate codes of procedure now governing most of our courts, clearly indicate that for many generations the letter-law ideal has been unduly dominant with us. There are many reasons why this has been true.

One of these reasons was illustrated to me some years ago, in the course of a conversation with a prominent member of the bar in another state. I was conferring with him about an important lawsuit, which was to go to trial in that state, and in which clients of mine were parties. I had inquired about the personality of the judge who would try the case. My associate's answers had been far from reassuring. The judge was obviously, on his story, no Harun or Saint Louis. To reassure me, he concluded, however: 'You know as well as I do that so long as politicians nominate and the public elects judges by general elections, the main protection of liti-

gants must be, not in the character of the judge, but in the definite character of the law itself. There is perfectly clear law in our case on our side, and the judge will have to follow it.'

However satisfactory, in a short-sighted way, such philosophy may be in its results on litigation (and it is by no means always satisfactory and effective), a much greater question still remains, and one which becomes continuously more important.

The question is this: how much more complicated can an increasingly complex society permit its law to become, and avoid disaster, or even allow the continuance of normal business?

Interstate commerce is now international trade. Relationships in business and industry are increasingly complicated. They operate at an increasingly higher speed. Can the demands which they make upon the law be met by a system of justice which is, at the same time, intricate and slow? Is not a return to a simpler justice necessary, if even our ordinary business questions and disputes are to be solved without an intolerable amount of friction and expense? As economic power increases in certain industrial groups, is there not a greater need for increased power of law to deal with them — a power which can come only from simpler ethical standards, broad enough to be adaptable to all conditions to which their application is needed?

By a quite unconscious process, these questions are being answered by the courts, so far as they are permitted by the lawmaking authorities to answer them. Out of complexity comes the possibility of simplicity in the law by a process of healthful evolution. As an old lawyer once said about it to me: 'There are so many precedents; so many judges have written so many opinions in so many cases, that a judge who really wants to do what is right

to-day generally can find some precedent to support him.' It comes also by a change of emphasis, a certain revaluation of essentials, under which our law tends to become primarily a system of justice, instead of a continuously more intricate and elaborate system of logic.

Students of the law who began their studies twenty or thirty years ago will recall the not infrequent decisions wherein the courts declared themselves regretfully constrained to a certain decision, which they felt to be unjust in the particular case, but which they said was a conclusion necessary to the logic of the law, to avoid dangerous precedents. Portia made much the same answer, it will be remembered, when Bassanio wanted her for once to wrest the law to her authority. The modern note tends to be somewhat different. The logic of the law has ceased to be so supremely important. Let me illustrate:—

Here is a very recent case passed upon by the New York Court of Appeals. A builder sued an owner, for whom he had built a country place, for the balance of the contract price. The owner refused to pay, saying that the builder had not kept his contract. The contract called for a certain specified wrought-iron pipe in the plumbing of the house. By inadvertence, the builder had put in an equally good pipe of a different brand, though the same in appearance, quality, and cost — indeed, the same thing, except that it was made in another place.

After the pipe was all in place, the owner heard of this error and ordered the pipe taken out, though it was encased in the walls and could not be removed without great expense. The builder refused to remove it, and asked to be paid the balance due him on the contract. The Court of Appeals declared that he should be so paid.

In answer to the owner's demand for

the letter of the law, and, without deviation, the specific pipe of the contract, the Court declared: —

We must weigh the purpose to be served, the desire to be gratified, the excuse for deviation from the letter, the cruelty of enforced adherence. The willful trespasser must accept the penalty of his transgression. The trespasser whose default is unintentional and trivial may hope for mercy if he will offer atonement for his wrong.

Elsewhere, in the opinion, occur these significant words: —

Those who think more of symmetry and logic in the development of legal rules than of proper adaptation to the attainment of a just result will be troubled by a classification where the lines of division are so wavering and fluttering. Something doubtless may be said, on the score of consistency and certainty, in favor of a stricter standard. The courts have balanced such consideration against those of equity and fairness, and found the latter to be weightier.

The process of unconscious development of simplicity in the direct application of ethical principles to modern justice has, as an illustration, the law which to-day determines the right of large organizations of capital to continue in existence when they have limed or restrained competition.

It was only a decade or two ago that jurists were scornfully criticizing Roosevelt's layman distinction between 'good' and 'bad' trusts. The notion that great aggregations of capital could be compelled to dissolve because they were harmful, or allowed to continue because they were, on the whole, beneficial to the public, was considered absurd. To differentiate them by their character and conduct, instead of by their size and power, was deemed a distinction too shadowy, too idealistic, and too impracticable.

Notwithstanding all this criticism, the substance of Roosevelt's principle is not far from being adopted in the

courts of the United States. Two features of the modern law of capitalistic combinations stand out in recent decisions. The first is that there is no form of combination which results in a conspiracy in restraint of trade which can avoid the disfavor of the law. The law wholly disregards to-day the form of such attempts, and looks only to the purpose sought, and to the substance of its accomplishment. Old-fashioned 'trusts,' holding companies, pooling agreements, and a dozen other devices, have met with the same fate. The forbidden purpose being shown under any form, the result was the same.

The other feature in the evolution of the antitrust law is this: the growing tendency of the court to consider, in reaching its final judgment, certain matters which, only a few decades ago, would have received little, if any, attention.

Here, for example, is a great corporation before the bar of the Supreme Court. Its dissolution is asked as a combination in restraint of trade. We find the Court, in testing the corporation's right to existence, seeking the answers which its corporate life-history gives to questions like this: —

How did it attain its growth: by oppressive methods applied to competitors; by trickery or fraud; by unfair practices; or was its expansion the result of superior business ability honestly applied?

How has it treated its competitors?

How has it used its powers?

Has the public been harmed or benefited by its existence?

Have the restraints upon trade which it has effected been, on the whole, reasonable and just, or otherwise?

This tendency to test the right of great corporations to live, by studying their conduct in the use of power, is a most interesting and important tendency, capable of very considerable ex-

tension. It is a very recent idea. Only a few years ago, the courts took an entirely different attitude. The test was not the abuse of power: it was the existence of power.

Combinations in restraint of trade were illegal, if they had the power to restrain trade, whether they abused that power or not. Here, for example, was an association of coal-dealers in a little city in New York. Business had been bad, and they got together and agreed to fix prices. Indicted for a combination, they sought to prove on their trial that the prices actually fixed were entirely fair to the consumer, and that they left only a modest compensation for themselves. This evidence was refused by the trial court, as wholly irrelevant. The highest court of the state declared this ruling to have been correct.

This is not the place for an extended consideration of the law's attitude toward competition. The pendulum may swing back again. The courts ultimately may find that the problems connected with the abuse of power are too great for courts to determine whether reasonable use has been made of power over competition.

The 'rule of reason' laid down in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases aroused violent discussion a few years ago. The difference between the 'rule of law,' which broke up the Trans-Missouri Freight Association and the Northern Securities Company, and the 'rule of reason,' which, not very long ago, permitted the continued existence of the United States Steel Corporation, represents a revolution in judicial thinking on this great economic problem.

I am not arguing that the tendencies which are here discussed are finalities. I have an old lawyer friend who scorns the implications of these later trust-decisions as little experiments

with the Golden Rule. He declares that they threaten wholly to destroy all logic or reason in the Antitrust act. He assures me that the time is coming soon, under these monstrous judicial impracticabilities, when the advice of a superannuated clergyman will be worth more to a big corporation, as a protection against the Sherman Antitrust law, than all the learning of a veteran corporation lawyer. I hope that he is not wholly right. His illustration, however, suggests a wholly new pasture for Christian missions — an almost wholly untouched field.

II

What the final determination of the courts will be on this question will depend largely upon the ultimate fate of what may be called a new administrative court, whose main function is to apply to American business what seems a very simple, yet is a very difficult Golden-Rule test for business success: whether its practices not only are legal, so far as present legal standards are concerned, but are fair. Once more we find a return to a simple ethical standard, an attempt at applying a simple test to complex and difficult business problems.

This court is the Federal Trade Commission, which exists to enforce fair practices in modern business. The philosophy of the law which created it has been well expressed recently, by Justice Brandeis, in a most interesting dissenting opinion in the United States Supreme Court. His statement may be summarized thus: The law was intended to prevent success by unfair means. Instead of waiting until, by trickery and unscrupulous methods, huge aggregations of power and wealth have swollen to a point where they become a menace, requiring dissolution, at great cost, perhaps, to innocent in-

vestors, through judicial action, these practices were to be nipped, as it were, in the bud. Business practices were to be fair. The Federal Trade Commission was to enjoin and punish unfair methods of doing business.

If the Commission has not yet received a large measure of public confidence, and the business world still considers it an irritating and meddlesome bureaucracy, it is not due to lack of merit in the principle on which it is founded. The principle itself is not unduly idealistic or impracticable, but it does require a maximum of wisdom, experience, and common sense in its administrators. The life of the Commission has been too short, as yet, for us to pass a harsh judgment upon it.

We should remember that courts have been operated for centuries; that the body of law which lawyers call Equity Jurisprudence has grown like a coral reef, and that its foundations are laid in remote antiquity. The twilight zone between dishonest and decent practices in business still exists. This zone has existed for centuries, and the establishment of precedents which will fix, define, and eliminate the now legal and permissible, but unfair and unethical, roads to commercial success cannot be accomplished in a single generation. It is significant that we have realized the need of experimentation in this new field, of trying to find new ways of applying effectively to business a simplified moral code.

Recent developments in commercial arbitration indicate another step, and a very important one, in this unconscious process by which business seeks simpler ways of meeting its problems. Owing to the increased complexity of contract law, disputes in law courts over business transactions are tending to become unduly expensive. The trial of contract cases by jury is to-day an almost complete failure. This is due to

two causes. The first is that an intricate society tends to make the business questions involved in ordinary commercial contract cases far from simple. It is too much to expect even a highly qualified jury to carry in its mind these details of commercial transactions, cumbered as they are with complicated modern instruments of commerce, the full understanding of which details are necessary to a decision of such commercial disputes. Modern contract law itself is likewise complicated and filled with learned pitfalls, which require a high degree of legal learning and also long study on each individual case. A combination of these two difficulties makes commercial law litigation uncertain in result, but entirely certain in expense. In times past, the courts have been exceedingly jealous of having legal questions decided by tribunals other than the courts themselves and arbitration has heretofore been, for various reasons, an unsatisfactory substitute.

New York, however, has recently, by a simple statute, given a new vitality to arbitration, and recently there has been created in that state a thoroughly organized association of responsible business and professional men, devoted to furnishing the ways and means of arbitration as a substitute for litigation in this type of case. Under this new arbitration plan, the merits of business disputes will be determined without the elaboration of legal technicalities, without the historic background of precedents, and without the judicial rules of evidence. It is expected that these business disputes will be determined by the intelligence and business experience of fair-minded men, applying their sense of justice along these simpler lines and making the determination of these disputes speedier and less expensive. What the ultimate effect of this latest expression of the desire for simpler standards

and simpler methods will have upon judicial processes remains to be seen.

It needs only to be said at this time that the courts are now being presented for the first time with a form of competition. That this competition will have an effect, which will be on the whole a beneficial one, can, I think, scarcely be doubted.

However much the letter law extends its precedents, however much the statute law may seek to make the standards of law concrete and definite, there is an instinct in the soul of man which bids him look, not to the unending scrolls of the law, but to a Saint Louis and a Harun; to some good man whom he knows and respects, and has confidence in, more for his character than for his learning, however great. As society became complicated, this personal ideal grew so remote as to seem altogether lost in the mazes of the letter law. It never wholly disappeared. There are many little communities still in our country where the old ideal yet prevails.

I remember a town where, in my boyhood, the country doctor was also the town clerk and the justice of the peace. For fifty years he decided all the disputes which, in the cities, make lawsuits. He straightened out line fences, he assessed damages for roving cattle, and passed judgment on sheep-biting dogs. He prevented will contests by family settlements. He had, so far as I know, only two law-books — a battered copy of the Vermont Revised Statutes and Walton's *Register*. I have no reason to believe that he consulted any of these authorities very much. They were useful to him only for camouflage purposes. His conclusions, however, based upon a strong sense of justice and an understanding of his people, both shrewd and kindly, satisfied his community for half a century.

I know that it may be said that this

was a small and rural town, and that such rustic personal justice would be impracticable in any other form of society. I can only suggest in reply a question which comes to me with greater frequency as years pass, and the fabric of law becomes more and more complex, in the effort to deal with the problem of a society constantly growing more intricate. The question is this: how long will it be before the pendulum will swing to the other extreme — the return of the Cadi, the search for Saint Louis, the demand for personal justice administered by the good man as a substitute for our endless barren wilderness of precedents in law and a maze of indigestible statutes? Are we not approaching the climax of the letter law: coming to the day when it will seem an impossible chaos of confusion — its bulk so vast, its uncertainties so great, its complications so costly, that society must discard it as a cocoon, which prevents its growth and impedes its life? I am not arguing for this result. I can see, I think, the obvious objections to so extreme a change. Nevertheless, administrative law, made yearly more complex to safeguard cities and states against demagogues in office; judiciary law, made complicated to limit the discretion of political judges — these are, for example, sure paths to the collapse of the democratic ideal. There is no safety in them.

The fundamental mistake in the overcomplexity of so much of our modern law is that it inevitably fails to render the main service which is expected of it, that is, to protect us against the dangers of the crowd-spirit. There is no protection in law, however complicated, against that spirit, if the crowd itself makes the law. This has always been true. It was true when tested in Greece and in Rome. Both of these ancient countries disintegrated under the crowd-spirit — that spirit which gov-

erns when men cease to reason as individuals but respond to appeals which come to them as masses. Democracy is under the same peril to-day wherever public affairs are dominated and directed in the same way: when a keen understanding of mob-psychology becomes the basis of political power; when policies are determined, not by the clear and continuous thinking of individuals, but by adroit propaganda addressed to the crowd-spirit, to men in the mass, to those composite prejudices which defy reason and make wisdom inoperative.

We must learn new ways for leaving the fog of crowd-compelling propaganda — that fog which is the natural atmosphere of the demagogue. We must attain the clearer air, in which

men can see and think as individuals. The almost unconscious movement toward the simplicity which this paper has sketched is, in many aspects, a healthful movement toward a return to those simpler standards essential to the successful operation of a complicated social life.

The final hope for democracy must be, not in its letter law, but in its leadership. The day must come when the people's trust must be less in law and more in men. In the last analysis, the main test that will determine the survival of democracy will be its capacity for the wise selection of men — men sufficient in character and wisdom to be trusted with the powers of the state.

THE GOLDEN VANITY

BY E. BARRINGTON

It was the year of grace 1750, and old Mother Corrigan sat outside her door in Slatern Alley, smoking her pipe with a relish; and 't was a good day with her, for she had told his fortune that morning for Squire Tyrconnel, on his way to fight a duel in the Phoenix Park with Lawyer Daly; and when it was finished, says she to him: — 'Let you count the buttons on his body-coat, your Honour, and fix the third from the top in your eye. And when you stand up to him, say a prayer and pink him with your swordeen in that very spot, and the Lord grant him a bed in heaven, the old villain, for he'll never be asking one on earth again.'

And as she said, so it was, and old Daly turned up his toes and never spoke more, when the Squire got him in the third button. And an hour after, Squire Tyrconnel sent his purse with five golden guineas in it, and a pound of the best rappee to be found in the Four Courts, and all for Mother Corrigan, and she was a proud woman that day. Her house was stuffed as full of money as an egg of meat; but no one would think it to look at her; for she had it all hid away like an old fairy, so that no one would give a thought to it.

She was sitting at her door at the top of Slatern Alley where it turns into Britain Street, and she in the best of good tempers, when a lady came by

with two young daughters beside her — a tall woman, with a fine blossoming colour in her face and an air like a peacock spreading his tail and her eyes as clear as spring water. It would be hard to see a finer woman of her age in a day's walk, and all the gentlemen going to and from the Castle must turn to have another look at the three of them. Her dress might be handsome at first sight; but, closer, you could see she had it held up with pins and stitches, and a bit of good lace fell over it to hide the wear in the front. Also, she drew her feet under her hoop, that they might not be noticed, though they were as small as a young child's. And so she minced along with steps like mice, for fear of showing the burst in her shoe.

But for all that she held up her head like the deer in the Lord Lieutenant's park, and her pride was enough for a queen, and too much for a poor lady walking the Dublin streets and holding her skirt up out of the mud.

But it was the two she had with her that any lady might be proud of. There were never two such out of heaven; and sure it may be believed, for the world has said it often enough since that day, and will say it to the end of time. For the elder was a sweet rogue, with hair like red gold clean out of the fire, and eyes like a blue June morning, and cheeks like May flowers that a rose has kissed, and lips that better than a rose would kneel to kiss one day; and her smile lit up the street, and she tripped along as light as a spring breeze.

But the younger — sure the Lord was well pleased the day he made her face, for 't was perfection's self. Her hair was a dark brown veined with gold, and her eyes like purple violets with the rain on them; and when she closed her long lashes 't was like a cloud over the stars; and her mouth, and the soft smile, and the dimple that dipped when she

laughed — a man would stand all day to watch her and not think long. 'T is a strange thing that one girl will be like that, all beauty and shining sweetness, and another perhaps as good, — for better she could not be in her heart, — will be a poor sorrowful little victim that a cat would not look at in the dark!

And old Mother Corrigan saw them coming, and she took her pipe out from between her teeth, and says she: —

'Halt here, my ladies, the three of you, and hear the fortune that 's waiting you — the way you 'll be ready when it comes.'

'Fortune!' says the lady, stopping, a girl in each hand; 't is the black fortune and the sad fortune that befell me since the day the gold ring was on my finger. And I don't want to hear any more, so I don't; for if I had more to bear than I have this minute I would n't face the morn's morrow.'

But Mother Corrigan rose up as nimbly as a woman to a dance, and she looked the lady in the eyes as if she was as tall as herself, and, 'Come in,' says she, 'for though 't is a poor place, the beauty of the three of you will light it like candles, and 't is here your luck begins.'

So they went in, and the lady said she had not so much as a silver bit to cross her hand with, and indeed would have pulled her daughters back; but the old woman would not have it.

'Leave it so,' says Mother Corrigan, 'what matters an empty hand to-day when you 'll fill the two hands of me with gold when the luck comes that 's coming? Give me your word, my lady, and I 'll take it for as good as five guineas.'

So she gave her word to fill Mother Corrigan's hand with golden guineas; and the two young girls were standing by, their cheeks like burning roses for fear and hope, as the old witch caught

the lady's hand, and gabbled something that was not a prayer, and the words came from her like a person talking in their sleep.

'High blood and poverty. Sure, your father had a crown on his head and no gold to gild it with.'

But the lady pulled her hand away angrily.

'Then you know who I am. What 's the good of play-acting? I guessed this would be the way of it!'

'I don't know and I don't care,' says the old woman with a grin. 'I 'm telling you what I see, and till this minute I never laid eye on you or yours. Don't you be speaking again, for there 's no sense in that; but harken!'

So she told her her father was poor and proud, an Irish lord with a castle in a bog and an old coach with the cloth hanging off it in flitters and the plough-horses to draw it; and that he never gave her a penny since she married, for he had it not to give. And she told her her husband was no better, but running after the cards and dice all day, so that all the world cried folly on her for taking up with him.

'But no matter!' says Mother Corri-gan, 'for you did a good deed for yourself that day you stood up with him in the church.'

'A good deed!' says the lady, very angry. 'Don't you be a foolish old woman, and you so near your end. For I got nothing out of it but care and crying and pinching poverty and five children that I don't know how to put the bread in their mouths; and this minute I 'm as lonesome as a widow, for my husband is off and away in the country, and here am I in Dublin; and if I know how to get bit or sup for them it 's as much as I do know.'

But the old woman shook her head till her teeth rattled.

'Let you be easy and take what 's coming. I see you sitting in a king's

house, and the walls all gilded gold, and the carpets like moss that your foot would sink into, and riches and grandeur, and everyone bowing down to the mother of the beauties.'

'Well, if the half of it 's true,' says the lady, 'the first news should come to me is that I 'm a widow; for 't is impossible it should happen as you say with a husband that has n't one penny-piece to rattle on a tombstone.'

'You 'll not be a widow for many a day, and 't is your husband's name brings the luck.'

'You don't know what his name is. You could n't! If you 'll tell me his name, I 'll engage to believe any mortal thing you tell me.'

So the three looked at the old woman; but she took another look at the hand as she might be reading a book, and: —

'Good-day to you, Mrs Gunning, and good-day to his Lordship's daughter, — my Lord Mayo, — and good-day to the mother of the two beauties that 'll sweep the world.'

And she clucked and chuckled to herself, highly diverted with their astonishment. How did she know it? What that old woman did not know would make but a short story. 'T was said she had informants over the whole countryside, like a Minister of the Crown.

They stared, for they were new come to Dublin, running from their debts in Roscommon and taking the chance to pick up husbands in the city, and there was not one there who knew them.

So she took the youngest girl's hands in hers and says she: —

'You 'll marry the highest man, bar one or two, in England. And you 'll not be content with that; for when you bury him, you 'll marry the highest man in Scotland; and if I sat here till to-morrow, I could n't tell you the half of the riches and glory that 's waiting for you. You 'll have to crawl through the black

mud to get the first; but after that 't is a clear course, and the mud won't stick to a duchess's gown, young Miss Elizabeth Gunning!

A duchess! Elizabeth's eyes were like winter stars, they so sparkled — they would put out the light of diamonds. She held herself like a young poplar and says she: —

'And if you 're right, old woman, or anything like it, I 'll come and see you when I get promotion, and my Lord Duke shall fill your pockets with gold.'

But Mother Corrigan grinned like a dog.

'I have n't a pocket, my Lady's Honour. My hand 's good enough; but I 'll not be here when you come riding back to poor old Dublin in yer coach and six — and now for the fairy of the world!' — And she took the hand of the eldest, who was shaking like a leaf and expecting to hear of a prince and his blue ribbon at the least, and her eyes fixed on the old witch like two blue lakes with the stars dipping in them.

But she shook her head.

'A great man, but not so big a man as your sister's.' (The girl looked jealous daggers at Elizabeth.) 'A fine man, and the gold lace on him, and velvet and silk stockings, and gold buckles shining in the shoes of him, and a big house to live in, and fine clothes for your back, and —'

She stopped dead, like a horse pulled up on his haunches; but the young Maria twitched her by the raggedy sleeve.

'Go on. What is it? I want to hear.'

'Don't ask me, and you so beautiful!'

'I do ask, and I 'll have it out of you. I suppose you mean I 'll get old and ugly like yourself.'

'You 'll never be old and ugly. Them that remembers you will remember the loveliest thing God ever made when he took clay in his two hands.'

'I don't know what she means,' says

Maria fretfully. 'But sure some women are handsome till they die. Tell us when will the luck come, and how?'

'With the Golden Vanity and a woman with a man's name. And now leave me, my three queens, and I 'll have a drop to warm me old bones and a whiff of the pipe to put the life in me. But don't forget the old woman when the great lords is kneeling before you and pouring the diamonds out of baskets before ye — and send the golden guineas, and —'

So she went on mumbling and muttering, and that was the first and last time the old hag told a fortune for love and not for money. She had not long to tell any, for she died next May, and not a soul to cry for her.

They stepped out into the sunshine, their heads high, and scarce a word to say to each other; for all three were thinking of the promises as light and glittering as soap bubbles. And Maria would not spare a word to Elizabeth, for not a woman but must walk after the heels of a duchess, and she was all for leading.

'The Golden Vanity!' says Elizabeth. 'Mama, what should that be? When I 'm a duchess —'

'I don't know, and most likely 't is not worth knowing.' Mrs Gunning was angry. Her fine brows were drawn together. 'Leave talking of duchesses, you silly fools, and go get the herrings for tea. I have left the children too long as it is.'

So she marched down Britain Street like a queen, for all her burst shoe, — a shabby street it was for such ladies, — and the two walked off to Fishmonger's Alley, and not a head but turned to look at them.

'Faith, they 're goddesses and no mistake!' says gay Mr Councillor Egan, on the way from the Law Courts, with his mulberry face and his mulberry

velvet coat. 'T was to Lawyer Curran he said it, and in a small city like Dublin the name held, and the two were called the Goddesses from that time.

Old Corrigan's words gave them courage for a while; but what can hold up against a diet of herrings day in and day out? And that was all the poor lady could give her family. What was she to do? Mr Gunning had took himself off to Castle Coote, his beggarly place in the country, where he could dice and drink in peace with the neighboring squireens, and live off claret and the skinny fowls that pecked about the avenue; and she had the weight of the children on her spare shoulders.

'T was about this time that young Harry Lepel, the first man they met, in a way of speaking, fell in love with Elizabeth, the younger. The way it happened was this. She was walking down Mount Street with Maria, and she let fall her purse, and nothing in it but a pocket-piece to save her gentility. Harry was strolling off to my Lord Cappoquin's, from mounting guard at the Castle (for at that time his Lordship lived in Merrion Square); and indeed Mr Lepel was as fine a figure of a young man as a girl could wish to see, in his regimentals all laced with gold and his handsome head above them — a brown man with dark eyes. And seeing a young madam drop her purse, he stooped for it and, coming up behind them, saluted very stiff and offered it, and the two turned and looked him in the face.

'T is certain a man might come up a thousand times behind a woman's back and not be startled as Harry Lepel was when he saw them; for there never was, nor will be, two such sisters. 'T was like a battery suddenly unmasked; and what chance had the poor devil that was marching up to it like an innocent? The only thing he could do was to surrender at discretion — but to which

lady? That was the trouble. Elizabeth Gunning settled it for him.

'I thank you, Sir,' says she, with a smile that had ruined St Anthony, for she was one that smiled with her eyes as well as her mouth — a golden sunshine that the heart opened to naturally.

He was stuttering and stammering. 'Madam, I thank you for the happiness of touching anything your hand hath blessed.'

'T was sudden, I allow; but then, so too was her beauty. At all events, he dared no more, not having the courage, though all the will, to linger, and was turning off when a queer thing happened. But 't was to be.

A drunken poltroon of a bargeman was coming up from Liffey-side, lurching and yawning like a Dutch hooker in a gale; and seeing them in a little bunch on the cobblestones, he took an anger at them in his wooden head, and, whether purposely or not I know not, but he elbowed up against Miss Maria and drove her into the dirty kennel; and she gave a faint scream, for her shoes were destroyed with the mud, and it was the only pair she had to her name. So what does Mr Lepel do but let drive straight from the shoulder at the offender, and in a minute the shoes and the lady were out of the kennel and the bargeman lying there as snug as snug, and the oaths he let out of him blackening the air like a flight of crows. So Mr Lepel, smiling with set lips like a picture, says to the girls: —

'Ladies, permit me to escort you to your home. 'T is much to be regretted the streets are not safe for beauty unattended, though to be sure I have the happiness to profit by the circumstance. I trust it hath been no shock to your sensibility?'

And, indeed, tears had gathered in Elizabeth's eyes; but Maria was laughing like a Hebe, and looking up in his face — the blue-eyed lovely rogue!

'We thank you, Sir. 'T is what our own brother had done had he been more than five. But while he is in the nursery, we must be obliged to kind strangers for protection.'

'Madam, I would not willingly remain a stranger,' says Mr Harry, very eager, and touching his cocked hat. 'Permit me to present myself for want of a better introducer. My name is Harry Lepel.'

'I thank you, Sir. 'T will be remembered with gratitude. May we now bid you farewell?'

Miss Maria sank down, in a curtsy so well devised that it showed the littlest foot in the world, save only Elizabeth's. A fortunate bootmaker later was to make five guineas an afternoon by showing their shoes at a penny a head to the mob that gathered to stare at them; but that time was not yet come. Mr Lepel spoke earnestly:—

'Madam, you can't suppose — 't is not possible I can permit you to return alone after such an adventure. The sun sinks and the streets are mighty ill lit. If my company is disagreeable, I can walk ten paces behind; but otherwise —'

Here Elizabeth interposed, with a fine colour in her cheek:—

'The company of our protector can't be disagreeable — 't is a favour. But, Sir, I will be frank with you: we are in Dublin *incognita*; our lodging is not equal to our pretensions to birth; and in short —'

She hesitated, with her eyes dropped and the lashes like night upon her cheek. The crimson bow of her upper lip trembled — a seductive picture of troubled beauty. Anyhow it did Mr Harry's business for him. He could no more have tore himself away at that moment than he could have embraced the barge-man swearing blue murder at his feet.

'Madam, these are misfortunes that may happen to the greatest, and 't is

easy seen that in your case breeding and birth combine with — beauty. Is it indiscreet to ask the name of the ladies I have the honour to address?'

'T is very indiscreet,' says Miss Maria, with one of her bright side-glances; 'but yet — should we withhold it, sister?'

'Surely not from so kind a friend.' Elizabeth spoke eagerly. 'Our name, Sir, is Gunning, and we are grand-daughters to the late Viscount Mayo and nieces to his present Lordship. And when I add that our parents have fallen into poverty, you will comprehend —'

Her voice paused on a silver note, which had the beginning of a sob; and when Elizabeth saddened, the world must sadden with her, so lovely were her long eyes and the drooping head. Pity poor Mr Harry! Talk of Scylla and Charybdis — he stood between the Sirens, and could he have halved his heart (and many men have that power), one half had gone to either charmer.

'Madam,' says he tenderly, 'I feel for your sorrows more than I can express. Might I but have the happiness to be presented to your mama; for 't is the most prodigious circumstance — I am the son of Sir Francis Lepel of Tarrington in Yorkshire, and I have heard him speak of my Lord Mayo many a time. His Lordship stood second to my grandfather in his famous duel with Lord Ayrshire thirty year since. My name will not be unknown. Permit me —'

And again he saluted, very gallant, and the three proceeded down the street, the girls on thorns for thinking of the dingy rooms, and their mother down-at-heel, and the everlasting herrings sizzling on the grate, and Lucy and Kitty screaming for their supper. 'T was thinking thus that Maria touched Elizabeth's arm, as much as to say: 'Shall we let him go?' For indeed these girls had a perfect language of signs between them, elaborated in the shifts

and devices of their life; and Miss Maria, at least, was an accomplished little schemer. But Elizabeth responded not to the pinch.

'Why, Sir,' says she sweetly, 'the name is indeed familiar. Sitting on his Lordship's knee, often have I heard him discourse of Sir Francis. You are no stranger. Yet truth is best. We are poor, Mr Lepel. My sister and I are debarred from all the pleasures of our rank, and our only concern is how to lighten our mama's burden if we could. 'Tis this makes us hesitate, for we can't offer you the hospitality we would.'

'Name it not, Madam, I entreat,' says Mr Harry, trying to look into those too seductive eyes. 'God forbid I should add to your anxieties. But had I the happiness to know your mama, whose beauty half Ireland knows by repute, sure I might be permitted to open the way to some pleasures. There is, for instance, a Birthnight ball to be celebrated at the Castle —'

'Sir, you are all goodness, but gentlemen understand little of the difficulties of poor young ladies of quality. How should they? We have no dresses fit for the eyes of his Excellency. Even shoes —'

She permitted a foot to appear beneath the edge of her petticoat and ambushed it again. But it had done its work.

'You tear my heart, Madam. But since that little marvel of a foot recalls Cinderella's, permit me to say that a fairy godmother smoothed the way for that young lady to a certain ball, and there she met the prince whose throne she afterwards shared.'

'There are no fairies in Dublin, Sir.' Her voice was like flowing honey, while the little foot so commended was bestowing a sharp kick upon the fair Maria, and thus it said:—

'Run ahead. Turn the corner and run like a lamp-lighter, and let mama

know what is toward. Hide the herrings. Bundle the children to bed. Fling mama's Irish lace over her head. I can hold him fifteen minutes. Speed!'

'Tis much to be said in one kick, and it takes a woman to say and a woman to hear; but Miss Maria was a woman, though but eighteen. She smiled like Truth's self.

'Sister, if 't is not disagreeable to you to spare me, I have the message to leave at Mrs Flaherty's, and will go forward and meet with you at our door. Excuse me, Mr Lepel. My sister is a slow walker and I a swift. I knew not 't was so late.'

Off went Miss Maria. Turning the corner, she picked up her petticoats and legged it along like a hare at dawn.

It may be thought that the acquaintance ripened in those fifteen minutes, which doubled into thirty. Elizabeth's step was slower, her voice more musical, even as a nightingale sings her sweetest to the moon. The shade of my Lord Mayo might hover about them to safeguard propriety, but Mr Harry drew as near as the rampart of the lady's hoop would permit, bending his head to catch her murmurs, and his nostrils inhaling the faint perfume of silken hair rolled back from the whitest brow in the world. They made a pair that many would have remarked, but for the ill-lit streets.

Maria awaited them at the shabby door in Britain Street.

'I would not go in, sister, lest mama should scold me for leaving you; and indeed I am but just arrived,' says she demurely. And since she had not entered, 't was singular how neat was the appearance of that dingy room; for 't was dingy, do what you would.

The fire burned brightly, and if there was a delicate odour of herrings and onions, 't was the worst could be said, for none were to be seen. Indeed, a rich perfume fought with it, as if a

hasty hand had dashed the odours of Araby here and there to discourage the herrings. A large velvet cloak, the worse for wear, disguised the rents of the sofa, whereon sat Mrs Gunning, majestic in another of faded purple satin, beneath which her dress remained conjectural. A noble square of Limerick point was flung over her head and hung veil-like by each ear; and, indeed, with the little cherub Lucy at her feet, she might have sat for an aging Madonna.

Kitty was bundled off to the camp-bed in the back room; and sure the picture was homelike, if you studied the handsome lady rather than the ragged chairs. 'T was the best they could do, poor souls, in fifteen minutes, and wonderful in the time. 'T is women for quick thinking and quick acting where men are concerned; and, indeed, the look of astonishment Mrs Gunning gave as the three entered was inimitable, though already she had every particular set down in her mind. She swept the stateliest curtsy, and cast a rebuking maternal eye on her daughters ere she addressed Mr Lepel.

But, when explanations were made, how did her brow clear and a fair-weather smile efface the frost! She welcomed him with cordial kindness, with such reminiscences of his family as warmed his heart; and though no hospitality was offered save one, — a bottle of generous claret in a silver cup enriched with the Mayo arms, — 't was given with such good-will, and served by so lovely a cup-bearer, the fair Maria, that the man does not breathe but must feel it worthy of the three ladies who tendered it. He toasted them one and all in turn, and if his bow to Elizabeth was a little lower, that circumstance did not displease Mrs Gunning.

'I leave you to judge, Mr Lepel,' says she, 'what it costs a mother to see

her dear ones exiled from all the little gay scenes where it would become them to appear. But what can I do? My father's grandchildren, Mr Gunning's daughters, can't appear except with propriety; and why should I hesitate to tell so kind a friend that 't is beyond my power?'

'T was discussed between them all for an hour as to the Birthnight ball; but Mrs Gunning was resolute, nor could Mr Harry dare to make the offers that trembled on his lips. He could have groaned aloud to think on the sums he wasted nightly on gaming — one half of which would have adorned these beauties and set them free to flutter their wings in the sunshine of fashion. Later Maria, half-smiling, half-sad, told how they were promised luck by the old witch of Dublin, though she gave not all the particulars. She built not on it, she declared, nor yet did Elizabeth; and she, a soft sigh parting her lips, confirmed her sister: 'the more so,' says she, 'that none of us can imagine what is the Golden Vanity. Is there such a ship, to be the ship of our fortunes? 'T is that it sounds most like.'

He shook his head. Mrs Gunning softly remonstrated: —

'My dears, be not giddy, nor let your heads run on such follies. There is no such name and no such thing and 't is impossible —'

More she would have said, but a man came crying somewhat down the street, and beside him went another with a flambeau, that he might read a paper in his hand, and what the man cried was this: —

'Let the fashion of Dublin, both ladies and gentlemen, take notice that there comes presently to the theatre in Aungier Street the dramatic company which Mr Sheridan presents to his patrons in a new and luscious play, by name —'

But here was the speaker's voice

drowned by a wagon passing on the cobblestones.

'What is it?' cries Mrs Gunning, running to the window; for indeed she loved the play as well as did her girls. And, as if the question had reached him, the man turned towards her and belowered like the bull of Bashan: 'The Golden Vanity!'

The little company within stared transfixed upon one another.

For the next fortnight did the three live in a kind of rapture; and 't is not to be wondered at, the name coming so pat on the prophecy. And sure, Mr Lepel was no less moved; for he took a deeper than brotherly interest in all that touched them, his heart being caught that day in Dublin streets; and if he then thought Elizabeth a beauty, it took not a week to rank her an angel. Before the week was out, he laid his heart and the reversion of the baronetcy at her foot, not regarding the worn little shoe that cased it. For, indeed, the sisters wore the same size, and Elizabeth being the better mistress of her wardrobe, 't is to be feared she sought often for her own, to find them gadding abroad on Miss Maria's feet and herself left to luck. 'T was mortifying, and her heavenly blush was as much owing to this circumstance as to the gentleman's ardour.

However, taken by Mr Harry's fine person and clothes (and which was the most potent is not known), she accepted the heart, and he set about to inform his father of his good fortune, for mother he had none. 'T was with inward quakings, for beauty, were it Helen's own, is but a blunted arrow against a seasoned heart of seventy: and Sir Francis Lepel had reached that discreet age. 'T was vain to tell him of celestial eyes and roseate bloom. God help us! 't is little he cared for the like. The baronetcy was poor and Mr Harry

expensive, and what Sir Francis looked to was a fat balance at Child's the banker's. Was the lady a fortune? And when Mr Harry, trembling, avowed that a single doit could not be hoped in that quarter, the old gentleman, his temper as well as his foot highly inflamed with gout, swore to disinherit him if the matter went further.

Poor Harry was in a sad quandary. He slept and ate ill, and 't was provoking that Elizabeth bloomed like a rose and troubled not her fair head about Sir Francis. Her mind seemed possessed with but the one thought — to attend the Birthnight ball and, like the planet Venus, shine in her rightful heaven. And indeed Mr Harry could not fancy her heart so deeply engaged as he might wish; for he could scarce get a word in while the two peered into the mercers' shops, gloating on satin and muslin. Mrs Gunning, as improvident, was almost drawn in by them, when word came of a card debt that their papa owed to Sir Horatius Blake, and the unfortunate lady received not even the pittance that provided herrings for six hungry mouths; so that they were like to come down to dry bread, which event fairly ended all talk of the ball.

'T is not to be supposed that Mr Harry did not offer to set all the mantua-makers in Dublin to work, though in his heart he knew his own credit did not stand immaculate. He stormed up and down the room, protesting, vowing, exclaiming; but Mrs Gunning would have none of it. Says she: —

'I do all justice to your kind heart, Mr Lepel, but 't is not, because we are unfortunate, that we have no pride, and 't is impossible Miss Gunning should accept garments from the gentleman she honours with her hand.'

And Elizabeth, lovelier than ever in grief, confirmed her mother, Maria stamping her foot like an angry god-

dess. 'T will be admitted 't was a hard case. And since misfortunes don't come alone, arrived a furious letter from Sir Francis, demanding instantly to see Mr Harry, and acquainting him that his appointment in the Guards was cancelled, and he must join his new regiment in London at a day's notice. Sir Francis had good interest with the lady whose interest with His Majesty was unquestioned, and 't is to be thought this event did not come by chance.

Oh, then were railings and passionate embraces on the part of Mr Lepel, Miss Elizabeth receiving them with wondering eyes. 'For London is not so far but we shall meet again, Harry,' says she, with her angelical smile.

He had preferred tears, no doubt; but a man must take what comes his way, and be thankful. He, who had never before been guilty of the like, now composed a set of verses of atrocious demerit. Indeed, the first two lines will suffice: —

If from my Chloe's snowy breast I part,
Grant me to know I bear with me her tears.

'T is very pretty!' says Chloe. 'O Harry, I would you did not love me so! A girl's affections are cool and temperate, I think — at least 't is so with me. Forget me a little, — though not too much, child, — and be happy.'

It might have been her mother who spoke. 'T is certain no person ever had the appearance of sweet simplicity more than Elizabeth Gunning; but whether 't was wholly devoid of art — Ah, well, shall we dissect the rose? 'T is sometimes best to enjoy and ask no questions.

The day of parting he came to Britain Street, and solemnly renewed his vows in the presence of Mrs Gunning and Maria.

'And, O my Elizabeth,' cries he, 'pledge me once more that hand which is all my joy. Swear that neither raging

seas' ('t was a day calm as milk and the Irish sea like a mirror) 'nor the brutish tyranny of man shall divide us, and that our constant hearts shall never change!'

Miss Elizabeth raises heavenly eyes, a glittering moisture enhancing their brilliance.

'Have I not pledged my word, Harry; and if you believe not that, what will serve? Sure 't is you that rove and will see fairer faces' (frantic protestations from Mr Lepel) 'yet I don't doubt *you*. Farewell, dear Harry, and remember us when you are in the glitter of London.'

She covered her face with a handkerchief, and he took the last embrace, kissed Mrs Gunning's hand and Maria's, and hurried madly from the room. Elizabeth unveiled her face and folded the handkerchief for future use.

'He 's gone,' says poor Mrs Gunning, seeking her own; 'and if I know where to-morrow's dinner is to come from, for you all, I 'm — a Dutchman!'

They mingled their tears, and Elizabeth's were real enough now. 'T is possible, could the matter be sifted, that many more tears have been shed for absent dinners than absent lovers; and certainly, though beauty may survive without the last, it cannot without the first. There was so much of gloomy and terrible in their mama's aspect, that Maria wept also; and Kitty and Lucy, with the little John, who had all been secreted in the bedroom during the adieux, dashed in screaming at the tops of their voices, as if the heavens were falling; and so sat the poor unfortunate family drowned in tears. 'T was not balls they thought of then, nor departing lovers, but simply bread and herrings.

A lady came down the street, picking her way through the garbage that adorned it. Her dress was hooped in

the mode, and of a showy brocade, with much tinsel interwoven and very glittering, so that the ragged children in the gutter stood, finger in mouth, to see. She had a muslin cross-over upon an expansive bosom, and 't was finely laced with Mechlin, not too clean, and set off with a black velvet ribbon about the throat, graced with a clasp of paste. A large tilted hat tied beneath her chin shaded an arch and sparkling pair of eyes, which, though not in their first youth, lighted up a face with striking features and an air of easy good-humour. If her critics had accused this lady of being somewhat too good-humoured with the other sex, why 't was perhaps natural to her circumstances and needs no further excuse. Her worst detractors never denied her a good heart, and an ear open to the lament of misery. In her hand she carried a cane of fine ebony, and altogether appeared a radiant vision of a fine woman in the purlieu of Britain Street. She paused and looked about her, bewildered.

'I declare I know not where I am got to!' says she, half aloud. 'And these barbarians — 't is hard to be understood or to understand their gibberish. If now —'

And even as the words left her lips, arose a piercing wail from across the street, in which three lusty young throats united — Lucy, Kitty, and John, each outscreeching the other.

'Crimini!' says Madam, 'what's this? Is Herod abroad in Dublin?'

The screams redoubled. She added: 'T is almost to be wished he was!' And stood half-laughing, half-unwilling to pass on.

'I will!' says she; and more doubtfully, 'I won't! 'T is not my business. Sure I have enough stage tears and sobs to make me distrust all I hear.'

She turned resolutely away, and halted again.

'Poor lady! 'T is a lady soothing

them, and weeping herself. I will! She can but bid me exit.'

And so marched to the open door, and into the narrow passage, and rapped smartly with her cane on the door of the parlour, bringing all her natural assurance to bear.

Dead silence. The screams halted, as if a tap was turned off: whoever was inside was all ears. She rapped again. And now a scuffling; and Maria opened the door, and six pairs of astonished eyes gloated on the stranger. And no less did hers on the party within; for there sat Mrs Gunning, beautiful and maternal, with the little John's curly pate on her bosom; Elizabeth, lovely as the day, leaning on one shoulder of her mother; Kitty and Lucy, golden-curved cherubs, clinging to her gown; and Maria, like a sorrowful wood-nymph, holding the door. Sure, never was such a family, and these children seemed made of some more exquisite clay than ordinary.

'Lord, am I got into heaven, for I see the angels about me!' says Madam, advancing with a reverence lower than the paltry room demanded. 'Forgive an intruder, Madam, and confer a benefit. For being newly come to Dublin, I've lost my way returning from Smock Alley, and while I called up courage to enter and ask it from any other than these savages, I heard a cry that hastened my steps. Be pleased to pardon me, and say if I can be of service to yourself and your sweet family; for 't is the plain truth — I'm dazzled as I stand, by the beauty of your olive branches.'

'T is not possible to mistake the voice of sympathy, and Mrs Gunning, rising from her chair, curtsied in her turn, and begged the visitor to be seated. 'Lord, Madam,' says she, 'you catch us very unfit for company; but so kind a heart needs no excuse, and I will be candid with you. We are of

birth and breeding like yourself.' ('T was a skilful compliment, and the lady simpered.) 'And therefore, as a gentlewoman of quality, you shall understand my grief when I present myself as my Lord Viscount Mayo's daughter, and add that I have not the wherewithal to clothe or feed these innocents! You are yourself too young to be a mother, Madam, yet will comprehend a mother's anguish. I am Mrs Gunning of Castle Coote, and such is my condition!'

She wept again. The lady applied a laced kerchief to either eye.

'Madam, a heart of marble must feel for you, and mine is not marble — far from it. But sure such beauty must open all doors. Marriage —'

'Alas, Madam, in these days of money-grubbing avarice, what is beauty? My second' — she indicated Elizabeth — 'is cruelly rejected by the father of a gentleman of birth not near so high as our own, because she has no estates pinned to her petticoat.'

'Monster!' cries the lady with spirit.

Mrs Gunning proceeded: 'And, O Madam, were you in want, as a lady of quality sometimes is, of a young lady to write letters, to keep accounts, and all those little useful arts such as mending lace and the like, I can truly say that in my Elizabeth you would find solid worth. She is graver than my Maria. Sure we cannot have had the happiness to meet you for nothing. 'T was ordained you should walk in upon us. Permit me to ask the name of our benefactress.'

The lady hummed and hawed a little; but not being easily daunted, she tossed up her head bravely enough ere she replied: —

'Gemini, Madam! We can't all be ladies of quality; and if we could, I see not who could provide the wants and amusements of the fashionable. To be plain with you, I am an actress —'

'An actress!' screams Maria, all rapture. 'Sister, do you hear? Was it not this very day I said, would I could go on the stage like the famous Mrs Woffington, and other beauties such as this lady. And then should I be happy and pour all the gold I made into my mama's lap.'

The lady shook her head, a little melancholy.

'Gold? Not much of that on the stage, young miss. 'Tis found there — true; but — but — indirectly. However, this concerns you not. Madam, I am in no need of such an attendant as you describe, having my dresser and —'

'I might have guessed it! When did luck ever come our way? Farewell, Madam. Return to your own happiness and abandon us to our misery.'

Heartrending! The lady drew nearer.

'Gemini, Madam! You misjudge me. A woman can but offer what's in her power. A good word from me to our manager, Mr Sheridan, and with such faces I doubt not small parts can be found for your daughters in one of the plays to be produced here. We even now rehearse it, and the parts of Susan and Peggy Careless go begging. But dare I mention such a proposal?'

'Madam, you are all goodness and beauty!' cries Elizabeth. And Maria fell on her knees like one distraught and kissed the pretty hand in its black mitten. 'T was known to them that Mr Sheridan's company was from London and would return there; and indeed this came like a sunburst through the cloud, for 't was food, clothes, admiration, money, hope — and many other charming things that set them dreaming on worlds to conquer. They swept their mama away on the wave of their delight; and indeed that poor lady was always prone to take gilding for gold so long as it glittered sufficiently.

'And what, Madam, is this play in which Susan and Peggy appear?'

'Child, 't is "The Golden Vanity" — a play of a poor girl that weds a rich lord and —'

Heavens and earth! She could not continue, for how describe the joy and wonder of the family! Reserved away. Prudence borrowed the wings of Hope, and dressed her face with rainbows. Crowding around the stranger, they entreated her name, that it might grace their prayers; and she, radiant with the sunshine she dispensed, calls out: —

'Why, girls, sure you have heard it. 'T is I am the leading lady in all Mr Sheridan produces at present. I am George Anne Bellamy.'

'George!' screams Mrs G. 'A woman with a man's name, said old Mother Corrigan. Girls, your luck 's come!' And with that falls into strong hysterics and frights them all to death.

But joy is a strong cordial, and 't was not long ere she sat up, with George Anne's hand in hers, telling her the story of Mother Corrigan. 'T is to be supposed Mrs G. had heard that Mrs Bellamy's heart was not marble; but what was the lady to do? For my Lord Mayo spent his rents five years ahead, and though his good nature would give the coat off his back, that would neither clothe nor feed her family; while, as for Mr Gunning, that gentleman regarded his wife and children no more than the cuckoo that leaves her offspring to chance.

Mrs Bellamy was all ears. 'T was prodigious, 't was vastly astonishing, she vowed. Maria was sent out with half a guinea, and they had a comfortable dish of tea, with currant bread and what not; and she told them tales of the stage and the fine matches made by Mrs This and Signorina That, and, by the time the candles were lit, they were all sworn friends. They parted with embraces; for Mrs G. was as easy as George Anne, and the girls must needs follow the example set.

She had her way with Mr Sheridan, and she returned next day to announce her success, triumphing and rattling on like a girl herself, so pleased was she with their pleasure. All was joy and gladness, and she named the hour of the first rehearsal and their introduction to Mr Sheridan, when Maria, turning archly upon her, says: —

'Look you here, dearest Mrs Bellamy! Think what it will cost us to refuse this.' And so holds up a splendid card, thick as boards and embellished with a gilt edge and the Royal Arms and the Irish Harp, and Heaven knows what braveries, inviting the Honourable Mrs Gunning, Miss Gunning, and Miss Elizabeth Gunning to the Birthnight ball at the Castle, on the part of his Excellency, the Earl of Harrington. Diamonds were never so bright as the eyes that sparkled above it; for the charming new prospect of the stage had quite effaced the ball, and poor Mr Harry's trouble in securing the invitation was like to go for nothing.

'I care nothing now for it!' cries Maria, and Elizabeth echoed her; while George Anne looked thoughtfully at the Lion and Unicorn guarding a Paradise she could not hope to enter. Maria made to tear the card across; but Mrs Bellamy caught it from her hand and did not smile.

'Children,' says she at last, 'you know not what you talk of. I would have a word alone with your mama. Take the little ones in your hand, and go out a while in the sunshine.' She thrust some cream-cakes upon them, and they did so, looking doubtfully at her cloudy eyes; and when the door shut, she turned to Mrs Gunning.

'Madam, you know well 't is my wish to serve you and yours. But seeing this invitation, there 's thoughts comes into my head that I must needs speak out. This' (she flicked the card) 'is the life for the Miss Gunnings, and not the

stage. 'T would scarce become me to tell a lady like yourself what must be faced there, but — but — 't is much! Ask Peg Woffington — ask Kitty Clive — ask George Anne Bellamy!'

There was silence. Mrs G. stared at her, all aghast.

'Why, yesterday, all your talk was of pleasure and success. Sure, dear Mrs Bellamy, 't was not like your kindness to draw on the poor things till they can think of naught else, and now so far otherwise.'

'Why, Madam, I thought there was no other way. But seeing this, my mind misgives me and I falter. I'm a plain-dealer, Madam, with all my faults, and 't is easy to be seen your daughters are a world's wonder. That being so, 't is certain the dangers are tenfold for them. They'll see the glories and grandeurs — but not through a wedding ring.'

'If you mean, Madam, that my daughters —' Mrs Gunning flamed out, furious; but George Anne was not to be turned from her purpose. She raised her hand in a fine stage attitude.

'Madam, I wish vastly to serve you. Hear my proposal. Accept this invitation.'

'Impossible. We have no dresses, no shoes, no equipage, and no means to get them. 'T is absurd!'

'T is not absurd. Hear me. In the theatre properties is a fine dress for Lady Modish and two more for Peggy and Susan Careless. Not perhaps what such ladies might expect, but — I know men. There's not a man will look at their gowns for looking at their faces, though the suits are well enough when all's said. I vow, Madam, you have so long lived beside the two that you forget what beauties they are. I wager my next benefit to a China orange that you'll have no more care once they are seen. Indeed, your young madams are

what one reads of in romances. Give them this chance, and if it fails, I'm good for my offer; but I'm much mistook if you hold me to it. Madam, use your wits! Would you have them what I won't name, when they may be what your old witch foretold?'

She smiled her charming smile, and pressed Mrs G.'s hand. The lady pondered. 'T was disagreeable to owe such a thing to a mere actress, and one, too, whose reputation was a trifle flyblown. The stage she might have swallowed, but an entry to the world where she and her daughters had a birthright — Fie! 't was a very different pair of shoes. But George Anne had that in her eye that would be obeyed; and seeing it, Mrs G. dropped her high tone and returned the pressure with an air of sensibility.

'T was said by old Corrigan that 't was you to bring us luck, dearest Madam, and 't is certain you are prudence itself. If you will ensure us the dresses, I accept; and, indeed, my Lord Harrington's father was a friend of my own revered father in happier days. 'T is possible —'

'T is certain,' cries George Anne gaily. 'Not a word will I drop to Mr Sheridan who is a perfect Israelite where theatre matters are in hand.'

She was gone ere the girls returned, and 't is needless to tell their wonder. They preferred the stage, yet condescended to say they would favour the ball, since Mrs Bellamy counselled it. 'But, never, never will it turn my heart from the charming footlights!' says Maria. 'What say you, sister?'

'I know not. My taste is quieter than yours. I will tell you my mind the day after the ball. Poor Harry — 't is he has given us this.'

She would say no more, but sat thoughtful.

(In the Atlantic for October, the Gunnings will find their fortunes.)

A CONVERSATION IN EBURY STREET

BY GEORGE MOORE

A LETTER is sometimes very real, very personal — a living thing, that wheedles, cajoles, interests, charms, lures one's thoughts from daily concerns and projects, creating a little life of its own. I received one of this sort from Winnetka, Illinois, years ago; and after answering my correspondent's questions, I could not keep myself from complimenting him on his script, telling him it was like Poe's and Mallarmé's, natural and free from affectation; whereas François Coppée's merely mocked the fourteenth century.

So I wrote; for I always find it hard to raise up one man without pulling down another; and after posting my letter to Mr. Husband, I often caught myself wondering what manner of man he might be: young or old (his letter read like the letter of a young man), rich or poor, I asked, firm of purpose, or likely to be led away? This last question begetting a scruple lest a casual phrase of mine — intimating that a transcription of *The Brook Kerith* on vellum by him would be a beautiful thing in any man's library and, later, a nation's possession — should beguile him from his own tasks and bring a weighty parcel to 121 Ebury Street.

I dipped my pen in the ink; but, before writing a word, it began to seem ungracious to tell Mr. Husband that my letter of the eighth implied no more than a visionary admiration of a script. So I reached out for a telegraph form and wrote: Pay no heed to mine of the eighth. But will not this telegram give undue importance to a remark

that he will accept as casual and unimportant if I refrain? I asked. And day after day doubts continued to gather; many specious phrases tempted me, but withal I kept my hand from paper; and at last a letter arrived from Winnetka, which I read eagerly for a reference to the transcription of *The Brook Kerith*; and finding none, it behooved me to judge Mr. Husband as a clever man who knew how to read a letter, distinguishing easily the casual from the pertinent.

Again I drew a sheet of letter-paper toward me, this time with a view to putting a number of questions to Mr. Husband about himself: was he a professional writer? had he published any books? and if he had, would he be kind enough to send them to me?

The answer I got was that he had written a book telling his experience in the coal mine into which he descended after taking his degree at Harvard; and whilst turning over the leaves of the short book that the post had brought, I said: I thought the sting was deep enough in me, but had the alternative been to seek a book five hundred feet under the earth, or not to write one, I should have been bookless. After turning over some more pages telling of the different shifts and the long way a miner has to go before he reaches the seam, I wrote a letter, but keep no faintest memory of it, nor of the next, and very little of the letter that Mr. Husband wrote from the coast of Ireland, whither he had gone to hunt German submarines, having

enlisted; and it was not till the other day that I got a letter written from an hotel in Jermyn Street, telling me he was in London for a short holiday, and sent a note to him saying that he would find me home at teatime.

At half-past four the same day, the young stalwart, who, after taking his degree at Harvard, had hewn coal for eight or ten months in one of the deepest mines of Indiana, stepped out of a taxi before the door of 121 Ebury Street. I am not far now, I said, from the knowledge whether his quest in the mine was a literary one, a derivative of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*, or — What else could it be?

A moment after, I found myself the object of the same admiration that Zola used frequently when I called to see him. You will get over all that, I said to Mr. Husband; and before entering into serious conversation it seemed but courteous to express a hope that he had not suffered too much in the crossing. But a man who has prowled the Irish coast in winter in an American torpedo-boat does not suffer from seasickness, and the topic was dropped for a more homely question: When did you arrive in London?

Mr. Husband answered: This morning. His first act was, therefore, to write to me, whereat I felt complimented; and on my inquiring how he had spent his hours, he told me that he had spent them seeking the church in which Pepys was baptized. It lies behind Mark Lane, he said. Near the Tower, I interjected. I don't know where the Tower is, he replied; I have n't yet been there. The taxi took me round by the British Museum — Ah, I thought the taxi that stopped at my door looked a little tired! But you found the Church? He answered that he had; and I heard for the first time that Pepys's bust is retained on a bracket, and looks down upon the pew

in which the diarist and his wife used to sit. You have imagined a great many things, Mr. Husband was kind enough to say, but I doubt if even you can imagine how much it means to me to come to a city that I have heard of all my life. All the books I have read, at least three quarters of them, were about London, or written in London; and here I am in London, with a fortnight before me to see as much of it as I can in the time. You will show me your pictures, I hope?

We walked round the dining-room, and went upstairs to the drawing-room. Ah! here is the Aubusson carpet, he said. At first, the drift of his remark escaped me; but a moment after, I remembered that I had introduced the carpet into different books; and having spoken of Manet and Monet, we returned to the dining-room, to talk of my books, till Mr. Husband began to feel afraid that he had outstayed his welcome, whereupon I begged him not to think that this was so; and he stayed for another half-hour, talking so well that I forgot the coal mine, and it was not till he stood on my threshold that I remembered it.

Mr. Husband, I have often wished to ask you, — it seemed unseemly to put the question in a letter, but face to face, — why did you go down into a mine to hew coal for ten months?

I had learnt all I could learn out of books at Harvard, he answered, and I felt that books did not seem to bring me nearer to life. If I had lived in Europe, I should very likely have gone to Paris, as you did; but being in America, there was nothing else for me to do but go down into a coal mine.

An excellent answer this seemed to me to be, and after watching him from my doorstep, I returned to my study to think the matter out, saying to myself that he could not have given a better answer, better than any I discovered in

all my meditations, for it profits a man but little to have read all the books in the world if he miss life. But he has not missed it; he finds it wherever he goes; and I caught glimpses in my thoughts of Mr. Husband visiting Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, walking in a dream and dreaming as he walked; and not a little curious to know how London struck him, I wrote, asking him to dinner; an invitation that he accepted.

You have had a week of sight-seeing, I said, and I hope London has not disappointed you. Only in two things, he answered. And what has disappointed you? I was disappointed, he replied, in the Elgin marbles and in Sickert's portrait of you in the Tate Gallery. This strange association of images — the Theseus on one hand and Mr. Sickert's portrait on the other — took me aback, and I spoke of Greek humanism, saying, doubtless, that whereas Assyrian and Babylonian sculpture represented oriental despotism, the Greeks had — Before I could bring my commonplace apology to a close, however, Mr. Husband interjected: — But Mr. Sickert's portrait misses you altogether. If a portrait is not like the sitter, it is not a portrait. The quality of Sickert's painting, I said, occasionally rivals that of Manet; but he is not primarily a portrait-painter inasmuch — A portrait that misses the sitter. Mr. Husband interposed; raising my voice a little, I insisted upon being heard: though Ingres's portraits are often very like his sitters, the absence of what is known in the studios as quality causes us to turn away from them with a feeling of disappointment, but the quality, or shall I say virtue, of Sickert's painting always detains me. I think a portrait ought to be like, Mr. Husband muttered, causing me a moment's annoyance, from which I es-

caped by changing the subject of our conversation, which was easy to do, for I was anxious to hear the further adventures of this young man, who was not prevented by his father's bankruptcy from finishing his University course and taking a degree; for while learning, he taught, edited books, thrived, and having in ten months tasted all there was of life in a mine, started for Texas and the chasing of cows, to leave this second source of life for a third — Mrs. Husband. And certain from the knowledge of his character already obtained that he had married his body's and soul's desire, I listened to the praises of her for whom he had consented to settle into a profitable business.

Your business gives you time to pursue your literary career? I inquired; and learnt that he had no fault to find with his business but one — it dragged him from his bed at seven in the morning. And nobody enjoys sleep more than I do, said Mr. Husband. Better than sleep, he added, is dozing. To turn over, said I, clasping your dreams to your bosom. My dream is my wife and my children, he answered. An answer I appreciate, I replied, though I never had a wife. But dozing, lying between sleeping and waking, chasing dreams — ah, yes, I know what that is. One of the charms of London is that I need n't get out of bed till nine, Mr. Husband muttered, addressing himself to himself rather than to me. And what do you dream when you lie awake in London? I asked, anxious to learn Mr. Husband as far as was possible in two visits. I dream, said he, that the next world is as pleasant as this one; and of course, if it is, we need have no fear of death. Another Paul! said I to myself; and aloud: O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

At which Mr. Husband's face was overspread with such a genial light of

cheerfulness, that he set my thoughts flowing, and in a trice I was lost in a dream of dewy hillsides and a radiant morning, with a young man blowing a fanfare to his comrades, the meaning of which was: Life is a perfect gift, and our duty is to enjoy it; by doing so we can help others to enjoy. If Mr. Husband had left my thoughts to swarm, an idea of a young man might have fixed itself in me, to flourish in due time.

The reader must not, however, draw from these words the conclusion that Mr. Husband had outstayed his welcome, nor can he be blamed for not having read himself into my mind. It were folly to find fault with a guest because he is not a soothsayer; and as Mr. Husband had come to hear me talk literature, it was but natural that he should break the silence with an inquiry about the book I was writing, and impossible for me to do else than abandon my dream of him and turn to *In Single Strictness*, saying that the revised sheets had been returned to the printer and passed for press. A very lacklustre admission this seemed to me to be, and to enliven it, I confessed that, whilst writing this new book, I seemed to myself to be writing something I had never written before, and for that reason believed it to be as good as any of the books I had offered to the public within the last ten years.

And so you took pleasure, Mr. Husband said, in writing this last book. Yes, for the reason I have given, and for another reason: I thought it was going to be my last book. But you will always go on writing? I am afraid I have written too much, and the man who writes many books raises his tombstone. But, I continued, if one does not write, and has lost the art of reading and never acquired that of fishing or of gardening, the hours go by on

leaden wings. For you life extends in endless perspective beyond your own life; but I have nothing to look forward to when my library edition is published but a picture-gallery (one in the provinces might be given to me to look after), or to the learning of French and the senile temptation of writing a book in that language. But the end has not yet come, Mr. Husband, for on opening *Impressions and Opinions* — One of your best books, Mr. Husband interjected; I always take it up with pleasure. After reading a few pages, I said, thoughts began to gather in me of another book of essays, one that would not be unworthy to offer to my American readers. And what, asked Mr. Husband, will be the title of your new book? I answered that I was thinking of calling it *A Parley*, or *Parleys and Opinions*, or perhaps *Conversations in Ebury Street*. And its character? he inquired. I shall try to make it more like *Avowals* — sets of conversations between me and my friends. But you will not omit the article about Balzac? Not altogether, I answered. But the original article begins by comparing *The Human Comedy* to a great city seen upon a violet evening and a traveler standing on the crest of the hill. I once liked that opening, said Mr. Husband. I doubt if you would like it if you were to read it again, I answered; and he asked me if I had another opening in my mind. I replied that I had, saying: A line of Matthew Arnold has given me the clue; but not the line about seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. And to explain my aversion towards the aphorism, I recalled to his memory John Eglinton, one of the stalwarts who still walks daily from Terenure to the National Library, determined that, come what may, he will not fail in his duty to see life steadily and to see it whole.

We debated this phrase beloved of

journalists, till I began to feel that the evening was passing away, and to remove thoughts of the clock on the mantelpiece from my guest's mind, I returned for his sake to Arnold, who, after all, is literature, though he wrote words that have led a whole generation, headed by John Eglinton, astray. Two things, he says somewhere, are required for a work of art; the man and the moment; and if Arnold's words be true, and the moment be necessary, it seems to me not at all unlikely that we have seen the end of art in Europe.

And you will answer me — I will venture to suggest, my guest interposed, that the moment Arnold deems requisite will occur again. It does not seem to me likely, I replied, that the moment which called *The Human Comedy* into being will be repeated. Everything is repetition, but in distant time. The sun brings back the mallows in the garden, and they live again and spring in another year; but we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep. I am prepared to admit, however, that Moschus spoke falsely, and that the universe, with all that is in it, great and little, returns after attaining unity, to spread itself out once more into side-real systems billions of years hence. But our minds are too feeble to comprehend a billion years; and maybe a billion billion years would be needed for the accomplishment of Edgar Poe's poetic prediction.

From Poe we returned to Balzac.

Balzac was a man of the Napoleonic period, I said, and you will admit that many centuries will be needed to bring back the antique world to us. It was not until after the Battle of Waterloo that the antique world slipped forever behind us; and to apprehend the distance we have traversed since then, we

need only to go to Portsmouth and look at Nelson's battleship; or, if she has been thrown to the ship-breakers, at a picture of her. Her mast and yards will tell us that she is of the kin of the ancient galley. Whereas a dreadnought — I will not labor the point.

But although the external world changes, said Mr. Husband, man remains the same. His instincts are the same, no doubt, I replied, but his beliefs in good and evil presences are different in every century; and who shall say that with the death of superstition — But is superstition dead? my guest asked me. And I answered that the superstitions that peopled the woods with Sileni and fauns, that gave Neptune to the sea and Zeus to the skies, were a more spiritual influence than our superstitions — never to sit down thirteen to dinner, and to be sure to turn round three times if you see two magpies.

And on these words we returned from theology to earth, myself holding forth, as it was my duty to do, since Mr. Husband had come to hear me speak, that art was the first of human instincts. The caveman drew before he began to worship, I said. I know the scientists hold that the caveman did not draw for his pleasure, but for some belief that the animal drawn was potentially dead; modern savages think the same.

I referred my guest to *The Golden Bough*, and was speaking of the great artistic periods, when Mr. Husband interposed with a question: Have you found a satisfactory definition of art? Tolstoy, he said, after rejecting many definitions, defined art as a means whereby a man communicates his sensations to another man. Tolstoy, I answered, was unæsthetic, and the average man reads his own justification in — Which do you place highest, Mr. Husband asked, *War and Peace*, or *Anna Karenina*? I answered that a

reply would lead me far away from the first chapter of my new book. And you know, Mr. Husband, I said, you asked me to tell it to you. Mr. Husband acquiesced.

We must not, however, leave Tolstoy too quickly, I continued; he is too great a man to be dismissed. A phrase often met in contemporary criticism is that a man can be judged only by his best works; all the same, it may be contended that a man's work is all of a piece, with very little variation, the inspiration of the truly great man being always by him. Few would come out of such a judgment unscathed, but Tolstoy would be sent to the galleys by a jury of æsthetes for *Sebastopol*; for in it he is eye and nothing but eye — an eye that sees everything and records everything, with the unvarying monotony of a cinematograph. If this terrible old man, after compiling many extravagant books on the indissolubility of marriage, had not run away from his wife and died in a railway station at the age of eighty-two, he would have been able to add to his long list of eccentricities another: a solemn declaration yelled from the Steppes, of course, that whereas Angelo or Donatello lied, the cinematograph tells the truth.

But being without the æsthetic sense, Mr. Husband interposed, his definition of art is as unacceptable as the definitions he disregarded. So it seems to me to be, I answered; and seeing that my guest was waiting for my definition of art, I said that the different arts were formulæ whereby man interprets Nature. And man, I continued, being isolated in different communities for several thousand years after the birth of civilization, was able to invent many formulæ. Now and then a seed came from overseas, and in a new soil and in a different climate a new flowerage began. Latin literature

is derived from the Greek; it is said that Roman statues were the work of Greek sculptors — which may be true; who shall say? Be this as it may, it is certain that, in the third or the fourth century, art vanished from the earth, some theorists giving as a reason the descent of northern barbarians into Italy, others contending that to have art there must be long periods without art. What concerns us is not the reasons for the disappearance of art from the world, but the fact that it did disappear in the third century — not to reappear again for nearly a thousand years.

May not history repeat itself? Mr. Husband asked. And I answered: History repeats itself when the circumstances are the same; and it would have been strange if art had not returned, the circumstance of the thirteenth century not differing very widely from the fourth. A Christian world not differing very widely from a pagan, Mr. Husband interposed. The mediæval world was hardly larger than the ancient world, I replied, only portions of the planet being known to men. But today we are without gods, and the world is no bigger than a handbox; every man is looking over the next man's shoulder, and a portrait painted in Christiania is indistinguishable from a portrait in Lima. The circumstances of the antique world and the modern were, till a hundred years ago, practically the same. We lived till 1850 in isolated communities; every town had a society, customs, and dialect of its own. Till 1850 many languages were spoken in these islands.

I remember the humming of looms in the village street, housewives spinning at cottage doors; and at the end of a passage in my house in Mayo stands a grandfather-clock which came from Castlebar at the end of the eighteenth century; the precise date I cannot

vouch for, but it is certain that a grandfather-clock has not been made in Castlebar since 1850. It was about that time that beer ceased to be made at Moore Hall; the brew-house still existed in my childhood, but we got our beer from Ballinrobe; now the beer comes to Ballinrobe from Dublin. Moore Hall was built in 1780 by Mayo builders and carpenters, and few houses in Ireland or England have withstood a hundred years of wear and neglect better than this hale old house, standing on a hill overlooking some ancient island castles. In my childhood, Mayo builders, carpenters, and blacksmiths were little inferior to those who built Moore Hall. I remember one of Mayo's carpenters designing and making a handsome wardrobe; he could not read or write, but it may be doubted if Mayo's newspaper-reading peasantry could show so excellent a craftsman; and of this I am sure, that Mayo is a drearier county, for landlords and peasants alike, in the twentieth century than it was in the first half of the nineteenth.

I looked inquiringly across the hearthrug, afraid lest this big-framed, even-complexioned, blue-eyed, dark-haired young American, who sat in the armchair opposite to me, was wearying of my discourse. I am not given to holding forth like my friend W. B. Yeats, and I beg the reader to believe me when I say that, if I emulated Yeats on the 27th of March, 1922, it was because my guest wished it. Yeats does not waste himself on one; so there is a distinction. And afraid to pursue my theme till it became tedious, I thought myself of an anecdote whereby I might enliven it for him; wherefore I related that some twelve or fifteen years ago I went to call on Sir William (then simple) Orpen, who came to Dublin every six months to teach drawing in the Metropolitan School of Art. The

studios in which I was invited to seek him seemed strangely crowded for a country whose chief ambition is the priesthood; and this thought had barely come into my mind when the clerical appearance of the students caught my eye, and I began to ask myself if Ireland had turned from theology to sculpture, for the greater number were producing faint resemblances to pears and apples with wet clay. My wonderment was interrupted by Orpen making his way through the serried ranks, his smile telling me as he came that he guessed the reason of my astonishment. But, said I, whence come all these people to learn modeling? There must be fifty or sixty here. — From all parts of Ireland, he answered. And the money that brings them to Dublin — whence comes it? — They don't pay to come here; they are paid to come. And what do they come here for? To get diplomas, he replied, that will allow them to teach. — So men come here not to study art, but to learn to teach art, I said. The teacher has to be taught! — Yes, he said; and it is the same everywhere.

But tell me, Orpen, why the students dress like clerics. They come from Christian Brothers' schools, Orpen answered. But what conception, I said, can the people who invented this system have of art? — You must ask your friend, Mr. T. P. Gill, about that, Orpen replied. And I heard that a Metropolitan School of Art has been set up in every large town; for, according to the newest principles, everybody must get his chance whether he wants it or not. To admit, Orpen continued, that one man brings a gift into the world and that the next man does not, would amount to an admission that the Liberal Party cannot rectify Nature's mistakes. What would become of democracy if such a thing were admitted? I am amazed, I said, for I

did n't suspect imbecility in the average man. The average man is not imbecile, said Orpen, but principals are. The Minister of Education would admit that genius cannot be produced artificially, but his contention would be that genius can look after itself, and that it is his business to look after mediocrity. He might even say: Let us create an atmosphere.

Wonderful, thrice wonderful! I replied; and began a story that I had from my friend Tonks, the Slade Professor, of how an artist was treated by Mr. Fisher, or his department. The man was an artist — he had gained his living by painting; but after the war he fell into difficult circumstances, and applied for the post of teacher at a provincial school; mind you, he was an artist who had gained his living by painting. The headmaster of the school at which he wished to teach had seen his paintings in various exhibitions, and the artist thought that all was settled. But when he interviewed Mr. Fisher, or his department, I know not which, he was told: Yes, your pictures are well enough, — we have photographs of them before us, — but you must go to Kensington and go through a course of pedagogy. Pedagogy — what is that? I asked. I never heard the word. Tonks explained it to me, and I answered: Well then, if a school were started to teach young ladies how to write novels, and I applied for the post, I should have to learn how I was to teach them to write novels? Most undoubtedly you would! That is the Fisher formula. Mr. Fisher, I continued, will admit that his system is not perfect; he hopes, of course, to improve it as time goes on; others will say that we are pursuing a false system of teaching, but nobody will admit that all teaching is futile, — worse than futile, poisonous, — and that the poison will continue generation after generation,

until there is no handicraft and no art worth speaking of left in England.

So you see, Mr. Husband, we are without hope of a Renaissance of illiteracy. It would seem that every epoch is represented by a word, the thirteenth by *filiouque*, the Napoleonic Empire by organization, the twentieth century by education. And upon my word, I would welcome a reversion to theology. The arts flourished in it, and, if certain questions were not asked, men and women were left to their instincts.

You think, said my guest, that man has not advanced in intelligence? But you do not think so, Mr. Husband; nor does anybody but those without knowledge of the world's history — the history of Greece, for example. Mr. Fisher knows that forcible education was not the law of Athens, and that wisdom thrived without it; and if he believes in detaining young folk at school till they are sixteen, and brings down Wranglers from Cambridge and Firsts from Oxford to teach them, it is because he does not know how life is made, or because his belief in forcible education springs from money. Money hides from learned men many things that the poor know well, and every workman knows that a boy released from school when he is fourteen is set upon learning a trade; but if he be kept at school till he is sixteen, he very likely becomes part of the vagrant class. At sixteen, a boy begins to look round, to think; and seeing that there is no future for him in ploughing, mowing, carting hay, and reaping corn, or following a flock, he hesitates to return whence he came. If he be a town lad, the plumbing trade does not entice him; the slater's still less, for, if the sewers are deep, the roofs are high; and if you press him, saying: Well, if you don't enter a trade, how do you hope to get a living? Live on the old man, I

expect, is the answer you will get. Now the new laws allow boys to be kept at school till they are sixteen; but they permit exceptional boys to be detained till they are eighteen, the exceptional boy, in the eyes of the schoolmaster, being the boy who passes examinations.

At one moment of my life, I remember being able to count twenty men among my friends and acquaintances who had taken Firsts at Oxford; and looking back upon them now, they seem a very sorry squad, indeed. Some lived upon their relations; some had small incomes, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds a year, and struggled to make two ends meet in furnished apartments; some turned to journalism, and wrote paragraphs and turn-overs for the *Globe* newspaper; some drifted into the *Times* office; others into chambers in the Temple, glad to accept what are known as *soups* at the Old Bailey. It was not that these men came into the world stupid: as boys they were intelligent enough; but the effort to acquire knowledge for the honor of a First poisoned their minds.

Education, said Mr. Husband, must come from within, not from without. In response, I answered, to an instinctive prompting. All education of value, Mr. Husband continued, is self-education; that is my experience.

I regretted afterward not having listened instead of recording my own experiences and ideas; but the impulse of speech was upon me, and I said: Our concern is not with the men who go to universities and wear their brains away in learning things they do not want to learn, for the sake of their parents, who would like to say: Johnny took a First. At Oxford a few mental wrecks don't matter; my pity is for those in the elementary schools, who are turned from their natural instincts.

The making of round pegs for square

holes, Mr. Husband chimed in, and I answered: Yet it should be clear to everybody who gives five minutes thought to the question that the destiny of the great majority of mankind is to dig the field. An everlasting law that no Government can change, said Mr. Husband, and I replied: The country goes to the town, but the town never returns to the country.

I often wonder if Mr. Fisher, on awakening from his educational dreams, asks himself how the world will get its food when the shepherd no longer goes to the fold, lantern in hand, and the ploughman to the stable. It is hard to think that he ponders his educational schemes without sometimes seeing the peasant as Atlas; and the explanation that he is a Londoner, bred and born, is not enough. He cannot have escaped seeing a man hedging and ditching, on his holidays; but very learned men often have eyes only for print, and are unable to appreciate the country until they read it in books; it may be that Mr. Fisher is one of these.

If he understands what he reads in print, all will be well, said Mr. Husband; for I can see that you are bent on enlightening him. I was moved to reprove Mr. Husband for his facetiousness; but, remembering that he was my guest, I said: Though there be no hedging and ditching in America, Mr. Husband, there are certainly coal mines, and you are perhaps the one educated man in the world who has hewn coal in a mine five hundred feet deep, of his own free will. So tell me, you who know something of manual labor at first-hand, — no, I am not punning, — tell me if education and manual work are compatible?

I read yesterday in the newspaper, Mr. Husband said, a speech by Mr. Winston Churchill, in which he told that Bolshevism had reduced Russia, the granary of Europe, to a desert

where millions are dying of starvation. Bolshevism, he said, will do the same in England if it gets a footing here; and while Mr. Churchill spoke, Mr. Fisher was making the bed for Lenin.

I was about to start again on the words: The law that is over us, when my guest interrupted, and I listened, nothing loath, having already had my fill of words. It may be well for you to hear, said Mr. Husband, — I hope you don't mind? On the contrary, I replied; you can illuminate the question whether forced education — I was going to say, began Mr. Husband; and then stopped suddenly, as if ashamed at having interrupted me. I waited. I was going to say, he repeated, that Aristotle thought it quite natural that men should be born slaves. I have not read Aristotle, I answered — my defective education. A wisdom that has illuminated century after century is not listened to to-day, his ideas being treated as out of keeping with the progress that has been made since his day. Progress! I continued, looking into Mr. Husband's face; a book might be written indeed about the progress we have made. But, however well written, the book would fail to open the eyes of the blind century we live in. The worst slavery of all is to be set to perform tasks that are out of our instinct. A hare beating a tambourine in Regent Street is one of the most pathetic of all spectacles. I saw one once and introduced poor puss — Into *Evelyn Innes*, said Mr. Husband. Yes; and now I compare the showman to the Minister of Education, who is daily dragging men and women out of their instincts, out of their nature, out of their genius, creating the worst slavery of all, and so needless, for a moment of thoughtfulness might have revealed to Mr. Fisher the fact that the Liberal professions cannot absorb everybody. It might, indeed. And so we find ourselves in the

midst of doctors who would like to look after a farm, artists of the stuff that sailors are made of, secretaries who detest writing and dream over their machines of washing-up dishes, and shop-girls who wearily stand behind the counter, thinking how happy they would be broom in hand.

After a pause, during which Mr. Husband was kind enough to wait for me to collect my thoughts, I said: We have forsworn our hands, and invented machines that do badly the work that the hand did very well; and having got so far, we would, by means of enforced education, wipe out original instincts and remake mankind; for it amounts to as much. Everybody in the Education Office knows that he cannot educate himself, but he is convinced that he can educate somebody else. The Liberal belief that everything can be remedied by education is strangely pathetic; and the word education, like *filiouque*, reveals us to ourselves, and, if not for long, we apprehend for a moment, at least, how pathetic is the race of man.

I wonder what Aristotle would think of the modern belief that everybody is a slave who does not go to an office and sit on a high stool and keep accounts. I wonder what Aristotle, who thought it quite natural that men should be born slaves, would think of the idea of the office-stool and a fortnight's holiday. I think I can see him, in my thoughts, looking at the office-stool, and after looking at it for some time, his words sound in my ears: But men are shaped differently; do you not keep different sizes? I think I can hear Mr. Fisher answer: At present the size does not fit all men; but we hope that all men will soon begin to fit the stool. A Platonist, surely, Aristotle murmurs. I always dreaded his influence and now find it predominant after more than two thousand years. How very extraordinary! And then Aristotle might

ask: Enforced education, or enforced slavery — which? Why is one meritorious and the other abominable? All these young men and women do not want education; they hate it.

Ah, yes, said Mr. Husband, interrupting my dream. There are many among the young generation who dislike, and intensely, the education that is being forced upon them; who, as you would say, Mr. Moore, are inspired by their instincts to avoid it; and many would prefer to educate themselves, feeling that they could do it better. But their parents are not of that opinion; for parents ascribe their comparative failure to their lack of education. Therefore they cry out that their children shall be retained at school till they are sixteen, and make sacrifices for this calamitous end.

Parents, I said, have sacrificed their children. Once it was to gods, now it is to education; fetish after fetish, and none more reasonable than another. The flower blooms according to its law, Mr. Husband answered; the planets follow their courses according to law. Everywhere we look, we find law; but however much we may seek, the cause of the law escapes us. Perhaps, I said, that is the reason why we try to get above the laws of Nature.

Tell me, I continued, changing the subject suddenly; passing from philosophy to practical truths, is it true that in America all manual labor is done by emigrants? I believe the servant problem is a very pressing one. Our servants come from Ireland, Italy, and Sweden, Mr. Husband replied, and that is why the immigration laws are not more strict; at least seventy per cent of our manual labor comes from the middle of Europe. The first generation works hard, the second generation works less, the third generation looks upon itself as American, and as-

pires to the liberal professions, which cannot absorb everybody.

I asked him if he had met no American hewing coal. About five-and-twenty per cent in the mine in which I worked were Americans, he answered; and he spoke of some lean hunters, who came sometimes from the Blue Ridge Mountains of Maryland: who, he said, when not hunting or mining, are employed in feuds, vendettas, the causes of which are forgotten, so long ago is it since the original shooting. Dick knows that he must shoot Jim when he meets him, and Jim is not more knowledgeable; enough it is for him to know that he must pull the trigger first.

Mr. Husband's stories of the Blue Ridge Mountains were brought nearer home by a remark that even Irish raiders could learn something from these lean mountain men. Are there mountains in Maryland? I asked. You see, dear reader, I was fortunate enough to be possessed of an instinct that persuaded me to accept thrashings rather than submit to education, else my lot might have been to write like Mr. Hardy, our modern Æschylus; whereas, by a little act of courage and avoiding the Bible till I was fifty, I wrote *The Brook Kerith*.

But I am wandering from memories of my delightful guest. What I remember next of the evening's conversation is Mr. Husband telling me many stories of the childishness and improvidence of the negroes he had met in the mine.

You are not afraid, I asked Mr. Husband, that, when they outnumber the whites, they will revolt? A successful revolt, he answered, implies organization. And we spoke of Hayti, Mr. Husband telling, what every schoolboy knows, but which I did not, that Hayti had belonged to the French, and that the French revolutionaries sent over a deputation conferring freedom upon

the negroes, the first result of which was a massacre of the whites and then a massacre of each other.

Mr. Husband's anecdotes illustrating the childishness of negroes had enlivened our conversation; and unwilling that it should again darken, I asked him if his eyes could distinguish a gleam of light on our horizon. His cheerful optimism did not desert his voice even when he said that the world would continue its breakneck pace till it toppled over into the barbarism of the Middle Ages. Just as you have predicted, Mr. Moore, emerging, much reduced by famine, a smaller but more beautiful planet.

And it seeming to me that I could not run the risk of losing the pleasing optimism of Mr. Husband's voice, I refrained from speaking of the desolating tide of children flooding our doorways, and spoke instead of my Parisian life — one that all Americans like to hear; peopling my anecdotes with those who assembled at Tortoni's during the seventies. And as a *bonne bouche*, I related my last visits to the great tribe of Impressionists, now reduced to two, Monet and Mary Casatt; and Mr. Husband listened, as all Americans listen to such tales, till he began to remember that his days in London were numbered, and that he must not miss a night of long slumber. For heaven only knows when the chance of a ten-hours sleep will come again! he said. I think I told you that I have to leave my bed at seven? Yes, I remember, I answered; and it is now going on for midnight. But do not leave on account of me; I sleep on in the morning and rise when I am rested. Mr. Husband hesitated, as if he had something still in his mind to say, and I wondered what it could be.

We have talked, he said, when I opened the front door for him, about a

great many things, without, however, mentioning my handwriting. You see, I am now in business, and am afraid it would be rather too long a job to copy out the whole book; but if you would like a chapter of it — My dear Mr. Husband, your letters are enough; and after bidding him good-bye once more, I returned to my Aubusson carpet and my lyre-shapen clock, feeling that I would have done better to have talked less and to have drawn Mr. Husband into further confidences about himself. But no further confidences would have helped me to understand him better than his first avowal: that, after leaving Harvard University, he had gone down into a coal mine in search of — what? The last thing that anybody would suspect: life — primal, fundamental life. And I sought, without finding them, the words in which he had said he had gone down into the mine in search of primal life. He said nothing about escaping from conventions and prejudices — what did he say? I asked myself; and stirred the fire without being able to recall his words.

The words, however, that I am sure of, are: If I had been in Europe, I might have done as you did — gone to France and lived in Montmartre; but being in America, there was nothing for me to do but go down into a coal mine. How admirable! How altogether admirable! In these words we see the man from end to end, we weigh him, we appraise him. And before a dwindling fire I sat for a long time, thinking of Mr. Husband's sea voyage, his arrival in New York; pausing after rising from my chair, so that I might better consider the question whether he would sleep a night in New York, or catch a train to take him to Chicago. The answer came: He is too eager to see his wife again, to wait in New York; he will catch the train.

THE JUNGLE OF THE MIND

NOTES ON A DISFRANCHISEMENT

I

A LITTLE patch of sunlight made a leaf transparent against the doorpost at the right of the porch. Its finely veined shadow was thrown across the page of my book, like some ghostly finger pointing the way among the close even letters of the print. The book was a story of peasant life in Italy — a story indelibly impressed on the memory because, right in the last chapters, it slipped very quickly from consciousness. So slight a thing it was, the straw that pointed the way to disfranchisement. The year had been one of stress, undeniably — a perfectly human year, such as is common to all who live actively; the last months a slight blur, a feverish fear of small duties looming large, and then a sudden sickening terror. Life all at once became unlivable without reason.

Two days before one had been 'sent home to rest on a light diet, a slight temperature'; this afternoon, up again and reading, with every muscle relaxed, but attention strained to the utmost in order to focus on that book to the exclusion of business thoughts. One must not think of work at all. Just then, without attention relaxing in the least, the meaning slipped from the black, regular letters on the page, as if drawn out by some secret and malign exterior force, as definitely as if the book had been taken from my hands. I could no longer concentrate, or marshal the forces of mind even to a simple story. A kind of deterioration or disassocia-

tion had begun. I could no longer think. And slowly, with a nauseating certainty, I knew it.

That afternoon a little boy came home, bringing little cakes for the 'temporary invalid.' The sunlight was very bright on his shock of hair, not less yellow than it, and on the lady in gray beside him. Dinner-hour came. It was quietly served, cool, and with blue plates, and silver that had long, smooth, uncluttered surfaces. But the 'temporary invalid' seemed to be slipping away from it all into some gulf, and was holding on with an intensity so intense that it almost nullified itself.

The next day, back to a little house where two children were waiting for the usual vacation stories and games. But this time there were none. A wild rebellion had set in — I would *not* have a brain that refused to serve me; I would *not* — and yet, there it was. No beast of the jungle ever fought against his captivity more senselessly than the feverish occupant of that berth in a Pennsylvania Pullman did against that overpowering fact. The realization brought almost sheer madness on the heels of 'a slight mental-nervous unbalance.' Regard for those about me, for consequences, appearance, conventionalities such as hold between guest and hostess, even if the two are of one family, were gone. As a result, the only maid in the house where there were two children wisely fled at my approach.

One day there were dishes to wash. Conscience reasserted itself and I started in. I had done that before, many times, usually with a grim determination to 'get the job done.' As a little girl, I had attempted it with a secret loathing of my lowly state — did they want me to grow up to be a cook? Would that I had! Think of wages. Again, I had washed them with a blithe, debonair spirit, lots of hot water, and foamy soapsuds full of jewel-like bubbles; it was not half bad. And often I had scraped away the half-eaten meal with religious disregard of mundane affairs — committing Browning as I did it. But this time it was none of these.

I began. The plates felt big, slippery, and unfamiliar. What did you do with them? I could remember the process, but with each dish it had all to be thought through again, and things did not come out even. Each separate bit of china and silver seemed to arrive and stop in a different and aborted stage in its evolutionary progress from egg-and-bacon smeariness to pantry shelves. *I could not wash dishes.* I tried and I could not; and if I lost my job, which I certainly should, I could not even be a cook.

Just then, the little boy who was manufacturing music-rolls for the piano, with yards of wrapping paper and a ticket-puncher, wanted flour-and-water paste for his business, please. It had too much water in it, and spilled all over the dining-room table. I could not make paste, either; and what would his mother think?

Next, the little girl wanted to start for Sunday School. A tiny, pale-blue, wash-silk dress about two feet long needed pressing. It would not be pressed. It grew instantly animate. It rolled and slid and crawled under the iron, like a hot fishing-worm. I could not press. Even the big darky laun-

dress coming to-morrow was more adapted to life than I. *I could n't do anything.*

II

Well, many a wiser person than I has taken the next step, and succeeded or failed as the fates decreed. They say it was all 'bluff,' hysteria — very likely. I hate the latter enough for it to have been. Certainly it was undeniably cheap, like the rusty, paper-backed novels one filched from the latest culinary newcomer when one was just twelve; or, worse, like Elsie Dinsmore. Then, too, it came at an adventure-seeking age, when one must have new experience, even if one has to pirate it from life with skull and crossbones on the sails. There were three trials. In the white medicine-chest was a large bottle marked 'wood alcohol, poison.' The 'poison' part of the label was what attracted my eye. I consumed it in its entirety — my first and last pre-Volsteadian experiment. I do not advise it — it's hot, choking, and humiliating to the dust.

An idea like this dangling before one in the sun, and through sleepless nights, must be pursued for the sake of the audience, if for nothing more. A double dose of sleeping powders followed next — a long, long sleep. One awakened. It was so wearying! And, bluff or not, the choice between a probable insanity and death is a queer thing to be given to toy with at twenty-four. I was going at it again.

There was a patch of blue sky outside my window — just sky, no trees. A robin and squirrel with flirting tail were holding converse on a telegraph wire. The air was hot and bright. It would be so nice to leave things like that and go on. I could throw away the bottle — they would n't know what it was; an easy, cowardly thing. So it came, namely a sweet, hot taste, a humming in my

ears, a quick blackness, too quick for me. The bottle was still clenched in my hand, so they found the antidote, all because somebody went upstairs to get some silk to make another dress for the little girl. A doctor came. He made holes in my arm with a hypodermic, as if he were doing punch-work embroidery, until, defeated, sick, self-condemning, and furiously protesting, I came back from eternity for another try at existence.

Then followed a long summer, under the care of nurses in a sanatorium. The lady whose little boy brought the cakes for the 'temporary invalid' came quickly, forgiving. But I loathed myself too much to care even for her. There was another who stayed five months. But she hardly penetrated the oncoming dreams and deliriums.

It was the time of the great war madness. Some little of it seemed to have lodged in my spent brain. We had all of us felt its clutch and looked with a sick dread, in spite of our better judgments, at the pink-cheeked children among whom we worked. What if it 'got' them, as it did those suffering mites in Serbia and Belgium? Without reason I secretly reached the conviction that it had. A certain large building, where I had worked, appeared to my distorted vision a veritable Blue Beard's palace, the steps filled with the maimed and bleeding, children *I knew* with hands cut off.

How long this particular delusion lasted, I do not know; perhaps hours, perhaps weeks. It was intermittent and only a part of many. Actuality faded. Real letters came as from another world. The dead and the living seemed to mingle. Time ceased to count. Past, present, and future met in each sickening to-day. Then, one made atavistic journeys into 'pithecanthropian' or caveman indecencies — sliding past grim New England ancestors and mod-

ern training with electric swiftness, on to the next experience, until at last autumn came.

III

Something had to be done. After much holding back, reluctantly it was done. The seal of the state was called in, and on the word of three competent physicians, the requisite number, I was adjudged a lunatic. It was what, in a way, I had expected from the first day when I was ordered home. An institution for the insane opened its doors to me. It was all those about me could do.

That first day is not remembered. It is photographed, no — etched, on the groundwork of my convolutions. I was lying in bed in Ward 10 of the hospital. A woman was sitting beside me, asking a great many questions in a quiet voice, a stenographer taking down the answers. They began with: —

'What year is this?'

I think I knew.

'Have you ever been in love?'

Everyone has been seventeen, and 'infatuation' was the word stumbly used to express this idea.

'Who is the President?'

Who was the President? I knew there had to be a president, — it was Wilson's administration, — but I could not remember his name, and I said so. Would anyone say that those three physicians judged me wrongly?

The quiet voice went on. Then behind its owner someone suddenly opened a door. It was late autumn. The sun had that thick, heavy quality peculiar to the time of year. It fell full on her hair, and played through its crispness like golden syrup, turning it to a warm, soft, amber glow. Through all that strangeness, confusion of mind, and weariness, Something Beautiful came. *It* came, — I say it, because the one asking the questions hardly seemed a personality for a long time, — and con-

tinued to come twice every day with calming regularity. And one looked forward to those hours wistfully. Finally, I was told she was 'the head physician and in charge of your ward.'

Days followed days and grouped themselves into weeks, weeks into months. One afternoon, late, a nurse came on the ward hurriedly, waving a paper and calling the news: 'Reims has been destroyed — the beautiful cathedral of Reims.' For a time the world and its tragedy penetrated my fastness. Reims was but a torn sentinel, jagged against the sky; the girls I knew were making bandages at home or nursing 'overseas'; the boys, some of them, already were Flanders mud. I wondered if the dead were ever so dead as I there in that place of protection. I doubted it. And after that, in times of lucidity, every little service proffered came with a whip-end of stinging reproach — to be waited on when fighting men were dying for those same kindly offices! It was too much.

Yet from moments or days like this one swung so cruelly far. A certain Sunday finally reached its end — a dull, sodden, breathless day, continuing on endlessly from six o'clock. The head physician came on the ward. I had strayed into the surgery, and was lolling against the table where she daily examined patients. She entered the room all in white, fresh and smiling, and asked simply: —

'What are you doing?'

I had been doing nothing forever, or so it seemed. I faced her, and deliberately, without malice, picked up a small medicine-glass and threw it. My aim was good. The glass missed her head by about two inches and splintered on the floor. A quiet voice said, —

'It is a miracle it did not kill me.'

And the doctor left the ward. Almost immediately the happening faded from my mind. At that time, it seemed to me

no more unusual than the picking-up of a teacup at tea-time did to those at home. It was in line with the day, distorted, smouldering, yet dull to the point of stultification. I quite forgot the occurrence; yet it was to return upon me with that boomerang-like force which would almost imply in the world an eternal power of justice.

I had plenty of time to think, in so far as I was capable of it. My mind went back constantly to my very early childhood. As a little girl, I played free from school all day, in the wind, every day, much of the time in the top of a cherry tree. And when, flushed and breathless from play, I slipped indoors at evening, my mother could only look speechless at my play-worn clothes, my father remark laconically that my hair would make 'a good blue-jay's nest.'

How far away all that seemed! What a fascinating idea that — to have one's hair be a blue-jay's nest! Some use for it at last! A little bird would be tucked in every curl; and how carefully each lock of hair would be spread on the pillow, as the birds twickered drowsily while I went to sleep myself. Many times I heard it in my mind's ear.

But here there were no pleasantries of thought like that. Days came when the air from cherry trees, full of bird notes, entered in reluctantly through *iron bars*. My hair would hardly have invited a magpie. It was brittle and burned with fever, I guess; and it was stiffly braided. My nails were split, skin rough and scaly. Feet were crossed and bound to the foot of an iron bed by a sheet skillfully twisted into a noose. There was a sense of rough cotton all about one. The upper part of the body was incased in a canvas jacket laced down the back, known as 'sleeves' — perhaps because it had no sleeves, only sewed-up ends, traps for hands. To these were attached long, strong tapes, like trunk-straps, which were in turn fastened to

the iron supports beneath the bed. Movement was largely impossible, made so lest wild, disordered thinking should grow objective, as in the case of the glass, and result in fierce, unpremeditated action.

So that iniquitous-looking object, bound, almost dehumanized, certainly disfranchised, fed, cared for physically, yet mentally inaccessible and struggling — that was I. Still, through it all, every day someone spoke my name in a low voice, calling as if from an immeasurable distance. Every day, without fail, the head physician made her rounds. The effect was like that of some wholesome, natural phenomenon, regular and unaccusing, healing and calming, untouched, but touching with sure thought. Little by little, with incredible slowness and still more incredible perversity, the thing lying there moved toward the normal.

IV

One rainy day in November, word came that I was to be 'transferred' from the main building to A-Cottage, where convalescents were housed. 'You get home quicker from there' was the current report. The process of making the return from complete mental chaos to the usual semi-orderly state of mind known as sanity had so far progressed. But there was cruelly much yet to be done.

The one thing that stands out as an almost immediate result of that change was a reawakened interest in environment, particularly the human element therein. I got out of that closed door of myself a little. Perhaps that is one test of the normal — a keen sense of others. My world shifted, and gradually I began dimly to find a place there among those strangers, strange in many unfamiliar ways, and having known a mode of life, many of them, very different from mine.

The setting was a large house, with two large rooms at either end, little ones 'for visitors,' along a well-lighted hall opposite the dining-room, and upstairs, beds and clothes. There was more activity than I had known for months — a piano, sewing being done, a certain number of household duties regularly performed. There were patients who went each morning to the laundry, others afternoons; and there was a group that went to the 'embroidery class' every day in the main building.

I joined none of these. In fact I could not, yet. It seems in retrospect that I simply sat and watched and answered a few questions now and then, and asked many. There is a little girl who sat beside me on the couch that first day. Her name is May. She is a child of ten, perhaps, mentally, whose birthdays number twenty, or maybe more: slight, pretty in a half-blonde way, and appealing. A wrist-watch and a locket constituted our first topic of conversation. She showed me a picture in the locket.

'He had pneumonia in Germany,' she told me, 'the last time I knew of him. And there is another at home. He said he would take care of me, but he has n't written lately. He said he would take care of me, well. I wonder why the doctor *won't* let me go?'

She spoke in this vein frequently. Her mother is in another ward of the hospital. She lives only physically, never talking, just lying there day after day. May takes her fruit and things sometimes, but there is slight response. I noticed that she frequently cried quietly after these visits. Her father, a farmer, and a little sister, came twice. That is all.

But the weeks slip by, and small interests hold fast and little pleasures loom large in that place, for most of the patients. There are a number of diver-

sions, like the weekly dances. Such hair-curling and powdering of noses — quite as at home! I never went, or almost never. The crowding together of so many inmates was overwhelming. It weighed one down with a hopeless sense of really tragic lives massed as one rarely sees them except in war-time — and that is quite different. Then there came choking memories of a few grand balls, with pink chiffon and of cotillions with favors. Why had one ever had them, if one had to be so far from the possibility of having them again?

Very different from May is Sally, who followed me with interest, curiosity making her brown eyes snap. She, too, is a little girl grown large. She has a couple of children.

'They are awful cute,' she volunteered, 'in Saint Elizabeth's Home. When Charlotte was a baby, she was the fattest thing you ever saw, and she laughed till her toes dimpled. Did you ever have a baby?'

'Heavens, no!'

'Well, you don't know what you missed.'

Still, to me who don't know what I missed, very fortunately, it is unthinkable that maternity could fall so lightly on any human creature as on that child. How could one come out of that furnace of experience so utterly unsmelted, so unformed. But then she was very young, only seventeen.

'I was working out,' she talked with very little questioning, 'and he said I could have a nice home. So I took all my money and bought clothes. Before we were married, he brought me lots of candy, and he just could n't keep his hands off me. Liked me? Oh, gee! My sister went to the train with me. We were married in Kentucky.'

She wears her wedding-ring now.

'But the next morning I told him I did n't want to be married. He said I *was* married, though.'

Actually the child had not known, I think, the privileges the vows permitted him, any more than she understood the responsibilities they required of her.

'We went to housekeeping — swell mahogany furniture and a nice rug and a lamp. He's got 'em now. I don't know, I just could n't remember; burned the roast to cinders, and did all sorts of things like that before the baby came. Then afterward I could n't even remember where I left off feeding her and dressing. Then I did n't even know I had a baby. Then I came here. I was awful out of my head. But I am better now. I work in the laundry afternoons and go to the dances. The attendants dance with me, especially McKnight, and sometimes the Board of Administration.'

'Margie Blum irons next to me. She does the doctors' clothes.'

I do not know how many times I fled, to escape Sally's artless descriptions of all 'hand-embroidered' things not to be known about at all outside of families, save during that brief display of daintiness which comes with trousseaux. But such all-too-obvious distinctions are quite beyond Sally's horizon.

Then there was Miss Sanderson, who half appropriated me, or I her. She had known nine languages. She still remembers some, and will not let you forget it. One time, when we were pursued by what seemed a real danger while out walking, she gave cries of alarm — in Greek! That was convincing. She read a great deal. Later I read to her, never satisfactorily. She took me, after a long time, for walks, when we found birds and wild flowers, especially white violets, and *mud*. We had a mutual genius for mud.

I am eternally grateful for those hours out in the sunlight. They were to count incalculably toward recovery, but they had a teasing, tantalizing quality of *half* freedom. One was

'not allowed off the grounds,' but they are very, very large. There is a brook in the meadow, and many hollow trees full of chipmunks with bewitching manners. Very often squirrels' tails winked at you out from under this spring's ferns and last autumn's leaves. She really loved it all, and could communicate that love with a curious blurred intensity. In some ways she was a bit like other people I had known — perhaps that is why we were together so much.

V

There was always a crowding sense of people — people who stayed and those who came and went. I never went. I seemed eternally to watch suitcases come over from the main hospital, and their owners wave their hands at us and go — home. Hardly ever was one alone. Rows of people when one went to bed, three or four when one washed one's face; dozens when a letter arrived, tens of dozens when candy came. There were actually about sixty-five women in A-Cottage.

One day I got a room of my own — true privilege. It had a bed in it and sometimes a chair, and heavy wire over the window — no bars. The door, or the controlling of it, belonged to anybody else but the occupant, for the door-knob was a half door-knob, and that half on the outside. It was hardly a lady's boudoir, but it was a room, warm and comfortable — and I was a few æons away from the state of mind that occupies a boudoir. I never have reached that state, financially or otherwise. I have always slept in a very simple bedroom, except when on a couch in an apartment house, when there was company and there was not space.

At night, on one side of me a woman moaned for her daughter sometimes; on the other, a ponderous, quiet person, who, during the day, was monosyllabic,

occasionally erupted into violent nocturnal vituperations, cannonlike in their weight, swordlike in their keenness. Pestilence, slow torture, sudden death were exploded in some unknown mortal's direction. Across the hall, another woman nakedly cursed the doctors and obscenely commented upon them, because they had the poor judgment to keep her where she undoubtedly belongs. And over and under all this, sleep came, and oh, how we welcomed it!

Those nights in that little room were to continue for almost three years. I traveled home there — a long journey. I waded out through senseless tears; came up often in the morning, ash-gray with fatigue arising from even more senseless, flaming anger; kept myself back with sheer mulishness — I sometimes fear my ears might have grown long like that animal's, just from similarity of temperament — and locked myself away from freedom, with dull inactivity and the lack of that lift in life that we call trying.

Yet all through those years, more and more the acute consciousness of emotional states faded, and people came nearer and nearer, with all their complexities and queer simplicity. I became less and less a projecting piece of human furniture.

One twilight in July, a little woman came over from the main hospital, accompanied by a nurse, as we all had been. Her black hair was piled high, her voice filled with cosmopolitan smoothness, and her manner full of ease. Yet, even in those first few moments, unconsciously she seemed to be desiring to become the centre of attention — that unconscious demand of so many women who possess real charm.

She told me long afterward that her father was a great man in his country. He was a statesman, and diplomatic circles had been open to her in her girlhood.

Diplomatic circles had also clamped an unwelcome marriage upon her over thirty years ago. She had escaped it overseas. A new country offered her its complex pleasure and troubles, never quite understood by her, but always varied and richly plentiful. There was no wonder that she was the magnet of that little group at A-Cottage, and continued to be for some time.

She related to me many stories of her early girlhood in that distant southern country. This one I liked, and remembered perhaps better than the rest. She gave it to me in about the following manner. We called it the 'Story of the Fifty-Cent Tree':—

'In accordance with the rules of a well-ordered household, each morning my mother inspected us after the nurse had finished our toilet. One day, a terrible and unforeseen thing occurred. My brother and I were running down the hall; he jostled me, and I fell against my mother's door. It responded instantly to the pressure of my small and impetuous body, opened, and unceremoniously I was thrust in upon my mother *without knocking*. That was an unforgettable offense — to enter a room without a rap at the door. My mother told me quite plainly that, if such a thing happened again, to the convent I should go, and not see her face for a year.

'About seven months later, my nurse and I were having a tussle over a sash. It had come untied. She wanted to make the bow properly. I was grown up, I thought, and wanted to do it myself, whether properly or not. I pulled away from her, and a second time fell into my mother's room without a knock at the door. My mother kept her word, and at the age of nine I went next morning to the convent, a two days' journey from home, for a year's stay.

'Often my mother came and watched me at play with the other children in

the old, old garden among the olive trees, or hid in some ancient niche in the cloister as I passed; but she was firm. I did not see her face. The only certain knowledge of her visit that came to me was that conveyed by the sweets and dainty clothes she left behind her.

'One person I did see was an old friend of the family — almost like a guardian. He came every Friday. On one of these visits, I distinctly remember, he asked me if I had ever heard of the ancient miracles of my country. I knew very little of the current peasant lore. He told me a few tales, and then, in order to inculcate economy, a trait that was sadly lacking, in a joking way, never dreaming the extent of my credulity, he said:—

"If you will give me fifty cents of your allowance every week, I will plant it; it will grow into a tree; and when you leave the convent, you will be very, very rich."

'I gave him my fifty cents each week, and oh, my dreams! I could see that tree as your children do a Christmas tree in anticipation. I told all my schoolmates of the tree. My emphatic belief was such that they too acquired confidence. We planned together. It was the complete fulfillment, for each of the youngest children in that convent, of her most cherished desire. Even the peasant children in the village knew — I was to be rich, rich. They should no longer be hungry. Alvarez was to have new shoes, his brother a coat, and so on endlessly.

'When I went to sleep, homesick and lonely for my mother's face, it was the thought of the fifty-cent tree that stayed my tears.

'At last, the year was ended. I was home. Was I glad to see my mother? Yes, but — And see how my little brother had grown. He could say my name. It was very wonderful; still I wanted to see the fifty-cent tree. I

clutched my old friend's hand. We went into the warm sunlight of the garden.

"Look, the rosebush! They planted it just for you, and how the orange trees gleam with great golden balls! You saw none like that when you were with the sisters, I am sure."

"But," I cried, "my fifty-cent tree; where is my fifty-cent tree?"

"Oh, that," he laughed. "You are too old for that; and besides it did not develop very well."

'In a second of stunning realization I understood.

"You lied to me. There is n't any fifty-cent tree. There never was any fifty-cent tree."

'Slowly the truth burned in.

"I would like to kill you because you lied to me."

"Would you?" he said with genuine penitence. "The gardener there has a hatchet."

'He put the shining thing into my hands. His own exquisitely formed one was lying on the garden wall, all flecked over with leafy sun and shadows. I lifted the hatchet. There was a horrible spurt of blood, but no outcry. Years later, in my country, you might have seen a great general who always wore a glove on his left hand because he had lost two fingers. As for me, I was ill in bed for weeks over what I had done. And not being able to face my friends in the convent, or the village children, because of my inability to carry out my plans, I was sent, at my own passionate request, to another convent. The next year I continued my education in France.'

VI

That was all; but this and similar stories opened the gates into another life. It was a wholesome thing for me. A more subjective happening was to come, which made me particularly

keen, and awake to my relations with others. As I was preparing to go to sleep one night, out of the dark, like a cutting flash of light, a memory assailed me. I suddenly recalled that Sunday on which I threw the medicine-glass at the doctor in a moment of sheer madness. Other similar scenes followed it. I threw a glass at the doctor! I threw a glass at the doctor! I — but how could I? How could anyone? Each day I saw her, tactful and patient. She was like a balance wheel for us all. It missed her eyes by about an inch. They are very blue.

Over again, day after day, the thought followed me — a horror. Yet, at the same time, it was a strengthening one. I knew I could not do it again, and that I was feeling what any normal person would feel at such an outrageous act. There were times, however, when the affair became an obsession. Every sharp sound seemed like something brittle smashing. I slept restlessly for some weeks. It was a distinct relief to see the doctor each morning, well and whole, though I knew, of course, that I had not hurt her, physically at least.

I even went to a dance one night to rid myself of the idea's reoccurrence. Then, one spring day, I stepped out with the doctor as she went to her duties in the main hospital, and told her. She said: 'Why do you bring it to my consciousness?' and then, seeing my need, 'You were very sick!'

The sharing of that haunt flowed through me with an instantly healthful effect. The impersonal explanation, along with a little personal forgiveness, sealed my loyalty and devotion to the doctor — feelings aroused the first time she had sat by my bed, in the receiving Ward 10, nearly four years before.

All through these years my thoughts wandered frequently back to my very little girlhood, back to that first twilight of consciousness, and to the quaint

ideas and misconceptions babyhood holds for me. My childhood companioned me often.

Of all the childish profound questions that I had asked about the universe, as all children do, this one seemed to cling to my memory with greatest clearness.

The question: 'Why are flowers here at all?'

The answer: 'Because the One who made the world thought them.'

I was thrilled — 'thought them!' Often I had held a flower in my hand, the very quality of beauty caught and made tangible, a quiet thing, delicious to all senses, so good to smell! How would it feel to think a flower, to think a world, to think a star, a sun, a universe, a system of suns, above all, to evolve a human being? I still wonder.

I was sure that the doctor, had she been with me when I was little, could have answered that question better than anyone I had ever known. That is what she does — *thinks* human beings, thinks them back to original fineness and confidence. She takes tattered, nebulous bits of intelligence, and welds them whole; ragged souls, and mends them with true feminine patience. She re-creates.

Suppose one had slipped out of earthly touches in a swift moment, would there have been a sufficiently active consciousness to proceed with immortality, provided there be such? If I, among hundreds, had lived on there without just that help, would there ever have been keenness enough to savor existence anywhere? One might almost dare believe that eternal life hung in the balance there many times. Who knows?

VII

One force was working steadily toward recovery, namely, the influence of out-of-doors. The last spring there

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was poignant to a degree expressed by nothing so much, perhaps, as those vivid lines of Stevenson's: —

Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.

It was my privilege to carry the preceding day's report over to the main hospital each morning, very early. Those dawns cut clean into one with an almost surgical keenness. To feel it again was sometimes overpowering. The stars' pale gleam over a last fall of snow, seemingly reluctant to be the last; a new moon above the April fringe of an elm tree — things like these fairly made poems in one's corpuscles. My body again reacted to the touch of earth's 'renewal.' Life surged in.

There is a little woman who works there, in a garden set on a hill. It is fragrant against dark trees, and overlooks the road and distant tilled fields. Hepaticas and snowdrops are planted early, inviting the freshly swarming bees. It and the little woman's white-clad figure added no little to the charm of a newly perceived Nature.

Unconsciously, for some months, I had been preparing myself for a very definite and positive form of appreciation of all this. A half-year or less before, I had with much difficulty got around an inflexible hospital rule. All were required to retire at *eight*. That meant lying there in my little room, without a light, at least ten hours. It was healthful, no doubt, but boredom raised to the *n*th power. One could not sleep all that time. I began to rise as soon as it was light, before it was permitted, and stealthily and surreptitiously to plaster myself against the window, book in hand.

These books were, many of them, reminders of a lost epoch of leisure — Hazlitt, Montaigne, De Quincey, a bit of Dickens, Carlyle, Emerson, and some of the longer and less well-known

Irvings. With them came a revived sense of the spell words may weave, and a desire to use them.

Instead of counting sheep to put myself to sleep, until my flocks exceeded the fondest dreams of Solomon, I began, for the first and last time in my life, to rhyme. The rhythm and soft meeting, in sound, of words soon sent me quietly away from active consciousness. In the morning, I wrote down the lines, so as to continue the next night. The results of this effort would undoubtedly have the same effect on a reader that they had on me, that of somnolence. But these small scraps of paper were invaluable in the outlet they gave and the peace they provided each evening. So for me spring translated itself very positively into words, a few of them my own, but mostly those of the authors I was reading. It was a concrete thing by which to make a connection.

One of the brightest of these May days the doctor said I might go home. This was after several 'trial visits.' I went swiftly. I found the same house, with the two children. This time there were plenty of stories and games, but four years older, to fit the more discerning ears and lengthened legs. Following in amusing, confusing succession came skirts shockingly short to unaccustomed eyes, *Main Street, Limehouse Nights*, the latest Galsworthy, a three-year-old Ibáñez, new to me, nothing close to one's feet but silk

stockings, and all the baths I wanted at irregular intervals, and *no* state soap.

States may be able to make laws, educate citizens, regulate traffic in liquor and Henry Fords, and do various other wonderful things, but they can't make soap. Like Bre'r Rabbit, I cry:—

'Skin me, . . . snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs. Roas' me, . . . and hang me just as high as you please, but don't'—cause me to use state soap again. I could not face the possibility.

Later, there came a position in the same large building, where there is a 'new person' to direct one, who says this is going to be a 'highly diverting winter.' That I can well believe, since she is to be so large a part of it. The little boy who brought cakes to the 'temporary invalid' is mostly legs,—all that is not smiles,—and is preparing for college. His mother is still forgiving. I like her so much that I can no longer spare the time to hate myself.

And in the midst of all this I am climbing a sheer wall of readjustments, a little breathless, now and then slipping ridiculously. To balance myself, I may get on the train and see the doctor sometimes. And occasionally I get letters from her. I shall use them carefully, and make a firm handle of them, by which I may hold on to the lovely things she has given me again—a whole world. Thus I, who had the fortune to be *both* a woman and a lunatic am reënfranchised.

THE LIFTED LATCH

BY AMORY HARE

WHEN in the shadow of the Postern Gate
I stand to wait the changing of the watch
Which shall convey me, suddenly sedate
And dumb with wonder, toward the mystic Latch
That, lifting, opens heaven on my sight,
By the last sentry of departing Night
I shall be told, 'Fear not, but speak the Truth.'
As one who goes to trial will supplicate
Neither by speech nor gesture, but by youth,
By bright youth treading so unwittingly,
So, peradventure, will the sight of me,
So silent there, move the new guards to tell
What answer wins Christ's pure blue asphodel.
And one will say, 'Speak not of what you wrought.'
And one, 'Tell not your wealth, nor what you gave.'
And yet another, 'Cringe not like a slave,
Nor yet be proud, for man was made from naught.'
And one who by my wonderment was moved
Will whisper, 'Only tell how thou hast loved.'

So, when the Moment comes, my kindling soul
Shall meet again the brave and beautiful
Which touched me here, and healed and made me whole,
Filling my heart till it was dutiful
Through love of beauty. Crowned with joy in these,
I shall be gifted with a courage born
Of beauty that was fashioned night and morn
In that dark world which gave me memories
Too poignant to be lost.

THE LIFTED LATCH

‘And have you loved?’

‘— O Gentlest One who visited our earth,
I have loved well the westward winds that moved
The weary seas to merriment and mirth;
The upland fields in wheat; the larks at dawn
Flighting before the plough; the orchard smell;
And all the jewels on the dreaming lawn
When morning breaks; the gray furred buds that swell
On twigs in March; and then the sudden, pale,
Gleam of fresh-trumpeted wet daffodils,
April’s bright bugles, vibrant with the hale
And hearty breath of Spring’s green yeomanry,
Carousing ’mid the wine that earth distils
At bidding of the sun! All things that grow
My heart has held; and things inanimate
Fashioned by men, by humble men and great;
The fruit of patient hands, both high and low.
Structural beauty, as in stately stone,
Imperial arches that swift rivers span;
And beauty that is latent and alone
As pine trees are; and I have loved all hours
Of day and night at home, where quiet is.
Lord, I have loved my sewing as my flowers,
My sweeping as my children’s morning kiss.
Thou knowest that I loved man’s honesty
And all his fortitude and gallant strife
Which brought him near to Thee; the chivalry
With which Thou gird’st him for his spirit’s life,
Lest earth extinguish him. Thou knowest this,
And knowing this, perforce must know as well
That other love of which I need not tell
Since Thou Thyself hast made it what it is.’
Thus my loved earth perchance my heaven shall prove
Through grace of loving what was mine to love.

BRET HARTE AND MARK TWAIN IN THE 'SEVENTIES

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARIES OF MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

EDITED BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

FIFTY years ago Bret Harte and Mark Twain, in their thirties, were beginning to make themselves known, as their earliest writings were already known, to friends and admirers in the East. For each of them the *Atlantic Monthly*, hospitable to newcomers in the field of letters, provided an important medium for reaching a new and larger circle of readers. With each of these contributors to the magazine, James T. Fields, its editor from 1861 to 1871, entered, as was his wont, into relations of cordial friendship. At the same time, and afterward, his wife was keeping a copious diary, in which she recorded, not merely her own sympathetic observations of the greater and lesser figures she was constantly encountering, — chiefly through the practice of a memorable hospitality, — but also many things recounted by her husband after his excursions into the world.

Of all the young Lochinvars of the pen who came out of the West while Mrs. Fields was thus engaged, Bret Harte and Mark Twain were the daring and dauntless gallants who most captured the imagination and have longest held it. To each of these she devoted a number of pages in her diary, to which they contributed elements of distinctive color.

From the pages relating to Bret Harte the passages immediately following are taken. — EDITOR.

I

Friday, March 10, 1871. — Too many days full of interest have passed unrecorded. Chiefly I should record what I can recall of Francis Bret Harte, who has made his first visit to the East just now, since he went to San Francisco in his early youth. He is now apparently about thirty-five years old. His mind is full of the grand landscape of the West, and filled also with sympathetic interest in the half-developed natives who are to be seen there, nearer to the surface than in our Eastern cities.

He told me of a gambler who had a friend lying dead in the upper room of a gambling-house. The man went out to see about having services performed. 'Better have it at the grave,' said the parson to whom he applied. Jim shook his head, as if he feared the proper honors would not be paid his friend. The other then suggested they should find the minister and leave it to him. 'Well,' said Jim, 'yes, I wish you'd do just that, for I ain't much of a funeral "sharp" myself.' He told me also, as a sign of the wonderful recklessness which had pervaded San Francisco, that at one time there was a glut of tobacco in the market, and a block of houses going up at the same period, *the foundations of those houses were laid of boxes of tobacco.*

Bret Harte, as the world calls him, is natural, warm-hearted, with a keen

relish for fun, disposed to give just value to the strong language of the West, which he is by no means inclined to dispense with; at ease in every society, quick of sense and sight. Jamie, who saw him more than I, finds him lovable above all. We liked his wife, too, — not handsome but with good honest sense, appreciative of him, — and two children. She is said to sing well, but poor woman! the fatigues of that most distressing journey across the continent, the fêtes, the heat (for the weather is unusually warm), have been almost too much for her and she is not certainly at her best. They dined and took tea here last Friday.

Tuesday, September 5. — J. went to Boston. I wrote in the pastures and walked all the morning. Coming home, after dinner, came a telegram for me to meet J. and Bret Harte at Beverly station with the pony carriage. I drove hard to catch the train, but arrived in season, glad to take up the two good boys and show them Beverly shore. . . .

We sat and talked during the evening. Mr. Harte had much to say of the beautiful flowers of California, roses being in bloom about his own house there every month in the year. He found the cloudless skies and continued drought of California very hard to bear. For the first time in my life I considered how terrible perpetual cloudlessness would be! He thinks there is no beauty in the mountains of California, hard, bare, snowless peaks. Neither are there trees, nor any green grass.

He is delighted with the fragrant lawns of Newport and has, I believe, put into verse a delightful ghost story, which he told us.¹ He has taken a house of some antiquity in Newport, connected with which is the story of a lady who formerly lived there and who was

very fond of the odor of mignonette. The flower was always growing in her house; and after her death, at two o'clock every night, a strong odor has always been perceived passing through the house, as if wafted along by the garments of a woman. One night at the appointed hour, but entirely unconnected in his thought with the story Mr. Harte had long ago heard, he was arrested in his work by a strong perfume of mignonette which appeared to sweep by him. He looked about, thinking his wife might have placed a vase of flowers in the room, but finding nothing, he began to follow the odor, which seemed to flit before him. Then he recalled, for the first time, the story he had heard. He opened the door; the odor was in the hall; he opened the room where the lady died but there was no odor there; until returning, after making a circuit of the house, he found a faint perfume, as if she had passed, but not stayed, there also. At last, somewhat oppressed perhaps by the ghostliness of the place and hour, he went out and stood upon the porch. There his dream vanished. The sweet lawn and tree flowers were emitting an odor, as is common at the hour when dews congeal, more sweet than at any other time of day or night, and the air was redolent of sweets which might easily be construed into mignonette. The story was well told, and I shall be glad to see his poem.

Many good stories came off during the evening, some very characteristic of California, such as that of an uproar in a theatre and a man about to be killed, when someone shouts, 'Don't waste him, but kill a fiddler with him.' Also, one of the opening nights at the California theatre, the place packed, when a man who has taken too much whiskey makes a noise; immediately the manager, a strong executive man, catches him up with the help of a po-

¹ 'A Newport Romance,' published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1871.

liceman, and before anybody knows the thing is done, or the disturber what is the matter, he finds himself set down on the sidewalk outside in the street. 'Well,' said he with an oath, 'is this the way you do business here, raise a fellow before he has a chance to draw?'

Mr. Harte is a very sensitive and nervous man. He struggles against himself all the time. He sat on the piazza with J. and talked till a late hour. This morning at breakfast I found him most interesting. He talked of his early and best-loved books. It appears that at the age of nine he was a lover and reader of Montaigne. Certain writers, he says, seem to him to stand out as friends and brothers side by side in literature. Now Horace and Montaigne are so associated in his mind. Mr. Emerson, he thinks, never in the least approaches a comprehension of the character of the man. With an admiration for his great sayings, he has never guessed at the subtle springs from which they come. The pleasant acceding to both sides in politics, and other traits of like nature, gives him affinity with Hawthorne. By the way, he is a true appreciator of Hawthorne. He was moved to much merriment yesterday by remembering a passage in the notes, where he slyly remarks, 'Margaret Fuller's cows hooked the other cows.' Speaking of Dr. Bartol, he said, 'What a dear old man he is! A venerable baby, nothing more!' But Harte is most kindly and tender. His wife has been very ill and has given him cause for terrible anxiety. This accounts for much left undone, but he is an oblivious man oftentimes to his surroundings — leaves things behind!!

January 12, 1872. — Bret Harte was here at breakfast. It is curious to see his feeling with regard to society. For purely literary society with its affectations and contempts, he has no sympathy. He has at length chosen New

York as his residence, and among the Schuylers, Sherwoods, and their friends, he appears to find what he enjoys. There is evidently a *gêne* about people and life here, and provincialisms which he found would hurt him. He is very sensitive and keen, with a love and reverence for Dickens almost peculiar in this coldly critical age. Bryant he finds very cold and totally unwilling to lead the conversation, as he should do when they are together, as he justly remarks, he being so much younger — but never a word without cart and horses to fetch it.

Bret Harte has a queer absent-minded way of spending his time, letting the hours slip by as if he had not altogether learned their value yet. It is a miracle to us how he lives, for he writes very little. Thus far I suppose he has had money from J. R. O. & Co., but I fancy they have done with giving out money save for a *quid pro quo*.

Saturday, September 18, 1875. — Bret Harte came on the half-past 12 train. He came in good health, save a headache which ripened as the day went on; but he was bubbling over with fun, full of the most natural and unexpected sallies. He wished to know if I was acquainted with the Cochinchina hen. They had one at Cohasset. They had named him Benvenuto (after a certain gay Italian singer of strong self-appreciation, who came formerly to America). He said this hen's state of mind on finding a half-exploded fire-cracker and her depressed condition since its explosion were something extraordinary. His description was so vivid that I still see this hen perambulating about the house, first with pride, second with precipitation, fallen into disgrace among her fellows.

He said Cohasset was not the place to live in the summer if one wanted sea-breezes. They all came straight from Chicago!! He fancied the place, think-

ing it an old fishing village, not unlike Yarmouth. Instead of which they prided themselves upon never having 'any of your sea-smells,' and, being five miles from the doctor, could not be considered a cheerful place to live in with sick children. He said he was surprised to find J. T. F. without a sailor's jacket and collar. The actors among whom he had been living rather overdid the business; their collars were wider, their shirts fuller, and their trousers more bulgy than those of any real sailor he had ever observed, and the manner of hitching up the trousers was entirely peculiar to themselves and to the stage.

We went to call upon the Burlingames. In describing Harrisburg, Virginia, where he had lectured, he said a committee-man came to invite him to take a walk, and he was so afflicted with a headache that he was ready to take or give away his life at any moment; so he accepted the invitation and walked out with him. The man observed that Harrisburg was a very healthy place; only one man a day died in that vicinity. 'Oh!' said Harte, remembering the dangerous state of his own mind, 'has that man died yet today?' The man shook his head gravely, never suspecting a joke, and said he did n't know, but he would try to find out. Whereat Harte, to keep up the joke, said he wished he would. He went to the lecture, forgetting all about it, and saw this man hanging around without getting a chance to speak. The next morning, very early, he managed to get an opportunity to speak to him. 'I could n't find out exactly about that man yesterday,' he said. 'What man?' said H. 'Why, the one we were speaking of; the Coroner said he could n't say precisely who it was, but the one man would average all right.'

Harte said in speaking of Longfellow that no one had yet overpraised him. The delicate quality of humor, the

exquisite fineness in the choice of words, the breadth and sweetness of his nature were something he could hardly help worshipping. One day, after a dinner at Mr. Lowell's, he said, 'I think I will not have a carriage to return to town. I will walk down to the Square.' — 'I will walk with you,' said Longfellow. When they arrived at his gate, he said, he was so beautiful that he could only think of the light and whiteness of the moon, and, if he had stayed a moment longer, he should have put his arms around him and made a fool of himself then and there. Whereat he said good-night abruptly and turned away.

He brought his novel and play¹ with him, which are just now finished, for us to read. He has evidently enjoyed the play, and he enjoys the fame and the money they both bring him.

He is a dramatic, lovable creature, with his blue silk pocket-handkerchief and red dressing slippers, and his quick feelings. I could hate the man who could help loving him — or the woman either.

II

In the passages touching upon Mark Twain, now to be copied from the journals, he is seen, not in Boston, but in Hartford. On the first of the two occasions recorded, Fields went alone to deliver a lecture in Hartford, and in answer to a post-card invitation, signed 'Mark,' stayed in the new house of the Clemenses. On the second occasion, three weeks later, Mrs. Fields accompanied him. After her husband's return from the first visit she wrote: —

April 6, 1876. — He found Mrs. Clemens quite ill. They had been in New York, where he had given four lectures, hoping to get money for Dr. Brown. He had never lectured there

¹ Probably *Gabriel Conroy* and *Two Men of Sandy Bar*.

before without making a great deal of money. This time he barely covered his expenses. He was very interesting and told J. the whole story of his life. They sat until midnight after the lecture, Mark drinking ale to make him sleepy. He says he can't sleep as other people do; his kind of sleep is the only sort for him — three or four hours of good solid comfort — more than that makes him ill; he can't afford to sleep all his thoughts away.

He described the hunger of his childhood for books, how the *Fortunes of Nigel* was one of the first stories which came to him while he was learning to be a pilot on a Mississippi boat. He hid himself with it behind a barrel, where he was found by the Master, who read him a lecture upon the ruinous effects of reading. 'I've seen it over and over agin,' he said. 'You need n't tell me anythin' about it; if ye're going to be a pilot on this river, yer need n't ever think of reading, for it just spiles all. Yer can't remember how high the tides was in Can's Gut three trips before the last now, I'll wager.' — 'Why no,' said Mark, 'that was six months ago.' — 'I don't care if 't was,' said the man. 'If you had n't been spiling yer mind by readin', ye'd have remembered.' So he was never allowed to read any more after that. 'And now,' says Mark, 'not being able to have it when I was hungry for it, I can only read the Encyclopedia nowadays.' Which is not true — he reads everything.

The story of his courtship and marriage, too, was very strange and interesting. A portion of this has, however, leaked into the daily papers, so I will not repeat it here. One point interested me very much, however, as showing the strength of character and rightness of vision in the man. He said he had not been married many months when his wife's father came to him one evening and said, 'My son, would n't you like to

go to Europe with your wife?' — 'Why, yes, sir,' he said, 'if I could afford it.' — 'Well then,' said he, 'if you will leave off smoking and drinking ale, you shall have ten thousand dollars this next year and go to Europe beside.' — 'Thank you, sir,' said Mark, 'this is very good of you, and I appreciate it, but I can't sell myself. I will do anything I can for you or any of your family, but I can't sell myself.' The result was, said Mark, 'I never smoked a cigar all that year nor drank a glass of ale; but when the next year came, I found I must write a book, and when I sat down to write I found it was n't worth anything. I must have a cigar to steady my nerves. I began to smoke, and I wrote my book; but then I could n't sleep and I had to drink ale to go to sleep. Now if I had sold myself, I could n't have written my book, or I could n't have gone to sleep, but now everything works perfectly well.'

He and his wife have wretched health, poor things! And in spite of their beautiful home must often have rather a hard time. He is very eccentric, disturbed by every noise, and it cannot be altogether easy to have care of such a man. It is a very loving household, though Mrs. Clemens's mother, Mrs. Langdon, hardly knows what to make of him sometimes, it is quite evident.

Thursday, April 27, 1876. — Welunched, and at 3 P.M. were *en route* for Hartford. I slept and read Mr. Tom Appleton's journal on the Nile, and looked out at the sunset and the torches of spring in the hollows, each in turn, doing more sleeping than either of the others, I fear, because I seem, for some unexplained reason, to be tired, as Mrs. Hawthorne used to say, far into the future. By giving up to it, however, I felt quite fresh when we arrived, at half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Clemens's (Mark Twain's) carriage waiting for us, to

take us to the hall where he was to perform, for the second night in succession, Peter Spyle in the *Loan of a Lover*. It is a pretty play, and the girl's part, Gertrude, was well done by Miss Helen Smith; but Mr. Clemens's part was a creation. I see no reason why, if he chose to adopt the profession of actor, he should not be as successful as Jefferson in whatever he might conclude to undertake. It is really amazing to see what a man of genius can do besides what is usually considered his legitimate sphere.

Afterward we went with Mr. Hammersley to the Club for a bit of supper — this I did not wish to do, but I was overruled of course by the decision of our host. We met at supper one of the clever actors who played in a little operetta called *The Artful Mendicants*. It was after twelve o'clock when we finally reached Mr. Clemens's house. He believed his wife would have retired, as she is very delicate in health; but there she was, expecting us, with a pretty supper-table laid. When her husband discovered this, he fell down on his knees in mock desire for forgiveness. His mind was so full of the play, and with the poor figure he felt he had made in it, that he had entirely forgotten all her directions and injunctions. She is a very small, sweet-looking, simple, finished creature, charming in her ways and evidently deeply beloved by him.

The house is a brick villa, designed by one of the first New York architects, standing in a lovely lawn, which slopes down to a small stream or river at the side. In this spring season the black-birds are busy in the trees and the air is sweet and vocal. Inside there is great luxury. Especially I delight in a lovely conservatory opening out of the drawing-room.

Although we had already eaten supper, the gentlemen took a glass of

lager beer to keep Mrs. Clemens company while she ate a bit of bread after her long anxiety and waiting. Meantime Mr. Clemens talked. The quiet earnest manner of his speech would be impossible to reproduce, but there is a drawl in his tone peculiar to himself. Also he is much interested in actors and the art of acting just now, and seriously talks of going to Boston next week to the debut of Anna Dickinson.

We were a tired company and went soon to bed and to sleep. I slept late, but I found Mr. Clemens had been re-reading Dana's *Two Years before the Mast* in bed early, and revolving subjects for his Autobiography. Their two beautiful baby girls came to pass an hour with us after breakfast — exquisite, affectionate children, the very fountain of joy to their interesting parents. . . .

Returning to lunch, I found our host and hostess and eldest little girl in the drawing-room. We fell into talk of the mishaps of the stage and the disadvantage of an amateur under such circumstances. 'For instance, on the first night of our little play,' said Mr. Clemens, 'the trousers of one of the actors suddenly gave way entirely behind, which was very distressing to him, though we did not observe it at all.'

I want to stop here to give a little idea of the appearance of our host. He is forty years old, with some color in his cheeks and a heavy light-colored moustache, and overhanging light eyebrows. His eyes are gray and piercing, yet soft, and his whole face expresses great sensitiveness. He is exquisitely neat also, though careless, and his hands are small, not without delicacy. He is a small man, but his mass of hair seems the one rugged-looking thing about him. I thought in the play last night that it was a wig.

To return to our lunch table — he proceeded to speak of his Autobiogra-

phy, which he intends to write as fully and simply as possible, to leave behind him. His wife laughingly said she should look it over and leave out objectionable passages. 'No,' he said, very earnestly, almost sternly, 'you are not to edit it — it is to appear as it is written, with the whole tale told as truly as I can tell it. I shall take out passages from it, and publish as I go along in the *Atlantic* and elsewhere, but I shall not limit myself as to space, and at whatever age I am writing about, even if I am an infant, and an idea comes to me about myself when I am forty, I shall put that in. Every man feels that his experience is unlike that of anybody else, and therefore he should write it down. He finds also that everybody else has thought and felt on some points precisely as he has done, and therefore he should write it down.'

The talk naturally branched to education, and thence to the country. He has lost all faith in our government. This wicked ungodly suffrage, he said, where the vote of a man who knew nothing was as good as the vote of a man of education and industry; this endeavor to equalize what God had made unequal was a wrong and a shame. He only hoped to live long enough to see such a wrong and such a government overthrown. Last summer he wrote an article for the *Atlantic*, printed without any signature, proposing the only solution of such evil of which he could conceive. 'It is too late now,' he continued, 'to restrict the suffrage; we must increase it — for this let us give every university man, let us say, ten votes, and every man with common-school education two votes, and a man of superior power and position a hundred votes, if we choose. This is the only way I see to get out of the false position into which we have fallen.'

At five, the hour appointed for dinner, I returned to the drawing-room,

where our host lay at full length on the floor, with his head on cushions in the bay-window, reading, and taking what he called 'delicious comfort.' Mrs. Perkins came in to dinner, and we had a cosy good time. Mr. Clemens described the preaching of a Western clergyman, a great favorite, with the smallest possible allowance of idea to the largest possible amount of words. It was so truthfully and vividly portrayed that we all concluded, perhaps, since the man was in such earnest, he moved his audience more than if he had troubled them with too many ideas. This truthfulness of Mr. Clemens, which will hardly allow him to portray anything in a way to make out a case by exaggerating or distorting a truth, is a wondrous and noble quality. This makes art and makes life, and will continue to make him a daily increasing power among us.

He is so unhappy and discontented with our government that he says he is not conscious of the least emotion of patriotism in himself. He is overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and wishes he were not an American. He thinks seriously of going to England to live, for a while, at least; and I think it not unlikely he may discover away from home a love of his country which is still waiting to be unfolded. I believe hope must dawn for us, that so much earnest endeavor of our statesmen and patriots cannot come to naught; and perhaps the very idea he has dropped, never believing that it can bring forth fruit, will be adopted in the end for our salvation. Certainly women's suffrage and such a change as he proposes should be tried. . . .

It is most curious and interesting to watch this growing man of forty — to see how he studies and how high his aims are. His conversation is always earnest and careful though full of fun. . . .

We sat talking, chiefly we women, after dinner, and looking at the sunset. Mr. Clemens lay down with a book and 'J' went to look over his lecture. I did not go to lecture, but after all were gone, I scribbled away at these pages and nearly finished Mr. Appleton's *Nile Journal*. They returned rather late; it was after ten. . . .

Saturday morning. — Dear J. was up early and out in the beautiful sunshine. I read and scribbled until breakfast at half-past nine. It was a lovely morning, and I had already ventured out of my window and round the house, to hear the birds sing and see the face of spring, before the hour came for breakfast. When I did go to the drawing-room, however, I found Mr. Clemens alone. He greeted me apparently as cheerfully as ever, and it was not until some moments had passed that he told me they had a very sick child upstairs. From that instant I saw, especially after his wife came in, that they could think of nothing else. They were half-distracted with anxiety. Their messenger could not find the doctor, which made matters worse. However, the little girl did not really seem very sick, so I could not help thinking they were unnecessarily excited. The effect on them, however, was just as bad as if the child were really very ill.

The messenger was hardly despatched the second time before Jamie and Mr. Clemens began to talk of our getting away in the next train, whereat he (Mr. C.) said to his wife, 'Why did n't you tell me of that?' etc., etc. It was all over in a moment, but in his excitement he spoke more quickly than he knew, and his wife felt it. Nothing was said at the time, indeed we hardly observed it; but we were intensely amused and could not help finding it pathetic,

too, afterward, when he came to us and said he spent the larger part of his life on his knees making apologies, and now he had got to make an apology to us about the carriage. He was always bringing the blood to his wife's face by his bad behavior, and here this very morning he had said such things about that carriage! His whole life was one long apology. His wife had told him to see how well we behaved (poor we!), and he knew he had everything to learn.

He was so amusing about it that he left us in a storm of laughter, yet at bottom I could see it was no laughing matter to him. He is in dead earnest, with a desire for growth and truth in life, and with such a sincere admiration for his wife's sweetness and beauty of character, that the most prejudiced and hardest heart could not fail to fall in love with him. She looked like an exquisite lily as we left her. So white and delicate and tender! Such sensitiveness and self-control as she possesses are very very rare.

May Day. — Jamie recalled one or two things 'Mark Twain' had said which I have omitted. When he lectured a few weeks ago in New York, he said he had just reached the middle of his lecture, and was going on with flying colors, when he saw in the audience just in front of him a noble gray head and beard. 'Nobody told me that William Cullen Bryant was there, but I had seen his picture and I knew that was the old man. I was sure he saw the failure I was making, and all the weak points in what I was saying, and I could n't do anything more — that old man just spoiled my work. Then they told me afterward that my lecture was good and all that; I could only say, "No, no, that fine old head spoiled all I had to say *that night*.'"

VÆ VICTORIBUS: A LESSON TO CONQUERORS

BY IVAN OSTROSHKI

I

AFTER kissing me, she said, —

‘Oh, how glad to see you again. Do you know me, or have you forgotten me? I have changed so — disfigured as I am by sorrow, hunger, and all the sufferings inflicted by the enemy.’

‘Stoja, certainly I know you,’ I answered.

‘My dear, sweet Iko, I came to complain to you. Until to-day I managed somehow or other; but now I and my children are facing the end — we shall die like dogs of horrible hunger.’

‘What’s that you say! If your children are so in need, go tell my mother to give you two or three pounds of flour; as you know, I brought a little grain from Pec.’

‘No, dear Iko; indeed, your mother and I divided the last bit of bread and flour without your orders.’

‘And what of your husband?’

‘Don’t you remember? Did you hear?’

‘Oh, of course — I did. He lies dead at Stit.’

‘Yes, he is at Stit with his comrades, and I beg of you to help me,’ said Stoja, her eyes filled with tears.

‘My dear, don’t weep. Only tell me why you ask sight of a blind man. Don’t you realize my position? If the Austro-Hungarian army of occupation knew that I had fled from their prison-camp, they would tear me to pieces with their bayonets like a loaf of bread! But at any rate, tell me of your misery and what I can do for you.’

‘You remember it was long ago that our ever-proud Montenegro capitulated, and that King Nicholas fled to Italy. During those unforgetably dark days, the Austro-Hungarian troops entered our small and beloved country. They did not harm us women, nor the children and old men, but they robbed us of everything we had — animals, hay, grain, straw, and potatoes. For only one of all the animals they took did the Austrians give me a certificate. With this little paper I went several times to K——, where the military treasury is, trying to receive something for it in order to save my children. Again and again I went to K——, but again and again they did n’t pay me. Until to-day we have eaten food fit for animals, but we can’t exist on it any longer. Look at this false bill, and if you can’t help me — kill me!’

‘Is the enemy’s military treasury still at K——?’ I inquired.

‘Of course it is there, and they pay all bills of value — all, that is, of which the *Zettel*¹ is good.’

As I looked at the bill, written perhaps by a drunken Boche, an idea flashed through my head. Why had I studied German for more than eight years? Against brute force I should have to use deceit. I looked again and again at the bill, first on one side, then on the other. It was very small, about the size of a cigarette paper. One had written upon it in German, with a pen-

¹ Certificate of requisition.

cil, and God only knows what it was! I could just make out the name of the troop and a very indistinct signature, perhaps that of a common soldier or corporal of the Austro-Hungarian army. There was no seal at all. After turning it over once more, looking at it and thinking, I finally made a decision. I copied the little bill — *Quittung* — on a larger paper. On this paper I wrote distinctly in German that one ox had been requisitioned. I signed it with a signature resembling the original as much as I could possibly make it do so. Besides that, I put the name of the regiment which took the ox, and also the name of the soldier, drunk and ruthless, perhaps, who gave this *Quittung* to Stoja. The name of the regiment was K. u. K. 21 Jäger Batallion Kommande. I wrote the copy with a well-disguised handwriting. When I had finished the copy, I held it over some smoke for a moment, crumpled it, and tore it a bit, in order that it might appear old enough to have been written when the Austro-Hungarian army was in the village.

I thought that I myself would go to K—. The question was, how, in my position? If they should find me out, what would happen to me? Nothing less than death on the gallows, at the same place where they hung Vljako Veshovitch, a student of law and a brother of Radomir Veshovitch, Montenegrin Minister of War.

II

Disguised in rags rather than in a suit, and followed by Stoja's elder son, Milun, I started early the next day for K—. When we entered the town, what a feeling was ours — what great sorrow! In that little town of the mountains there was dying away completely the pride and cheerfulness of the days before the war. The whole town and its surroundings were redolent of tyranny,

of humbleness. In all the streets there were machine guns, cannon, and strong bodies of troops with bayonets. What a sickening feeling to see that they were enemies! The pale faces of the Montenegrins gazed at the barbarian forces, while three fourths of the shops in town were shut up. I asked where the military treasury was, and they told me. The house in which it was, was surrounded by a strong guard under full arms.

The day we reached K—, there was no payment. The payment was going to take place the next afternoon. I had a day in which to see several of the *Quittungen* of these people who also came for payment. Among these *Quittungen* and *Zettel* there were a great many which were issued in exactly the same way, with actual valuation of the animals or goods which had been taken; but on half or two thirds of them the appraisals were very much undervalued. What a lot of papers they were! What writing there was on them! In how many different languages they were issued! They can best be characterized by the motto of a Gallic duke, 'Væ victis!' What was written on these *Quittungen* in Hungarian, Rumanian, and other languages, I do not know, but on those that were written in German, I read the following:—

'What we took will be paid for by King Peter and King Nicholas.'— 'Serbia is a little country, but it is the promised land. In passing through, we found plenty of wine, whisky, beer, chickens, and especially — ah! — sweet and charming ladies.' — 'The women of Montenegro are so tall and charming, but they are wild as tigers, and they flee from us soldiers of the Emperor as if we were beasts. But our bayonets will compel them to be obedient, and the women of Montenegro will very soon be as tame as rabbits.' — 'How foolish is Serbia! If she would only

wage war with wine, whisky, beer, and fat swine, I am sure she would conquer the entire world!' — 'Ha! Ha! How many sublime nights I have spent roasting chickens and sleeping among the barrels of wine and whisky twenty-three years old!' — 'What we took we won't pay for because we took it by force.' — 'In Serbia we triumphed and had everything, but here in Montenegro we have nothing to eat, and it seems as if we must all starve. However, it is better that you starve since we are the conquerors and you are the conquered.'

And how many examples of these and similar papers there were! They surprised me not a little, because all the Germans of Austria-Hungary whom I had known before the war were very peace-loving and kind-hearted, much different from the people of Prussia. When I read those odious and sarcastic writings on the *Quittungen*, I was wondering whether the most horrible punishments would be bad enough for these human animals; whether there was no possibility of avenging this barbarism of a 'civilized' century. Surely the end would justify the means! Not a tooth for a tooth, but thirteen for one! I said to myself, 'Until to-day I have neither been a liar nor a forger, nor have I been without character wherever virtue was demanded by a sane conception of life and the judgment of conscience. But here and to-day, should I be virtuous before these beasts? I must do what I can to seek vengeance for this brutality, or die in the attempt!'

After further meditation, I took a large piece of paper and upon it I made out a *Zettel*. I wrote the name of another village; I wrote that one horse had been requisitioned. Since, in undertaking this business, ninety-nine per cent of my life was already hanging on the gallows, it was very difficult to make a decision, and therefore I prayed with

fervor to God to help me. As I have mentioned several times, I never was godless, but I had always avoided all obscure and mysterious superstitions which had sprung up in our religion.

In life, and in all religious dogma, I tried to follow a clear path, which was in conformity with a reasonable conception of our existence. But now, undertaking this very dangerous enterprise, when even the rugged mountains of Montenegro shivered at the heartless atrocities of the enemy, and when I was going to die with the direction of my mother and the voice of righteousness, I said very quietly: 'O God, help me now; I am undertaking a most righteous task in the darkest time of human existence.'

After I had prayed and asked the help of God; after the *Zettel* had been written, except for the signature of the treasurer, I was wondering what name to use for the latter. Finally I chose the name of Gottlieb, which in translation means 'beloved of God.' On this *Zettel* I put the same heading as that which was on Stoja's *Quittung* — 'K. u. K. 21 Jäger Batallion Kommande.'

After I had written the *Zettel* in a small inn, I soiled it and crumpled it between my palms, so that it would not look as if it had been done recently. After everything seemed all right, I decided to do this: the next day, at the time of payment, I would first give to the treasurer Stoja's real *Quittung*, and mine, which was false, I would hold in my pocket. Then, when I had given up Stoja's true *Quittung*, I would watch very carefully to see whether it was verified by means of a treasurer's duplicate. If there was no verification, and if Stoja's *Quittung* was paid, I would say to myself, 'Oh, woe to you, aristocratic and fat treasury of the Emperor; for with my lean plebeian hands I will draw my *Zettel* from my pocket and put it before the treasurer!'

III

The next day, at about half-past two, the payment began. We entered the door through several lines of soldiers with bayonets. And then, what a wonder! Many of the not altogether authentic Quittungen were paid. I inquired of one woman, among those who had already received money, if there were any questions about duplicates of the Quittungen. She said that they just looked over them, wrote something upon them, and then green paper money emerged like water from a very big chest of money.

My turn came to enter. I did so. In the treasury office I saw the two Austro-Hungarian officers, one of whom was the Oberstleutnant. How fat that Oberstleutnant was. It seemed that half of the treasury office was filled by his body. He could not speak the Serbian; but the other officer, a first lieutenant, did. The Oberstleutnant was sitting at the table, upon which rested a huge chest with the money; while to his left stood the lieutenant.

Upon entering the office, I approached the Oberstleutnant, proffering him Stoja's Quittung. At the same time my eyes wandered to the chest filled with money. The Oberstleutnant, leaning back in his chair, took the Quittung and glanced at it cursorily. After a moment of uninterested inspection, he turned it and scrawled on the back, '*Bezahlt*' — paid. He handed it to the lieutenant, who began counting out the money. When I saw the success of Stoja's Quittung, I immediately drew from my pocket my Zettel, and handed it to him without hesitation. This was treated in similar fashion and as before was marked, *Bezahlt*.

The lieutenant looked me over from head to foot, then, stretching out the money for both Quittung and Zettel, said, 'Here is the money for the one

bill, and this is for the other. Don't mix it. Isn't there anyone better to come for the money than you? What sort of a lout are you?'

Slowly, and in a humble and frightened voice, I answered: 'No, no, there is no one better than I, most honored gentleman.'

And all the while I was thinking: 'But if you knew who I am! With the assistance of your military treasury, there will not be a better man in Montenegro nor all Austria-Hungary, nor in the whole world, yes, in spite of your thousands of bayonets!'

I picked up the money and hurried from the treasury office. Outside I found Milun and gave him his share — one hundred and seventy crowns. Before leaving K——, I made some purchases for my mother and brothers, and also secured some tobacco for the old men of the neighborhood.

Not being able to enter my own home, I called for my mother to meet me. At that meeting I gave her the things I had bought for her; among them a big new mirror. Unable to account for their presence, she began to accuse me.

'Dear, you must return this all to Stoja. Is it fair to take advantage of her and take her money and rob her?'

For answer I embraced her and drew her head close to me, so that our two faces were visible in the mirror.

'My dearest mother,' I said, 'you did not bear a sack of straw, but a son, strong and a man, as a son should be. You have borne me, who come from prison-camp to save you and Stoja and the children. This mirror I shall not take to Stoja; it must remain forever in our home; for with this new mirror comes new happiness. See, here is money.' And, kissing her several times, I pressed into her hand half of the money still left to me.

The recital of my story followed, and she pledged to keep it secret. For,

should the enemy suspect, our home and all our possessions would perish in flames.

When my mother comprehended the full result of my successful expedition, she fell upon my neck with kisses.

'As a child,' she said, 'you were so restless, your father would have cast you out had it not been for me. But I knew that you would grow to be my strength. Then I called you my lost hope, but now I will call you my found hope and savior. So long as you help the needy, God will help you; beloved, when I am gone, do not cease from bringing help to poverty.'

Not yet realizing the grimness of realities, nor suspecting that which was to happen later, I pondered whether my two paid bills, the Quittung and the Zettel, would be sufficient, with the relief which they had enabled me to effect. But what foolishness! To stop—No, never! I was satisfied with a modest life. I never thought to worship before materialism. My God was never Almighty Gold. Long ago I set my estimate on life; my wishes for wealth had been, and ever would remain, below the *aureum medium*.

But in something else I recognized no moderation. Where the voice of my conscience called me to fitting revenge, I found no modesty. In my lust for vengeance I was ruled less by reason than by my desire for just retaliation. I was ruthless and reckless of my life. What! Should I remain passive in the stormy times in which I lived? Should I not attack and damage as much as possible the military treasure of the enemy, whose troops with their odious levies so oppressed the poor? Should I feel mercy toward an enemy whose tyranny was crushing my countrymen beneath it? Never! My duty called me, my inner God cried out to me, 'Ivan, Ivan! Forward, forward, retaliation, retaliation, and that only!'

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IV

We stayed with the cattle that summer, in a spreading mountain wood of beech and evergreens. There I continued my forgeries. During my first visit to K—— with Milun, I had discovered that horses, swine, and oxen received the highest appraisal. Therefore, my Quittungen and Zettel were written for such beasts, supposedly taken in requisition.

When a large number of these bills had been prepared, I revised them carefully, to make sure of the genuineness of their appearance. From time to time I dispatched trusted friends to turn them into money. Thousands of crowns were obtained in this way, which I distributed among the band of comrades in arms who had joined themselves to me, and among the poor of my district.

With some of the money, my mother and younger brothers traveled to Berane, and there purchased cattle from the Turks and Albanians. To quiet the inquiries as to the source of this money, my mother professed to be spending the money which I had brought with me from Serbia. But with the continued purchases of cattle, rumors began to accumulate. It began to be suspected that my mother and brothers were spies in the pay of the Austro-Hungarian armies of occupation.

With the spread of these voices, I began to contemplate hiding my mother and brothers in one of the rocky gorges, and falling upon the enemy with my guards in a surprise attack, as a pledge of my loyalty to my countrymen and a vindication of my family's name. The thought of the severe punishment which would be meted out to my district, as well as to all of Montenegro, restrained me. It would be as when the Montenegrin Minister of War had killed the Austrian officer, and escaped by leaping from his horse amid

the bayonets of two companies of the enemy, of which I spoke before. So I decided to keep quiet and pursue my business as in quiet times.

How happy my little brothers had become since they had enough to eat! One of them, eight-year-old Milich, I found had named one of the calves of the purchased cows, 'Zettel.' Upon my inquiring the reason for this strange name, he told me that mother had said I was raising money on Zettel, and in honor of this he had christened the calf Zettel. I forbade him to mention the word again, and reproached mother for her indiscretion, lest information reach the enemy. In such case punishment would fall swiftly.

For myself I feared little. With my arms and guards I was safe in my distant retreats. My companions called me the 'Emperor of the Mountains,' and I felt superior to the German Emperor William or the Austro-Hungarian Charles. For my guards were tried and the bravest fighters, my court and palace were the rugged forests and mountains. And with my Zettel and Quittungen, I was better paid per day than the rulers who fought against my country. Some days I was rewarded with from three to five thousand Austro-Hungarian crowns.

V

One day I was informed by my messengers that funds were running low in the treasury. However, money was brought in from Vienna and Budapest and I renewed my old business. At last came bad news. It was announced that no longer would Quittungen and Zettel be honored, unless they bore the seal of the Austro-Hungarian officers who had ordered the requisitions.

In spite of the information, I continued to send messenger after messenger for money, but with the same result;

there was to be no money without sealed Quittungen. Bills without such seals would be honored only when verified by the local Montenegrin authorities, and the commander of the troops where such requisitions had been made.

In the face of this unpleasant news I bethought me what I should do next. My operations had brought relief to countless inhabitants of the vicinity. I must continue with my Quittungen and Zettel, but how? The verification of the Montenegrin authorities I might obtain somehow, but what of the signature of the Austro-Hungarian officers?

What was to be done? I asked myself again and again. I was in desperation at the sight of families dying from hunger about me. But to ravage and plunder private property — rather death than that. Not so with the money designed to be spent upon grenades and machine guns and the engines to exterminate human existence. Why should I not seize and employ that?

Long meditation brings solution. I sent one of my guards, disguised, to purchase a large piece of rubber. Of this I fashioned a magnificent seal, more formidable than the seals of the Austro-Hungarian officials or even of the Emperor Charles himself. Upon it I engraved the following: 'K. u. K. Proviantur Abteilung N. 15,'¹ in such manner that the 15 might have been mistaken for 15, 17, or 14.

When the seal was ready, I wrote many Quittungen and Zettel, dating them from the period when Austro-Hungarian troops had entered Montenegro. Also I increased the amounts to be paid; for now, for some time, that ignorant and impolite official of the treasury had refused me payment. I did not doubt the effectiveness of my seal; but, to be more certain, I signed my claims with the names of various

¹Imperial and Royal Commissary Corps No. 15.

majors or colonels, suiting the rank to the size of the amount to be collected, and making sure to make use of enough different handwritings.

Choosing to make the requisition from an Albanian rather than from a Montenegrin, I sealed it and wrote the signature of Heinrich Stein, Colonel.

When I had written a number of these certificates, I sent my guards to K—— with them, to obtain payment. They demurred, however, one of them saying, 'If we go again with false certificates, our lives will be in danger. If you order us to go to K—— again, we are ready, but we go only with grenades and bayonets.'

I decided to go myself. What underling of the treasury would dare refuse to honor so imposing a seal and the signature of the colonel, Heinrich Stein? Before setting out for K——, I exchanged my Montenegrin garb for the dress of an Albanian. My face and hands I smeared with dirt, to the extent that one might believe that even the ocean had dried up.

I had reached K—— and was approaching the treasury office, when a Dalmatian, in the uniform of an Austro-Hungarian soldier, stopped me with an angry shout.

'What, you here again!'

'What do you say?' I asked him mildly.

'I suppose you do not remember that you were here long ago, to collect on your requisition,' he answered.

I expostulated. 'My goodness, what is the matter with you! I am here to-day for the first time in my life. You know, sir, Montenegrins hate us Albanians, and I never could come here before; they would have killed me. Now, thanks be to God, since you, our mighty ally, are here, I come to pay some bills.' This in a polite and soft voice.

My questioner persisted.

'No, no. You came since we have been here.'

'I swear in the name of Allah, I never was here before.'

'You lie, you Albanian swine! I know you were here before, and as dirty as now. What you Albanians need is some of those Montenegrins to teach you with a whip and to make decent men out of dirty animals and bandits. We shall be leaving here soon, and then they will come and give you the lessons you deserve.'

'What do you say?' I returned. 'Do you not know that we Albanians are allied with your peoples. If you say again that the Montenegrins will rule here again, I shall tell that to your pasha and you will have deserved lessons from him.'

With this parting fling, I attempted to push past him and ascend to the office; but found his bayonet pressed against my breast.

'Only try to enter,' he said grimly. 'If you try to go up, this bayonet is faster. Back, Albanian swine!'

I gave up the attempt to enter, but was well pleased with the success of my disguise. I felt confident of his ignorance of my nationality. The soldier, who was a Dalmatian, perhaps a Croat or Serb, I perceived was entirely in sympathy with his own people, although in the service of the enemy. I discovered later that many such Dalmatian soldiers paid with their lives for their sympathies with their Serbian countrymen.

VI

The payment began the same day. Among others I entered the treasury office again, passing between many files of soldiers with bayonets, as when I had come with Milun. In the treasury office were several officers in military uniform, some seated and others standing about, talking and smoking.

None of the former officers were present, but I noticed among them one in the uniform of a German officer. With the innate military pride of the Prussian soldier, he was sitting in a large chair, with his spiked helmet cocked on his head, his sword lying across his knees, and his legs crossed. The officers spoke some Hungarian, but mostly German.

As we entered, several of them looked at me, and soon the eyes of all of them were turned upon me, while they remarked to one another how 'pure' and 'clean' I was. Some of them began examining our bills and *Quittungen*, of which some bore seals and some did not. Finding several bills *minus* seals in his hands, one major leaped from his chair like an outraged cock, clutching his long hair with his fingers and crying, '*Schrecklich! schrecklich!*' — Horrible! horrible!

The major then went from one to another of us, looking at our bills. When he came to me, I bowed to him, according to the Turkish custom, while everyone in the treasury office burst into laughter, even the major, who such a short time ago had been so angry over the bad bills the Austro-Hungarian and German army officers had given to the poor people. When all the bills had been seen, he rang a bell. A sergeant entered. He was ordered to call at once the mayor of the K—— commune.

Until the arrival of the mayor, the major separated two of us from the seven who had entered the treasury office together. These two were an old Montenegrin and myself, 'a dirty Albanian shepherd,' as one of the officers had remarked when I entered the office. We were taken apart because our bills were all right and sealed, especially mine, with the most excellent of seals.

'You two wait here,' said the major, 'and you five take yourselves off.'

The mayor arrived, and the major

addressed him through the same interpreter he had employed with us, — a young cadet, — for the mayor could not understand German.

'Why is it, sir,' he demanded, 'that this eastern part of Montenegro has taken more funds for requisitions than all the rest of the country put together? We have made horrible expenditures, and there are always so many bills without seals. If we continue to pay as we have been doing, we who do the paying may soon find ourselves on the gallows. According to some bills, if they were properly sealed, I don't know how many oxen, horses, and swine were requisitioned. Is it true that this eastern part of Montenegro possessed such a huge number of animals?'

'Sir,' replied the mayor, 'it is no wonder the requisitions were so large from this part of Montenegro. This was the richest section in many kinds of cattle, not only in the Balkans, but perhaps in the whole world.'

As the major mentioned the vast requisitions of oxen, horses, and swine, and the unsealed bills, I thought to myself: 'My major, do not be so angry; I am that wealthy man who collected so much on unsealed bills, and I am also the man who shall again collect with sealed bills. Not only that but I am the man who made those seals.' Thus thought I, and I longed to say it.

Having obtained this information about the wealth of the land from the mayor, the major was silent for a time. Finally, he took my bills and those of the old man. Then he went out upon the balcony and began addressing the people below in German, while the cadet translated his words into Serbian.

'Pay attention, people! This command has announced several times that no bills of requisition shall be paid unless bearing seals like these.' (Here he showed our bills.) 'Those who do not have sealed bills, like those of this old

Montenegrin and this Albanian, may go back home. There have them certified by our officers and your mayor, and when they are properly made out, come back again and they will be paid.'

There was a sound of assent from the crowd, and those not having sealed bills began to depart.

We again entered the office, with the eyes of the officers bent upon me, and their comments relating to my cleanliness ringing in my ears. I feigned not to understand. The excitable major, now smilingly asked me through the interpreter if I still had anything at home. I replied to the major, in a dialect no Albanian either living or dead could ever have understood. Indeed, I I did not understand myself, but I was convinced that none of the officers understood Albanian, and it was necessary that I make them believe that I was of that nationality. As I spoke, the cadet's face became red and he burst into laughter again. The question was repeated, and I was asked if I understood the Serbian language. I bowed once more to the major and said, —

'O happy pasha, may our Allah and your God both reward you with life, health, and full happiness. When you are happy, so am I, for we are both allies.'

'Have you not enough water in Albania?' inquired the major, 'or are the mountains and rocks dried out?'

'Of course, happy pasha,' I responded, 'there is sufficient water.'

'How many times are you Albanian people in the habit of bathing, and do you ever wash your face?'

'Our wives, O blessed pasha, bathe very often, but we poor men have no time for bathing, for we must work very hard.'

'Perhaps you take a bath every tenth year?'

'Oh, no, happy and blessed one! Once every Ramazan.'

'And what is a Ramazan?'

'Our holy day, which comes once a year.'

'Then you bathe once a year, do you?'

'Oh, but sometimes we bathe twice a year; only that does not happen very often. You know, happy pasha, I hate the people of Montenegro and Serbia. Will you give me two or three cannon, so I can kill them?'

'Oh, no, no, we can't give you cannon. But we will give you money on your bill to buy — I mean to marry as many wives as you like.'

My remarks had elicited no small amount of mirth from the listening officers. Now they put my money in an envelope and, giving it to me, cautioned me to be careful not to lose it and to beware of Montenegrin *komita*. Before leaving the treasury, I again made a very respectful bow, holding my hands to my breast like a real Turk or Albanian of Mohammedan faith; and, after the bow, drew nearer to the major, as if to kiss his hands or the hem of his coat.

Puzzled, the major asked the cadet what I wished. The cadet repeated the question, and when I had made known my intention, there was a new round of laughter. I did not succeed in kissing the major's hand, but I did carry away from him nearly four thousand crowns that day, and left them all happy enough. And why not? In their blindness they had been very kind and generous to me.

When I reached my 'court and palaces' again, my faithful guards welcomed me joyously. 'No one leads the Imperial and Royal officers of the Austro-Hungarian army around by the nose as our Iko,' cried one of them.

As before, party after party went again and brought money. But after a while I was informed by one of my 'valets' that the treasury had been transferred from K—— to Podgorica.

PREACHING IN NEW YORK

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

[THE kindness with which the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* received a few pages from a diary of Preaching in London, has encouraged the writer to hope that they may be willing to share some of his impressions and experiences of New York, of which Americans know almost as little as they know of London. Returning from the City Temple in November, 1919, he began his work as minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, on the first Sunday in December; and the following diary, taking up the tale where the London diary left off, covers two years, made the more interesting by the new, strange, and almost terrifying America which he discovered on his return.

The New York of to-day is unique, peculiar, puzzling, — bewildering even to its own people, — incredibly provincial for all its cosmopolitanism; no longer the 'Little Old New York,' when Delmonico's was on Broadway, and Tiffany's looked out on the fountains in Union Square, and a Daly first-night was like a large family party. It is a vast, far-spreading human encampment of many races; a gigantic medley of wealth and want, of palaces of pleasure and hovels of poverty; an apocalypse of America at its brilliant best and worst; at once a problem, a prophecy, and a challenge.

No doubt old New Yorkers will smile at more than one entry in this diary; but they must remember that the writer had not known our chief city before, save as a tourist and casual visitor, and that is hardly to know it at all. These impressions, observations, and reflections, such as they are, may have a certain interest, if not as interpretations, at least as a series of pictures of men and women and things.]

November 14, 1919. — Farewell, England! How lovely it looked to-day, as we rode down from London to Southampton — like a huge park, neat and well-kept; its red brick houses half-hidden by vines; a soft haze hanging over the scene, like the mist of temperament in the hearts of its people. What a wonderful people! From the battle of the Somme, well-nigh four years gone by, until to-day, I have walked with them in the Valley of Shadow; and I know of what fibre they are made. I have seen the soul of England, — quiet, heroic, incredibly courageous, unconquerably cheery, its valor brightest when the day was darkest, — and to the end of my days I shall walk more reverently because of that vision. Shadows still hang over this lovely land, like frayed clouds after a storm; but

they will lift and melt away, and the story of those bitter years will become a part of the sad annals of the world. Pray God this Island Home, so beloved by a might race, may never again be wreathed by clouds of war!

November 16. — What shall we do, and how can we do it? In Russia they have turned the world upside down, and the stokers are on top. But revolution never rises above the spiritual level of those who make it. Tolstoy thought that all of us ought to take our turn at stoking; and there may be something in the idea, though his example came to little. Carlyle was sure that humanity must at last stumble across the line between Nonsense and Common Sense. But common sense is not enough. We live in a common-sense world, and it looks like a Devil's Kitchen. Something

more divine, more daring, than common sense is needed, if we are to have common sense. Jesus was right, and all the facts confirm his vision: Brotherhood is the fourth dimension! So one dreams, sailing on a gray, fluffy sea from the land of day before yesterday to the land of the day after to-morrow!

November 20. — The news is that the Senate has rejected the Treaty of Peace. No wonder; it is a monstrosity — a league of idealism and a treaty of imperialism, each making the other null. Alas, one fears that the Senate rejected the idealism more emphatically than it did the imperialism. One is not surprised that Mark Twain wanted to meet the Devil, 'if only to see a person who for untold centuries has been the spiritual head of four fifths of the human race and political head of the whole of it, and must have executive ability of the highest order.' At Paris he acted as president of 'the heaven-and-hell amalgamation society,' and his feat was nothing short of a masterpiece.

It reminds one of Joseph Parker and his famous sermon on 'God and the Experts.' When he told a group of young ministers what was to be the subject of his sermon, he dared them to guess what his text would be. They tried valiantly, but failed. Nor did they find out until he mounted the high pulpit and announced the words, 'The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.' Then, after a dramatic pause, he thundered: 'The *builders!* The men who know all about stones!' Again, at Paris, the experts, — the statesmen who know all about states, and carry their pockets full of provinces, — having rejected the corner stone, have built a house that cannot stand.

What different views one hears in the hum of talk on board this miniature world. Most foreigners are puzzled, not knowing what to make of it all.

Americans are depressed or elated, according to party. My British friends are irritatingly serene. Every one of them ought to be in an asylum for the hopelessly sane. They never lose their heads. Of course, they miss a lot of fun by not going crazy occasionally, as we do in America; but if they could be distributed over the earth in right proportion, they would keep the whole world from going mad.

November 23. — As we near America, all its history and legend throbs in my heart, vivid and thrilling, like a sweet habit of the blood. The very air is different, as if the spirit of home has run out to meet us on a lonely sea. Yet these years of tragedy have left in me a great veneration for the land whence our fathers came, and for its people. In America they are sure to be saying ugly things about England, as in England they said nasty things about America; and I shall be hurt both ways. It is plain that I am in for a hot time from now on, like a man torn between his wife and his mother, both of whom are adepts at snippy gossip.

November 24. — Slowly our good ship crept through the gray mists of a late autumn morning, passing Lady Liberty to whom a British friend took off his hat, saying that She ought to stand with her back to a land of Prohibition — ashamed! Then, dimly at first, we saw the wonderland of the city, rising sheer from the level of the water, half-fantastic in its airy lightness, like a range of fairy mountains — only the sky line was broken with more precision than in the wild architecture of nature. Above all towered a peak which might be Matterhorn, which they told Cardinal Mercier was the spire of the 'Church of St. Woolworth.' The Cardinal, it is said, looked dazed, not remembering any such Saint in the calendar, but ready for any new adventure

that might befall him in America. And so, home at last!

It is bewildering to pass quickly from Old London Town, with its time-stained buildings and its whity-brown atmosphere, into the brilliant streets of New York, with its newness, its youthfulness, its lucid sunlight in which everything stands out distinctly, and where the air is like champagne. Still more disconcerting is the difference in psychological climate. One is all repression, the other all expression. 'Hush! It is so rude, don't you know' — that is England. 'Hello! Hurrah! Where do we go from here?' — that is America, the land of talk, where people tell all they know and live with the blinds up. Meanwhile, the first letter I opened, from a great editor in the Middle West, was not very encouraging: —

Why stop in New York, if you object to living in a foreign city? It is a meaningless conglomeration of humanity, swept together from the ends of the earth; an unhealthy coating on a stone tongue in the mouth of the Hudson — a wart on the nose of civilization. Its architecture, like its confusion of tongues, has the Tower of Babel backed off the map. The Jews own it, the Irish run it, the Americans visit it in rubberneck wagons. It is bounded on the east by Blackwell's Island, on the south by Wall Street, on the west by Greenwich Village, on the north by Babe Ruth and the Polo Grounds. Its business is chasing the dollar, its diversion the leg-show, its political symbol a Tiger. When you land, buy a ticket to America!

November 30. — Went to hear Dr. Kelman, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he has just begun his ministry. It looked like a City Temple congregation, and I wondered if the preacher felt an atmosphere different from a Scottish church. He seemed restrained, as if hesitating to let himself go. I know the feeling. I had the same sense of strangeness the first six months at the City Temple, until one of the

deacons said to me, with a smile, 'Quit that pussyfooting, like a cat in a strange garret.' Dr. Kelman begins his ministry in an evil hour of rancor and reaction; but he will win through, as much by the genuineness of his manhood, as by his genius as a preacher. The first Sunday he was here a little child was run over by a car near the John Hall Mission, and he was soon knocking at the door of that beshadowed home. Such things mean more than much eloquence. Someone called Dr. Kelman a preacher of 'the middle register'; it may be so, but he took our minds to church. There was no flowery emptiness, no pious pap. The sermon had the ring of reality, as of a man looking straight at the truth and telling it simply and vividly, in a style both noble and chaste, without sacrificing either candor or restraint. All the way through, I seemed to be listening to an old Greek who had seen Jesus in Galilee and Judea, and had journeyed to America by way of the land of Bunyan and Stevenson, of whom he has written with such fine interpretative insight. Long may he labor among us!

December 10. — There is something new in American life, which I feel everywhere but find it hard to understand — a wild, shuddering fear, half-hysterical in its panic. When I ask what it means, I am told that we have been sleeping over a volcano, and that it is a fifty-fifty chance of saving our institutions. What nonsense! Our people do not trust one another, and speak in a whisper. When I tell of the freedom of speech in England, I am assured that it will never do here. The melting-pot does not melt; and after fifty years of immigration we are still a heterogeneous people, with every European race and rancor represented. Free speech may be possible in England, my friends argue, where everybody knows every twist of the public mind; but it is differ-

ent when an Irish Catholic policeman has to listen to an atheist Russian Jew on a soap-box at the street corner. Yet I have seen a London 'Bobbie' keeping order in Hyde Park, while a Red Russian anarchist spoke his piece.

No, it is all wrong. No doubt there are undigested foreign groups in America, — chiefly in our cities, — but repression is a poor aid to digestion. If our people do not understand their new neighbors, it is high time they made their acquaintance. Wholesome fear is stimulating, but this paralyzing terror is absurd.

December 21. — To-day the Buford sailed, with two hundred and fifty alien radicals, deported on charge of being anarchists; one of them was a boy eighteen — what harm has he done America? It is the war-mind gone mad, running down Reds as of old men hunted witches; but what strikes one is the absurdity of it all — like calling out the heavy artillery to bombard mosquitoes. At the same time, one hears the most rabid abuse of the President, which does more injury to our institutions than all the Reds in Redland. If there is evil propaganda among us, surely it is to be met by propaganda of the right kind. America has more to fear from the blind rage of mob-mindedness than from all the agitators. No one can really injure America but Americans; and they are in a fair way to do it by a terror-stricken intolerance to-day, followed by indifferent negligence to-morrow. Only about half of our people ever vote!

January 10. — By happy accident ran into Edwin Markham at the Club to-day. Had not seen him since five years ago, when we waylaid him on his flight from the Far West, and detained him for three snowy days in Iowa. Whatever the weather, it is always springtime in his climate. If white winter has settled on his good gray head, it is because the summer has gone to his

heart, where there is always bloom and bird-song. Walking in *The Shoes of Happiness*, he knows how to join the joy of youth without its silliness and the wisdom of age without its weariness. We talked of many things: of the blind spot in Whitman — as of one who went to séances where things get blurred; of the present state of poetry in England, of a long poem he had written, the title of which did not fit; of all the world and the rest of mankind. The upshot of an argument about the nature of poetry was that he promised to come to my Recognition Service, and make an address on 'The Poet and the Preacher.' Thereupon, as an advance deposit on that promise, he sat down and wrote a quatrain, which, he said, sums up my faith; as indeed it does — only, alas, it makes most of us Christians of the Left Hand: —

No soul can be forever banned,
Eternally bereft;
Whoever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into his left.

January 12. — To-night a dinner was given in my honor, attended by fifty of the leading ministers of New York, representing all denominations. It was a fraternal hour, offering an opportunity for an account of my experiences in England as bearing upon the problem of Anglo-American friendship; and a discussion of the new function of the Christian ministry in international affairs — my experience being significant only because it is related to the larger issue. The dinner was a gracious conspiracy instigated by Dr. Frederick Lynch, one of the most useful men in the nation, and one of the most lovable — a liaison officer in the service of Christ, whose life is a ministry of reconciliation, interpretation, and strategic good-will.

Since my return I have done little else but speak in behalf of fraternity between English-speaking peoples; but

I seem to be talking against the wind. My ship of good-will runs into all kinds of snags, — Irish snags, Japanese snags, naval snags, — and I do not get very far. Debt on one side, suspicion on the other, joined with lack of knowledge on both sides, make hard sailing. Whatever it is, apart from mere mischief-making, which has again aroused ill-feeling, it is a stupendous stupidity. Surely the friends of Anglo-Saxon fellowship make a mistake in narrowing their appeal. It is not merely for the countries concerned that such unity is necessary, but for the peace and stability of the whole world; and in both countries the wider conception would do much to dissolve misunderstanding. Perhaps, in a better mood and under a clearer sky, we can at least see the snags and avoid, if not remove, them.

January 25. — To-night was my Recognition Service as minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity, and it was an hour of fraternal courtesy and Christian good-will. It is an old church, as we count oldness in the New World; and, like other churches, it has journeyed uptown with the years, from Pearl Street, opposite City Hall Place, to Seventy-Sixth Street, overlooking Central Park. Organized in 1838, it has had three ministers in the last seventy years, a record highly honorable alike to pulpit and pew. In 1852 its edifice stood on Broadway, near Spring Street, and there Thackeray delivered his lectures on the English Humorists. On Broadway, and later on Fifth Avenue, its pulpit was glorified by the genius of Edwin Chapin, whose eloquence made it a forum of liberty in the anti-slavery agitation, a shrine of patriotism during the Civil War, and an altar of faith until his death in 1880. Eaton and Hall each added a dimension to its history and its power.

The church to-day, built in cathedral style with a Magdalen College tower, is

rich in memorials, and its chancel is one of the loveliest in America. A mosaic of 'Christ at the Feet of His Disciples' rises above bas-reliefs of Dr. Chapin by St. Gaudens, of Dr. Sawyer by Bickford, and a tablet to Dr. Eaton. A carved oak pulpit and an exquisite Tiffany communion altar stand between stately candelabra — which always make me think of that 'Lamp of Poor Souls' kept burning in the ancient cathedrals. To the right, an American flag hangs from a staff cut from a rail off the old Lincoln farm. To me the Whitfield memorial organ, with its myriad tones and echoes, is a symbol of the faith of the church, as if foretelling the triumph of a Divine Love which shall yet woo every wandering human tone into one sovereign Harmony — a time beyond time, when the nameless pathos, which haunts all earthly music whatsoever, shall be heard no more.

February 12. — Dr. Fosdick spoke at the Lincoln Night gathering of the church clubs, his topic being the future of New York — which he quickly dropped for matters nearer to his heart. Had not heard him since he came to preach for me in the City Temple during the war. While others feel dismay at the sulky, uppish mood in which America is flouting its own idealism, he is defiant, and some of his sentences flashed like zigzag lightning. Master of all the arts of speech, using jeweled phrases with inevitable ease, he made the issue of religion in our day and land startlingly vivid and compelling. Sturdy, picturesque, winsome, he is a prophet of that new note in Christianity heard by a small but gallant company of young men in all communions, who mean to preach it with gentle but relentless insistence in the days that lie ahead. He speaks as a man of insight, with the artist touch and the glow of genius. There is no fluffy prose-poetry, no perfumed and prettified art decorating a

candied Christianity; but a vital mind laid against the stuff of life — virility kindled by vision and softened by that pity which is the heart of all great preaching. No man among us gives more promise of Christian leadership in a tangled time.

March 1. — Preached recently for the first time in old Plymouth Church, bringing the greetings and blessing of the City Temple, where the picture of Beecher still hangs in the lecture-room and the memory of his eloquence is a legend. Joseph Parker and Beecher were friends, and it behooves us to recall such historic ties at a time when voices of consideration are few and faintly heard. Each in his own distinction and power a supremely great preacher, — Parker a trumpet, Beecher an orchestra, — both made their pulpits, shrines not only of Christian faith but of international good-will. In Plymouth Church there sounded the wondrous voice of the greatest preacher to the people our race has known — the Shakespeare of our pulpit, whose genius seemed inexhaustible in its fertility, whose ministry marked a new date both in the religion and politics of our Republic. From that pulpit he went on his memorable ambassadorship to England, to plead the cause of Lincoln in the forum of British public opinion; and his victory was one of the noblest triumphs of the spoken word in history. Whatever may be the chances and changes of the future, Plymouth Church and the City Temple must be kept as shrines of historic memory and thrones of spiritual prophecy.

March 12. — Went the other day to a Freethinkers' society, and heard a lecture that filled me with amazement. I had thought that species of mind extinct; but it still persists, like a rut in an abandoned road, as archaic as the crude dogmatism which it denies. Ingersoll was delightful, with his rich

humanity, his rippling humor, and his radiant prose-poetry — a positive mind on the negative side of religious thought. Without his genius, 'rationalism' looks like logic-chopping pettifoggery; a thing killed and stuffed. But it can be amusing, as when the great advances of religious thought are interpreted as retreats followed up by the Rationalist Army. They are like men who have been bombarding a position and find that the enemy has long ago moved elsewhere, unaware of their existence. But to save their face they must keep up the bombardment. Make-believe championship of free thought to-day is like going over the top of an imaginary trench — futile, not to say pitiful. The old dogmatism and the old rationalism, as much alike as two of a kind, are alike obsolete. They are not refuted: they are forgotten. It reminded me of old Wallaston, in the *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, whose ideas acquired long ago had 'never fructified in him, but were like hard stones which rattled in his pocket.'

March 14. — Somehow I have a curious feeling about the Drinkwater play, *Abraham Lincoln*. It handles the supreme figure of our history reverently; but, though he loved the theatre, it is hardly fair to put the least theatrical of men on the stage. Something deep in me protests against it as a sacrilege. The play did good in London, as an interpretation of Lincoln to the English people, albeit not without error. The servants were too much like English servants, and the negro dialect was more like North American Indian dialect. Also, the drinking proclivities of General Grant were exaggerated. No doubt these defects have been removed; but I doubt if anyone ever called Lincoln 'Abe,' even behind his back. We may be a nation of back-slappers, but there are some men with whom we take no liberties. The first act, except for one

moving moment, — when Lincoln is alone, looking at a map of his country, — has too much spurious prophecy. Yet the figure does grow portentously, and in a world of flesh and blood and spirit. Hook, the fictitious member of the Cabinet, embodying the distrust of Lincoln, is a happy stroke. What reception would the play have had if it had been the work of an American artist? As it is, a play from London, like a hat from Paris, is the thing.

March 20. — Some reporter caught a flying paragraph from my sermon to the Sons of the American Revolution; and now I am flooded with letters telling me what is wrong with the Church. Everything is wrong with it, apparently. Seven men take pains to tell me that religion is a narcotic, and the Church an 'organized fake founded upon myth and mystery.' Conservatives think it is infected with radicalism, and radicals denounce it for its 'abject, cowardly obeisance to organized and endowed injustice.' One man thinks it useful only as a nursery, an ambulance, or an undertaker. A long essay tells me how and why, if the pulpit adopted the gospel according to Henry George, the churches would be filled with eager multitudes. Some hold that the plight of the Church is due to its loss of the great expectancy of the speedy and dramatic coming of Christ; and others that it preaches a truncated gospel, bereft of the power of healing. Numbers of letters tell of failure to meet ordinary obligations, lack of neighborliness, trickery, fraud, and scandal on the part of church people — it makes me sad to read about it. One woman insists that there is more 'honest-to-God religion' outside the Church than inside, and that it would be just as well to close the churches, and in their stead to print a placard to be hung in schools, railway stations, and the post office, bearing the words of Jesus: 'Thou shalt love the

Lord thy God with all thy mind and all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.' Besides, it would be less expensive.

So it goes, leaving me bewildered, until I remember that the Church is just ourselves, with the faults of humanity, and will not be better till we have better material. Most of these letters affirm that economic issues are replacing theological questions in the mind of to-day; a man from Detroit states it plainly: 'Men are thinking to-day of the means of living, not of the meaning of life.' What we are confronted with is not, specifically, indifference to religion, but indifference to nearly everything outside the circle of the Cult of Comfort. Shifting the emphasis from theology to sociology will only mean a new sectarianism in place of the old, — a radical church on one corner, a conservative on the next, — and the last state will be as bad as the first. Amateur sermons on economics make a terrifying prospect!

Of course, the preachers come in for a hard hammering, and, as the late Dean Hodges used to say, 'It is richly deserved by those who deserve it.' Much of it is deserved, by reason of the conditions under which ministers work. They are an underpaid, overworked, heroic set of men, and the demands upon them are so exacting, so exhausting, that they have little time to be preachers, much less prophets. They have no easy task, trying to bring high truth home to moving-picture minds, in a day of moral chaos and paprika cleverness. The keyboard of the modern mind is new, and they have not yet learned to play on it. But the realities remain, and the ancient needs of the heart; and if we interpret them in terms of our time, — not using a violin as if it were a 'cello, — there will be ears to hear. The Church is dead! Long live the Church!

April 1. — Five Socialists were ex-

pelled from the New York Legislature to-day, after a long trial. All Fool's Day was an appropriate time for such a proceeding; the deed fits the day. America must have lost its sense of humor. I am not a Socialist, nor the son of a Socialist; but surely a man has a right to be a Socialist in America, and to hold office as such, if fairly elected. Anything else makes our whole system a farce. Once men were burned for their ideas; now we ought to burn the ideas and let the men live. Unless, indeed, we are afraid of ideas, as we seem to be. Respect for minorities, no matter how small, is a first principle of democracy. It is better to let folk blow off steam; it prevents explosion. If we tolerate only those who agree with us, what virtue is it? Even tyrants and bigots do the same.

April 4. — Easter Day! When an old civilization was dying and another was coming to birth, it was the Christian vision of the Eternal Life that gave relief and renewal; and that vision we must recapture for our troubled time. The idea of immortality current to-day is far removed from the faith by which the new, uprising Christianity grasped the crumbling classic world and reshaped it. Indeed, we think only of a future life, — 'a series of moments snipped off at one end, but not at the other,' — whereas Jesus saw each life as part of one great Life, which moves and cannot die. It is a day not for arguments, but for anthems!

April 10. — While in England I was often asked about Frank Harris; but I knew him only in such books as *The Bomb*, a volume of his *Portraits*, and his study of Shakespeare — which made me mad in five spots at once. So I went recently to hear him lecture on Wells; but he told me little that was new, — except some personal reminiscences, — and he seemed less happy than usual in his power of depicting personality.

There was a fine line about John Morley whom he followed as editor of the *Fortnightly*: 'The bleak face lighted up with a glint of wintry sunshine.' It reminded me of the description of Roosevelt by Wells years ago: 'The friendly peering snarl of his face, like a man with the sun in his eyes.' With his moustache, his unreadable eyes, and his heavy voice, the lecturer looked more like a fighter of the Middle Ages than a modern man of letters. He has that rare and precious thing called genius; but my impression was puzzling, as of a man at odds with himself, or with the world; a proud, sensitive man, thwarted if not lacerated. Either he has had a bear fight with himself, or he has been the sport of ill fate. If, as I have heard, he is writing an autobiography, perhaps it will tell us the secret of his enmity to England, which so many regret. There is something haunting in him, something wild, untamed, quixotic, but lovable withal; like a man ready to throw a bomb loaded with — pity!

April 14. — Religious work of a Protestant kind on Manhattan Island is an adventure these days, since only a little more than seven per cent of its population are of that persuasion. Neighborhoods shift swiftly, baffling the shrewdest forecast; and a church often finds itself a lonely island in an alien sea. Old families break up or move away, and the young people seek the suburbs to rear their families. Homes give way to hotels, apartments, and boarding-houses, — poor substitutes, — making the tie between home and church tenuous. Many who come from smaller communities, not finding the old informal fellowship in the city, abandon the Church, or else become 'church tramps.' Vacations lengthen and the church year shortens. The glitter of the city fascinates, its rush and hurry wear the nerves — making the 'dear City of God' seem dreamlike and remote. What will

be the fate of our city churches — except those that stand on old foundations — is hard to know. No ordinary methods of work apply, yet the need of spiritual fellowship in the 'crowded loneliness' of city life is appalling. Some of our customs try me, especially the funerals at night, as if in our neck-and-neck race for the nickel we did not have time to pay respect to our dead. No wonder Jesus wept over a city, knowing its brutality, its black wickedness, its nameless possibilities, and its aching pathos!

April 18. — Dr. Holmes thought that preachers are in danger of becoming heathens for lack of religious instruction; and, as the old country preacher said of St. Paul, 'I fully agree with him.' Anyway, I make it a point to hear preaching, and one of my shrines is the 'Skyscraper Church,' as the Broadway Tabernacle is called. There, for more than twenty years, one of the greatest living preachers has kept the light of God aglow amid the glitter of Broadway. Dr. Jefferson distrusts oratory, — he so fears unreality, — yet he is one of the noblest of orators, if one stops to think about it, having an amazing gift of lucid, fitly colored, persuasive speech. At first, he gives one an impression of austerity; but as he begins to speak, his rugged face is illumined by an inner brightness, and one forgets everything, — even the preacher himself, — and remembers only the Master. He takes us captive unawares, showing us the beauty of the Gospel and the meaning of our fleeting lives, our duty for to-day, and our hope for the morrow. It is an unique eloquence, simple, soft-spoken, searching; and if the ear is sensitive, one hears an undertone of pathos — as of one in whom faith and hope dwell at peace with pity and acquaintance with grief. What a ministry for this gay and giddy-paced city — rich in culture, lofty in ideal, tender in comfort, valiant

for righteousness! If some great Angel could gather the testimonies of its influence, what a record it would be!

May 3. — Attended a meeting designed to discuss the religious training of the young for an hour on a week day. Such meetings make the cynic rise in me, asking whether it is because the Angel of Wisdom has been so busy on some other planet that religious education has gone so awry here below. There is a type of training which Dr. Holmes fitly described as pathological piety, rich in tuberculous virtues. There is the merely mechanical variety, enforced by discipline without joy, and thrown off as soon as passing years make a way of escape. There is the opposite error of too great vagueness; not over-feeding, but under-nutrition. As between old-fogyism and new-faddism, we flounder. Yet there must be some way of giving our children the truths that make us men, — simple as the speech of home, sweeping as the contour of the sky, — bringing memory, habit, and example to the nurture of the highest life. Surely this is the one eternal education; and yet we fall short of it both in content and in method.

October 15. — It is always a joy to hear Dr. Felix Adler who, for more than forty years, has been a seeker after 'the secret of the good life,' both as to its philosophy and its practice. Bred in the austerities and depths of Hebrew faith, he fell under the spell of the ethics of Kant touched by the teachings of Jesus, and the result was a fine, firm, ethical mysticism, worth more to his country than many battleships. His system is now set forth in a stately volume entitled, *An Ethical Philosophy of Life*, aglow with a passion for righteousness, rich in spiritual gleanings, surveying the whole field of human relations. It is a new version of the Golden Rule: 'So act as to elicit the unique personality in others and thereby in thyself.'

Still, it is a philosophy, not a gospel; the will to religion, without the power of reconciling duty and joy. There is struggle, discipline, and moral passion, but not the emancipating vision.

October 18. — Went to hear a lecture on 'How to Control the Subconscious Mind,' and learned many things. From what I can gather, after reading Freud and Jung, we do need a policeman in the basement. Once only a storeroom, the Subconscious has become the seat of morality, the custodian of health, and the arbiter of fate. Whether friend or fiend, is uncertain; it knows no rest and does it works while we sleep. Though apparently omniscient, it has curious streaks of stupidity. The way to control it, according to the lecturer, is by auto-suggestion; that is, by saying a thing over and over, — like beating a tom-tom, — until the subconscious mind gets the idea. As *Punch* once put it, —

There was a young man of Kilpeacon,
Whose nose was as red as a beacon.
But by saying, 'It's white,'
Twenty times, day and night,
He cured it, and died an archdeacon.

What fads people will take up, willing to turn themselves into automata rather than undergo the effort and discipline needed to organize the inner life. Surely it is not the Subconscious, but the Divine Conscious, of which we must

lay hold, if we are to live in 'the glory of the lighted mind.'

October 20. — As I listened last night to Mr. Root on the League of Nations, the words of Roosevelt were in my mind: 'The greatest man that has arisen on either side of the Atlantic in my lifetime.' It was a large remark, and must not be taken too literally, like his estimate of himself as 'a mediocre intellect highly energized.' It was a very impressive scene — a little gray man, speaking in quiet, measured words, and a vast audience listening as to an oracle. It used to be a saying in New York: 'If you loot, see Root, before you scoot'; which was a tribute to his acumen as an attorney. Since then he has had great causes and whole nations for his clients; but he is still an attorney — having all the handicaps that go to make up wisdom, but lacking the seer-like mind. Yet it means much to have a mind of such gravity, sanity, and clarity devoted to the public service. For thirty years or more he has lived at the centre of affairs, without yielding to cynicism. Time has mellowed his spirit, making him more magnanimous; but one misses in him a rare thing not easily defined. Manner, magnetism, wit? Call it, rather, the spiritual quality, the poetic touch, the haunting accent that moves the heart. Men admire Elihu Root; they loved John Hay.

THE NEW BARBARISM

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

THE deviser of the electric bell has probably long since gone where all janglings cease, but his alarming contrivance is with us still. The evil that men do lives after them, as even Mark Antony observed; and sometimes the ingenuity of it blinds us to its darker side. How happy any gong-banging savage would have been, had he been able to rig up an arrangement to keep his gong banging continually while he sat back and reveled in the noise! But would he have been any less a savage for his success?

Once, and once only, have I encountered barbarism — that is, if one may say so, barbarism proper. I left by the first boat, but before it called, I had registered three definite impressions. They were Noise, Odor, and Confusion. Of course, there were other minor ones. There was no water even to wash with; and one felt a general insecurity of life and liberty, a certain well-known English resident having been freshly kidnapped and held for ransom. But these were incidents. The others were fundamental.

As we dropped anchor off the mole, a crowd of barbarians made their appearance on shore, yelling and gesticulating in the wild cannibalistic manner well known to readers of Tartarin and Crusoe. If it had not been for the providential appearance of a representative of Mr. Cook, we might have thought twice about landing. The yelling, which had come faintly to us on the ship's deck, became pandemonium when we arrived

upon the mole. There seemed to be no method in it, each man merely shouting his loudest in sheer excitement. It was the voice of barbarism upraised in salute to civilization.

But at five o'clock of a dark winter afternoon, when stores and offices are closing, and streets are packed with hurrying throngs, you stand on the pavement waiting to cross the crowded street, amid the warning notes of motors, the shrill whistles of policemen, and the rush of clanging trolley-cars, the whole fitfully illumined by an arc light, and the elevated roaring deafeningly overhead — and you ask, Is this civilization? Does the mere fact that all this din and confusion are mechanically produced really make them civilized? Or is it only the big brother of barbarism?

The old barbarism exulted in Noise, Sensation, and Slaughter. But how poor were its achievements in these directions beside those of the new! And what, in the name of fair play, could their poor old lungs and tom-toms accomplish against those modern marvels, the whistle, the siren, and the cut-out? At a recent dinner of patriotic speakers, the occasion was enlivened by a Jackie's band. Upon the illimitable spaces of the high seas, its appalling clamor might have melted into music; but in a small dining-room, seating only a thousand or so, the finer effects were lost. I was surrounded by great conversers, but against that avalanche of sound they were as impotent as I. We read each other's

lips a while, then simply clung to our chairs and waited, till

Silence like a poultice came
To heal the blows of sound.

And odors! Those of barbarism are strong for a mile or two, but they cannot carry like those of civilization. All the scents of Araby and Cologne could not disguise the odor that one beneficent industry daily distills upon one million of my fellow citizens. My own experience of it runs back only some fifty years; but it is not new. Only it grows stronger and more analyzable as the years roll by. The poet's 'leagues of odor' puts it none too strong.

On summer evenings the train often bears me along a beautiful stream, winding between wooded banks, and breaking now and again into waterfalls and rapids. Beyond it, the sinking sun gilds the fleecy clouds, and all their sunset glories are mirrored in the brimming river. The soft air of evening floats in at the windows, fragrant with forest odors. Everything conspires to soothe the jaded senses, until we reach the vicinity of the cheese factory, when the fragrance is suddenly displaced by something quite different, but fully equal to anything I can recall in my brief visit to barbarism.

Barbarism rejoices greatly in display, in feathers, beads, and war-paint — which brings us to the delicate and difficult subject of dress and jewels. As respects woman's use of these, let us content ourselves with remarking that there are few jewels that seem really to enhance beauty. But when one sees his fellow men wearing diamond studs, in negligee shirts already equipped with their full complement of buttons, one is really at a loss to determine whether this be the new barbarism or the old.

And when the weather is raw and

unfavorable, and the golfers few upon the links, and I hear a shrill chorus of chattering voices from the caddie house; or when the skating-house is full of uproarious boyhood shouting meaninglessly together, I know it for the voice of the old barbarism lifted by our youth in the savage stage of development, through which, according to a well-known theory of social evolution, we all must pass — if so be we do indeed pass through it and emerge safely on the further side.

Barbarism, no doubt, saw more of slaughter than do we; but the old yearning for it will not die, and we certainly make the most of what we have. We film it, headline it, and chart it, until it becomes a staple feature of our daily life. Like Dryden's Alexander, thrice we slay the slain, and the most Cowperian of us would feel a haunting void were it withdrawn. There is still a strain in us that calls for a certain amount of bloodshed, real or imaginary, to be enjoyed, if not experienced. Mere accidents, it is to be observed, do not satisfy this craving.

How our sensibilities are harrowed by the inexplicable disappearance of a little girl from some household previously unknown to fame! What has become of her? Has she been eaten by a bear, or fallen into the lake, or run away with the butcher? All these promising clues are followed out in turn by the faithful, relentless, and sleuth-like press, but alike in vain. If our interest does not wane, we are gratified (or disappointed) to learn that, in sober fact, she had gone on a visit to her aunt in the country, and had not been seeing the papers there. Fatal omission! One cannot safely refrain from seeing the papers, if only to keep them from getting the idea that one is missing, and investing one with an air of sinister and tremendous mystery before one knows it. For, after

such investiture, it is useless to explain, protest, or deny. One remains a being of mystery, a person with a past, obstinately carrying one's hollow secret with one to the grave.

Nor is the new barbarism without its religion. In all great cities it rears its spacious temples, with vast naves rich with bronze and marble. Upon a kind of pulpit high above the throng appears at intervals the muezzin of the cult, and intones his litany: 'The train — is now ready — for De Kalb — Marshalltown — Omaha — Cheyenne — Salt Lake City — San Francisco — and Los Angeles — The Pacific Limited — leaving — at ten-thirty — from track three.' His is no inconsiderable art; for he pauses after each measure, until the last great true note dies away; and he keeps his voice to the last syllable on the same level tone. Not even on 'Track Three' does it descend. The effect is stately, liturgical, worthy of its splendid setting. And the worshippers seated in the pews at once rise up in obedience to his call, and move silently out to Track Three. Even we who are left behind know something of their exalted mood, for has not the muezzin with his chant sent our thoughts hurrying over the plains and Rockies to the coast, and conjured up within us many a rich memory and high aspiration?

If transcontinental departures are events, still more are such arrivals. You stand at the gate with a throng of expectant sons, mothers, and daughters, and the California train pulls slowly and interminably in. From it emerge in a triumphal procession the hadjis, the devotees of travel, a fanatical gleam in their eyes, the bright light of achievement upon their faces. They have arrived!

No religion is worth anything without hardship, and the new one has its share. You will spend hot hours of a

July evening, waiting in line by the hotter kitchen of the dining-car for a chance to sit down and be fed. Or you will dash off at so-called eating-stations, and snatch a hasty meal, or purchase a sodden cake right out of the refrigerator. You will toss restlessly in chilly uppers or gasp in stifling lowers. You will sit for hours on observation platforms, long after observation has ceased to be a pleasure. You will see the frost gather on every bit of metal in your car, and the desert sand will sift in about you unto suffocation. But you will travel. Nothing can stop you. As for these light afflictions, you will glory in them. Such is religion.

And who does not know the sects and schisms of travel? — how some swear by Florida, and some by California, while others find salvation only in Canada, Alaska, or the Orient; but each is forever dinning in your ears the dogmas of his cult.

Nor is the new religion without its adepts. I met one of them once — a child not yet in her teens, yet set apart as a devotee of travel. Her sole interest was to inquire how many times one had crossed the ocean. If but six times, one was naught; she had crossed twelve — or was it sixteen? With her, at any rate, it was something more than an annual experience. But that was years ago. Nowadays the question is, how many times have you been round the world? A colonel told me the other day that he had been round twice in one year. I wish he and the little girl, now grown no doubt to fanatical womanhood, might meet.

Of course, travel has its high days, its pilgrimages, its evangelistic literature, designed to implant in the minds of the stay-at-home public, if such there be, an insatiable yearning for it. It has even its daily exercises. I, unfortunately, can walk in three minutes

from the garden gate to the museum where I muse for a living. But I have, therefore, no opportunity to progress in the new cult such as is enjoyed by my neighbors, who travel from eight to twenty-eight miles to business every morning. Still more blest are those whose duties call them every week or two to New York or Washington.

A rich store of common experience binds these travel-adepts together. Once, on the ocean, I sat at table with a certain much-traveled man, of large and placid habit, whose wont it was, at dinner, after the steward had conferred upon each of us our ration of six raw oysters, to beckon the man to his side and devour any surplus. He could inform us just how many of them one was likely to get with one order at each of the leading American hotels. I, in my superficiality, had never realized that such inequalities existed.

In the mountains of Kentucky, we are told, if a girl marries and settles twenty miles from home, her family definitely resigns all expectation of seeing her again this side of heaven. But we less sheltered beings think nothing of journeying that far for dinner, or even tea. To be deterred by an insubstantial consideration like distance would argue a fatal weakness of the modern mind. It would violate the new religion, the purpose of which is the annihilation of distance.

An aerial friend assures me that he has taken breakfast and dinner in Fresno, and lunched the same day in Colorado, over three hundred miles away. In one of the chief seats of the new barbarism a favorite afternoon diversion is motoring past forty miles of billboards, embodying the very purest traditions of savage art; a sight to gladden the palæolithic decorator of the cavern of Altamira. And the other day, in the seclusion of a western golf-club, one man was telling another how Tom

Jones had motored down from San Francisco to Los Angeles in twenty-three hours; to which the other irreligiously replied, 'What delayed him?'

But it is in its ways of trade that barbarism is most instructive. The street vender cries his wares through the city, and will pursue you far with his insistent demands that you buy. The shopkeeper will follow you for blocks, with his patter of rapidly falling prices. In rural Egypt, in former days, if you wished to hire a donkey, you had first to hire a man to protect you from the rabble of donkey-boys from which you were to choose. With resounding blows of his staff, he would keep them from actually riding you down in their determination to win your trade. The insistence of trade and the violence of competition are stable features of barbarism.

We do these things a little more subtly, perhaps — or, should we say, more crudely? In effect, if not in person, the peddler hounds us through the town, by day and night. If we ascend into the street cars, he is there. If we motor over the boulevards, he is there. If we open a magazine or a programme, he is there. If we look over our morning mail, he is there. If the telephone rings, he is there, desiring to take our photograph or clean our rugs and curtains. His hand is under the door with a dodger, and up the telegraph pole with a placard. Night itself does not obscure him.

The old barbarism was undoubtedly gossipy and scandalous. But it did not gossip and scandalize in editions of half-a-million copies. The old barbarism was hideous, vulgar, and noisome. But it did not have all the resources of machinery and capital to help keep it so. The old barbarism was noisy and dirty; but the distribution of dirt in barbarism is nowhere nearly as efficient and constant as in civilization.

As a great prima donna remarked the other morning, 'I have washed my hands fifteen times to-day already, but I love your city.' The whole population of the metropolis where I reside is each day evenly and patiently coated with soot, and will certainly end by going over to the pigmented races which we have so long misprized.

I once had occasion to walk across the Nile Valley at Abydos, a distance of some eight miles, to catch the Cairo train. As it was market-day, the little winding path across the cultivation was dotted with groups of peasants, old and young, journeying in my direction; and many a courteous old Egyptian, seeing me hurrying along, alighted from

his camel or donkey to offer me a ride. Perhaps it was their gentle influence that led me the other evening, as I was returning from the City of Destruction in a crowded railway train, to yield to a chivalrous impulse and, at the risk of having to stand up for twelve minutes, offer a young woman my seat. Before she could take it, an old gentleman, surely devoid of all nobler qualities, slipped nimbly into it, leaving the baffled young woman to languish in the perpendicular, until the neighboring sitters adroitly crowded together enough to make a fractional place for her, in which she continued her journey.

But then, of course, Egypt is one of the most ancient seats of civilization.

'GONE AWAY'

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

HER eyes, dark and troubled, opened suddenly. The immaculate nurse, sitting beside her, near the shaded lamp, waiting for some such sign, nodded almost imperceptibly to the doctor, who appeared at once — she could feel his hand on her wrist, see a shape between her and the light. Somewhere, from the depth of her consciousness, she knew she could summon a smile for him, if only it did n't hurt so damnably where the smiles came from. She managed it feebly, and caught her breath, the agony of making her muscles meet her will was so great.

The doctor patted her hand and turned to speak to the nurse; almost at once, she felt something cold on her arm, smelled alcohol, followed by the

swift prick of a needle. Was it a needle, or all her pain plunged into one tiny segment of her flesh, to be withdrawn — presently?

When the pain left her, or, rather, when she left the pain (she knew from experience it was always there; without the wings which the morphine lent her, she could not hope to sustain her consciousness above it), she would be able to think, and she wanted desperately to think. She wondered vaguely why she had never thought more when her body had been well and whole — when thinking would have proved no effort, and she would not have had to hurry so horribly. She supposed because her body, her beautiful, strong body, was always suggesting so many delightful,

charming things to do, that her brain had to work and plan for it, like a mother planning and arranging for an adored and pampered child.

The drug lifted her higher from the pain-racked thing on the bed which interfered with her thoughts — a frightened, hurt child now, who wanted all her time and patience. Perhaps it was asleep; at least, it had stopped fretting, and she was free of it for a little.

While it slept, she must think, against the time of its waking, when it would claim her, clasp her in its hot embrace, and carry her with it into that deep, dreamless sleep from which neither of them would ever awake. Or would she awake, freed from the tired, broken body forever; would Death accomplish the miracle finally, which morphine temporized with — permanently divorce her mind and body? Death could n't be that, — life after death could n't mean the continuance of one half the life she had before, — a floating, disembodied consciousness, with no purpose, nothing to direct.

She was getting at things wrong — she had best go back — not very far back; there was n't time — but back to the morning she and Peter had gone hunting. Somewhere, between then and now, there had been herself, her complete, whole self, which she doubted ever could be again. Even if she lived (and she knew living was extremely improbable) it would be herself maimed, altered, separate from the energy, the joy of living, which had been so a part of her; and in dying she could not hope to find the whole.

No; she, as she knew herself, as her world knew her, had ceased to be, had disintegrated, as it were, when, hounds in full cry, the fox in view, Live Wire had jumped into the gravel-pit.

The tiniest fraction of time before he had landed, — on his back and on hers, — they had both been there, them-

selves; then he was not any more; there was no more of him, Live Wire, her big thoroughbred, except his body, which, worth thousands before that jump, was now worth so little that it was decaying somewhere in the earth, and in time would be earth; and she — had begun to go out, to become extinguished; life had consumed her, and after this last flicker she would become ashes.

She had been asleep that morning before she and Peter had gone hunting, sound asleep — dead asleep, she would have said then, not knowing what Death meant. The alarm-clock had gone off suddenly, in angry spasms, as if it resented being asked to render service before daylight. With that sound she had come together swiftly, leaped into being aware of herself, awake. She remembered that she had reveled for a moment in the warmth and comfort of her bed, dreading to exchange it for the cold room, cold water, and the bother of dressing — boots and an ascot. And then Peter had come in, half-shaved, to shut her windows, light her light, and tell her what a bully morning it was.

They had had coffee, hot from a thermos bottle, left overnight in the library, and had pretended to be burglars, moving stealthily about their own dark house and out into the frosty air. They had raced to the stables, to get their blood going; and, arrived there, had delighted in the mysterious look of the familiar place — the artificial light, the bustle of the sleepy, half-clad grooms, the perfection of their horses.

Mounted, Peter on Philanthropist, and she on Live Wire, they had gone out to meet the early light, see the air whiten and flush as the first band of red showed on their horizon. She had been conscious of being laved in happiness, of soaking it up, of being afraid that some bit of it would escape, that there was n't enough of her to absorb all the

beauty and pleasure and thrills which immersed her on every side — she and Peter hacking to the meet, owning this clean, fresh, wonderful world, which they must shortly share with the day and the workers.

It had grown lighter, whiter; the river had seemed to be returning to the clouds, so thick was the smoky mist arising from it, as if some long-heralded genius had actually succeeded in setting it on fire. There was sun enough to catch the frost; the early rays were so level with their eyes that they almost hurt; things took on color, the darkness receded, concentrated, formed shadows. Peter had improvised something: —

'Wake, for the hounds of day have put to flight
The fox of darkness from the fields of light';

and she had given a little cry of appreciative pleasure, and tried, very shyly (for their few months of marriage had not familiarized them with sentiment), to convey to him how happy she was and how much she liked new days and Live Wire — him and his parody. And they had reminded each other that they must continue their reading and educate themselves. (They had begun Mr. H. G. Wells's *Outline of the World's History in Two Volumes*, as she always called it, delighted that the author's verbosity could be meted out to such length; but they had not read very far; first, because they had become involved in a discussion as to whether the acceptance of the theory of evolution did not tend to a belief in a world-made God rather than a God-made world, and second, because it had been such fun to plan a hunt on the prehistoric animals, Peter riding a Brontosaurus and she a Diplodocus.)

The day, putting on light, became familiar, was recognizable though new, when they reached the meet; the private wonder of it disappeared with

their cheery greetings to the field. But those had been nice, too, and so were the restless horses, and the darling hounds straining at their couplings, sure it was half-past six and time to go into cover. Somewhere near her a man smoked a pipe, and she had been glad, glad of the sweet smell of the tobacco and the little drifts of blue smoke. Infinitely happy, she had sat her horse, watching the hounds work, with ears strained and expectant for the first whimper when they found.

'That's Soubrette,' she had whispered wisely to Peter, when the sound reached them; 'the others are going to her; hark — they've got it.'

A moment of suspense, then the music of the pack's voice poured over them, became fainter, and the huntsman sounded, 'Gone away.'

Ten — twenty minutes of supreme joy followed; then, choosing her own line, she had put Live Wire at the big wall which separated them from a roadway, seen the yawning pit of raw earth too late to check him, and thought, — not word by word but in one flash, — 'The Garrisons must have taken gravel from this bank for their new avenue'; and had known no more — the light she had watched grow was blotted out.

That had been the end of life as she had known it: pain, and the brief respites from it which the morphine granted her, and which she employed to sum up what she had taken from her few years of living — these were not life, saturate with adventure, the joy of things seen and unseen. It was the end of a day for a merchant who takes account of stock before he puts up the shutters and goes home. And the commodities she had dealt in? Happiness — she had had so much, and hoped she had meted out fair measure. Goodness — she was a little vague as to what goodness was and doubted if she had dealt much in it; in her sheltered, care-

free existence there had been too few temptations to measure her resistance, no demand on her capacity for sacrifice. What she had given of herself — her time, her strength — had been given gladly, freely, because she loved giving and gave gayly.

There were people — her Aunt Carrie, for instance — who thought some of the things she did were wicked: fox-hunting and smoking cigarettes and playing cards for money and the red stuff she put on her lips (only she did n't any more because Peter had hated it so). But her Aunt Carrie's idea of goodness was so negative that her ideas of badness could never be very convincing: it consisted of being kind and superior, and never getting any fun out of things or trying to see the other person's point of view. As when she visited the hospital, which was kind, and treated the beautiful, clean nurses with amiable condescension, and told the patients how comfortable and contented they were. When *she* herself visited the hospitals, she had felt humble and insignificant before the splendid women who could alleviate pain, and before the courage that could withstand it. Aunt Carrie had told her that, whenever she entered a ward, it was always with the thought, 'His will be done'; but she could never help thinking, 'What rotten luck!' And now, in her own hour, she was sure that she did not want a Lord who had willed Live Wire to jump the one panel that led to the gravel-pit, but One who said, 'Bad luck,' and was sorry.

She wished she had had children. If Death was the complete annihilation

which it appeared, one's hope of immortality seemed to depend on one's children — they alone were the open avenues to the future; and those like herself, the result of generation after generation, from the very beginning of things, who died without having had a child, proved to be blind alleys, which Nature had run into, after all these æons of time.

The wings were drooping a little; she came nearer, became almost one with the body on the bed. She was aware that Peter was beside her now, her hand in his, and she would have given all the little time which remained to her to have been able to present it, palm uppermost, to his grasp. How silly the spiritualists were, she thought, to think she could come back to Peter after she had really gone away, through clumsy tables and foolish rappings, when even now, when they were so close to one another, she could not force one little sign, through the medium of her body. Was that all it had ever been, the medium through which she had been known and loved, had expressed her knowledge and her loving? She hoped that was it, it assured her that, for anyone who had known and loved her, she would live forever — on beautiful, happy memories, words said — to children not yet thought of, Peter's children, perhaps — things done, because she had once lived.

The wings failed her. What did it matter, she thought, if the little spark of consciousness she called herself went out or upward? And in reunion with her body, she gave a little sigh to find it free from pain.

MERLIN MET MORGAN-LE-FAY

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

The King commanded two Knights and two ladies to take the child, bound in a cloth of gold, and that ye deliver him to what poor man ye meet at the postern gate of the castle. So the child was delivered unto Merlin. . . .

And the third sister Morgan-le-Fay was put to school in a nunnery, and there she learned so much that she was a great clerk of necromancy.

SIR THOMAS MALORY: *Le Morte D'Arthur*.

MERLIN met Morgan-le-Fay

In a Cornish lane;
Witch-words on her young lips,
And a blackberry stain.

In her hair a tangled spray
Of wild blackberry thorn.

'Merlin, Merlin, tell me,
Is the baby born?'

Merlin lifted up the veil,
Crooned a sleepy charm,
Cuddled Arthur, King of Britain,
Close in his arm.

Young maid Morgan-le-Fay
Stood tiptoe to see:
'Now that you 've come, brother,
Who 'll think of me?'

'Britain's hope and Britain's glory,
You may be — one day.
As for me, I 'd rather be
Morgan-le-Fay.

'When I am put to school
In a nunnery,
I shall learn to weave spells
And spin sorcery.

'I shall be a great clerk,
Wise in necromancy.
I shall plague the King of Britain,
If I take a fancy.

'When I 'm a damosel,
I 'll do as I darè.
I shall be a proper witch;
'Ware, brother, 'ware!'

Merlin wagged his awful beard,
Smiling through the crinkles;
Bent his shaggy brows above
Eyes full of twinkles.

'Fie, fie, Morgan-le-Fay,
Bow your naughty knee;
Kiss your liege, kiss your brother;
Swear fealty.

'Though you 're a proper witch,
I 'm a proper wizard:
I know the magic books
From A to Izzard.

'Fools put their trust in magic,
Black, white, or gray,
I cannot save the kingdom,
You cannot betray.

'Arthur and his Table Round
Will dree their own weird.' —
Morgan-le-Fay stamped her foot
And tweaked Merlin's beard.

'Why are kings? Why are witches?
Why am I, I?
Merlin, let me bite the baby,
Let me make him cry.'

THE STRANGE MIND OF INDIA

BY J. A. CHAPMAN

THE CLERK

BABU NANDA LAL GUPTA was employed in the Cash Department of the Calcutta firm with which I myself was at one time associated. I had noted him as a thoughtful-looking man, whose reflections on things in general it would probably be interesting to have; but, obeying the unwritten law that confines the intercourse of the *sahib log* in business firms and the Bengalee clerks strictly to business, and having little or no business to discuss with Nanda Babu, I hardly ever spoke to him.

After I had left the firm, I felt more at liberty to follow my own impulses; and having had a small volume of verse printed to give to my friends, I presented him with a copy. He was probably, of all those to whom the book was given, the one who read it most carefully. He was certainly the only one to write paraphrases of some of the poems, and present them to the author. They formed a document which confirmed the impression that Nanda Babu's reflections would be interesting, or, at least, that they would bear a strongly marked individuality. The quotations from the *Bhagavadgita*, the references to *Jivatma*, *Paramatman*, and *Avidya*, in the notes to the paraphrases, — for they were provided with notes, — might owe much of their impressiveness for me to their being so charged with echoes of the unfamiliar East; but the choice of poems to paraphrase and comment on — with one or two exceptions, those of 'saddest

thought' — was an index to the man's mind not involved in ambiguity.

Fate was shortly afterward to throw Nanda Babu and myself together once more. On returning from work one afternoon, I found him seated, tightly clutching his umbrella, on a stiff seat in the hall. On seeing me enter, he jumped to his feet, saying in a tone of strong excitement: 'I have left Messieurs Searle and Coy. I will never go back.'

'Oh!' I said. 'What has happened?'

'The *bara* cashier' (that is the chief Bengalee cashier) 'asked me to-day to leave my work at the counter, and post up the cashbook.'

'Well, was there any harm in that?'

'Yes, sir.' He spoke excitedly. 'It makes the third time he has done it. He means to give my post at the counter to his nephew. That would be committing an injustice. By leaving the firm, I prevent it.'

'You don't prevent the nephew getting your post, which is the important thing. You had better go straight back.'

'No, sir. Never!'

'Then you mean to let the cashier's nephew have your post, without making any attempt to prevent it?'

'I could n't prevent it, sir, and it would be an act of injustice of which the *bara* cashier would be guilty. By giving up my post, I remove the temptation to which he is exposed. That is the right thing to do, according to our way of thinking.'

'It's a wretchedly illogical way of thinking, if you will excuse my saying so. Don't you see that you don't really *give up* your post? The bara cashier will have deprived you of it, whether he takes it away and gives you another, or you resign. And whatever post you hold, your salary will be the same. If you resign, you simply throw away a good post — or a good salary.'

'I do not think so, sir. The necessity is that the bara cashier should not be exposed to the temptation of committing a sin.'

There was silence between us for a time. I felt that I was getting beyond my depth. I was sitting on the stiff seat on which Nanda Babu had been seated. He stood in front of me. Presently I spoke again.

'You mean me to understand that when the bara cashier this morning — was it in the forenoon?'

'Yes, sir.'

'When he asked you to leave your work at the counter, you said nothing, but simply came away?'

'Yes, sir. I got my umbrella, and came here.'

'Then you've been here some hours?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why did you come to me?'

'You will help me, sir.'

'I see! That's your idea!'

Again there was silence for a time, and again I broke it.

'You said a moment ago that you could n't prevent the bara cashier's nephew getting your post. I could easily prevent it. I should only have to go and speak to Mr. Searle. I'll do it.'

'No, sir. It would get the bara cashier into trouble.'

'If it was wrongdoing, it would only be *my* wrongdoing, and it would lie very lightly on my conscience.'

'No, sir. It would be mine, too. If I had not come and told you, you would know nothing. What I have told you, I have told you in confidence. You could n't speak to Mr. Searle without betraying confidence.'

'If that's how you think of it all, I don't see that my speaking to Mr. Searle would do much good. You positively forbid my speaking to him?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Very good, then — I won't.'

I did not. I found him another post; but it took me some time, and during that time, I am afraid, Nanda Babu was often a hungry man.

THE PRIEST

BUDDHISM having left India for its homes in Burma, Ceylon, and the Far East, it became possible for men to forget the existence of even so holy a place to Buddhists as the temple at Bodh Gaya, which marks where Buddha, under the Bodhi tree, attained complete enlightenment. It *was* forgotten. What furthered that fate was the slow but sure burial of the temple under the ever-shifting silt of the Ganges and the Sone. The surface of the land, in those parts and in many others, rises, they say, a foot every century.

The existence of the temple, as I have said, was forgotten; and thus it became possible for the land on which it stood, or underneath which it then was, to pass by a grant from some Mogul ruler into the possession of a Hindu mahant (incumbent). He found it a profitable possession; for, peace and security once more restored to the land, the temple could be excavated, and, that done, it became a place of pilgrimage for both Hindus and Buddhists. That brought offerings to the temple.

Trouble, however, was due to arise. There was a riot, in the course of which

something was done that was grossly insulting to the Hindus. The incensed mahant retaliated by robing the image of Buddha in the temple, after the manner of Hindu images, and by putting a caste mark on its forehead. That was very grievous to Buddhist pilgrims.

One of them was the Tashi Lama from Tibet. He was accompanied in his pilgrimage by a political officer on the staff of the Foreign Office in India—an army captain. He confided to this Englishman his desire that steps should be taken to end the scandal.

The captain's idea was to form a society, which should stand out as the champion of the Buddhist rights. A distinguished Sanskritist—a *Mahamahopadhyaya*, and something of a Tibetan scholar, too—was appointed secretary, and at his solicitation I accepted the treasurership. As the society did not then, or ever, possess a single cent, my duties were light. Indeed, they began and ended with attendance at one meeting. At that meeting, held appropriately at the Indian Museum in Calcutta, the captain outlined a pact which he proposed that the society, speaking for Buddhists, should make with the mahant. I forget the terms of it, and remember only that I thought

they would be as grievous to Buddhists as the fact of the berobed and bedaubed image. I spoke in that sense, with such persistence that, at last, the captain assented to an adjournment of the meeting. The society never met again.

A little while afterward, as I was seated at home, writing, the *Mahamahopadhyaya* walked in, followed by a Buddhist priest from Chittagong. The latter had desired to see me; and so the *Mahamahopadhyaya* had ventured to bring him. I supposed that he wished to speak to me about the pact, but apparently not. He sat in silence, gazing at me. I could not speak any language that he understood, so I could not speak to him; but, to break the silence, I mentioned to the *Mahamahopadhyaya* that I was soon to visit Bodh Gaya. I was then informed that I should be furnished with a letter to the custodian of the Buddhist rest-house there. We then sat in silence for a little, until the *Mahamahopadhyaya* beckoned to me to rise, saying that the priest wished to pronounce a blessing. We all three rose; and for a few moments the room was full of the sound of sonorous Sanskrit.

He had come for that. The thought of it has been strangely sweet to me.

THE SCHOOLBOY

It happened when I was principal of a famous madrasah (Mohammedan college). The calendar is sprinkled with vacations for the scholars of such institutions. There must be one for Ramazan, one for the Muharram, one in the Hot Weather, one at Christmas, and so on; so that, once, when my scholars petitioned for a fortnight's holiday on a very poor pretext, I felt bound to refuse it. On the day on which, had I granted the petition, the madrasah would have been closed, word was brought to me that the scholars were

all on strike. I was writing a letter, but I stopped and went to see. The compound seemed full, but I should say that it held only about half the students—from three to four hundred. The other half was in the surrounding streets.

The faces of the head maulavi and the other teachers peered out of the windows of the upper story. I wish I could convey the impression that they gave of tearful, utter helplessness.

I sent word to the head maulavi and the other teachers that they were all

to be seated in their chairs, on their little raised platforms, just as if their classes had assembled, and were quietly at work. I did not quite know what good that would do; but I went on the instinct that not one of the seven or eight hundred individuals with whom I was about to deal would have thought of sending that word, had he found himself in my place. It would deepen the impression that I was an unfathomable mystery. That, I knew, was what every sahib strikes them as being. So, if I must work a spell on them, it would be better done, I thought, unwatched by tearful eyes.

I had once arrived at the gates of a Calcutta college when a strike was on. There was a great crowd, in the midst of which stood the principal, a Bengalee. His hair and his eyes were wild, his arms uplifted, and in tones of supplication he pleaded with his erring scholars. They seemed to take it very lightly.

There were two gates from the madrasah compound to the street. I entered by one, locked it, and put the key in my pocket — in the sight of many witnesses, of course. There would be for them, I hoped, something symbolic in the locked gates. Once locked, how were they to know that they would ever open again?

I took my stand midway between the other gate and the madrasah steps; and, taking out my watch and holding it up as high as I could, I explained to those within hearing that I gave them five minutes in which to go, either to their classrooms, or out into the street. I did n't care which they did, I told them. If they chose to go out, I said, I meant to go out with the last, and to lock the gate behind me.

The crowd round me grew bigger, of course. I was n't quite sure how, if they did not go to their classrooms, and refused to leave the compound, I was to get them all out of it single-handed;

but time would soon show. Meanwhile, for something to do, I counted the minutes aloud as they passed. 'Four minutes more!' — 'Three minutes more!' — 'Two minutes more!' — 'One minute more!' — 'Half a minute more!'

When there was only a quarter of a minute left, there was a sudden cry raised for two minutes more, in order that those in the street might be told, and have time to come into the compound. I granted that, and the counting began again. 'Two minutes more!' — 'One minute more!' — 'Half a minute more!'

They seemed to find the counting very impressive. And here I should say that they were n't all boys. Some of them were almost full-grown men, and some were quite that. Not a few of the faces round me were bearded. A man may go to a madrasah when he is sixty or seventy, and have a teacher, or a 'spiritual guide,' young enough to be his son.

At the sound of 'Half a minute more!' all faces turned to the madrasah steps. My first thought was that, whichever way the crowd moved, I must move with it, I was so pressed against by bodies on all sides. I had even, for a fraction of a second, the fear of being crushed to death. My second thought — or feeling rather, and a very queer sensation it was — was that the crowd was *swaying*. Then we all moved on together — in the direction of the classrooms. I moved until I came to a projection by which I could anchor myself. From there I watched them stream up the steps.

When I got back to my study, I took out my watch and found that the strike, from beginning to end, had lasted about twenty minutes. 'It was you that stopped it!' I said to my watch, as I put it back in my pocket; 'for I did nothing. I merely held you up.'

THE SECRET JOURNEY

BY EMMA PONAfidine

I

IMMEDIATELY after my sons were released by the Tcheka, the elder was made 'Military Instructor' in our Volost, where he superintended the military training of young men in the various villages; and so we had the comfort and help of his being with us.

During this winter, — 1918-19, — we first came in direct contact with the Bolshevik authorities in the city; and the peasants came to us, advising us to join their commune, arguing that they might be able to protect us if we belonged to it. They passed a resolution in a Skhodka held without our presence, stating that as the 'Ponafidines had always been friendly and good to the peasants, and *Whereas*, since the Revolution, they had never shown any political activity, but had always been ready to submit to all the revolutionary laws of the parish committee and commune,' they asked to have 'citizens Ponafidine and their sons registered as members of their community.'

This was, of course, not a political confession of faith, but a purely agrarian step. That it never had any practical result for us was not the fault of the peasants. In all that followed, when they repeatedly asked us if they might interfere in the action of the Bolsheviks against us, we advised them to keep still, for we doubted if their resistance would have any weight, while it surely would bring down on them the wrath of the Bolsheviks.

Our first visitor from the Bolsheviks

was the County Commissar of Agriculture, an Esthonian, a butter-maker by profession, who arrived with secretaries, assistants, and professional farm-managers. He was exceedingly polite, and altogether quite won our confidence. We heard later from one of those present, that he said, 'That's the way I always treat them, until they lose their fright and show me everything. Then, when I have got what I want out of them, I begin to squeeze.' And he certainly did squeeze us later on.

He went all over the estate, and then came in and discussed matters with us in a friendly and apparently open manner. He said that the chief object of the Commissariat was to see that no ground remained uncultivated, and that the greatest number of cattle and horses were raised. He assured us that we might remain in possession if we would guarantee to cultivate all our land as it had been done by us formerly, in order that we could give as much to the market as we did before. Under such circumstances, we could be permitted to have hired help, as was the rule on state farms.

We explained that it was out of the question. We had neither horses to plough with, nor cattle to furnish manure, as in other years, nor means with which to hire help. Also, we should cause bad feelings among the peasants, who now had the greater part of our grass-lands. The strongest argument of all, that we did not trust him and his

fine words, or any other Bolshevik, could not, of course, be expressed.

His next suggestion was that they make a state farm in Bortniki, and I remain to manage the dairy for them. This last I evaded, claiming the right to do so, because I was over age for such work, and could not leave my sick husband. The question of establishing a state farm was left open, but everything they said pointed to such a fate for our estate. Before he left, I said to the Commissar, 'What is to become of us in case the estate and all our property is taken from us? My husband and I are, unfortunately, still alive; how are we to be supported?' In reply, he threw his hands in a comprehensive gesture about the room, and said, —

'Oh, all this, your house and personal belongings are yours. They cannot be touched. We only take the farming implements and live stock. You and your husband can receive rations as issued to old people; your sons, of course, will be in the military service.'

He left us feeling, on the whole, reassured; we had not sufficiently learned the lesson that the Bolsheviks were teaching us, and therefore took the word of a Commissar as worth something.

A short time after this incident, going out into the hall one day, when I was quite alone in the house with my invalid husband, I saw three big, strapping Red Army men standing in the doorway, who, on seeing me, raised their rifles as for 'Attention,' and with one voice shouted out, —

'In the name of the Russian Socialist, Federative, Soviet Republic, we arrest — your property.' And at the last words they brought down their rifles to 'At ease.'

I went up to them and asked them not to make so much noise, as my husband was sick, and added, 'Now

just put down your rifles, — you won't frighten me, — and I'll get the samovar ready; we'll drink tea, and afterward you may tell me what you want.'

At the sound of the word 'samovar,' instantly all their bellicose instincts were forgotten, and they asked eagerly, 'Where shall we put them?' And, standing the rifles in a corner that I indicated, they followed me docilely into my husband's room.

I hastily explained to him in English that I thought the boys were all right if handled carefully, and to them I said, 'You sit down and talk to my husband, who is blind and lonely, while I prepare the samovar for tea.'

I left them cosily chatting and smoking cigarettes that my husband offered them. With tea and black bread, all we had to offer them, they became still milder; and finally, when they handed me a small piece of paper (we were having a paper famine and even official documents were written on little scraps, sometimes even on packing paper), it proved to be from the Commissariat of Agriculture, and began: —

'Take from the Ponafidines thirty tablecloths, ten pairs of curtains, ten pairs portières, and ten window-shades, twelve upholstered chairs' — and I forget now how many tables, books, book-cases, mirrors, and wardrobes, all to be taken for the 'Communist Club of Ostashkow,' our county town. The paper was signed by the County Commissar of Agriculture.

As no business is ever done in Russia without bargaining, I did not see why this should be an exception, so began to use all my powers of persuasion — so successfully, that they came down from thirty tablecloths to eighteen; and when I took them around the house, to choose curtains and tables, they were kind enough to say, 'Oh, give us what you care least about'; and on leaving, they gave us a receipt for all they took.

This, by the way, was the only raid made on our house where the commission went through the form of giving us a receipt.

We parted quite touchingly. They invited us to come and see their club, and all went up to the bed to shake my husband's hand very politely and to apologize for disturbing him. Later on, one of our acquaintances told us of a big military dinner given to all the Commissars and other Communists of importance — a very fine dinner for those hard times. Our friend, however, said that all his appetite left him when he saw the table spread with a handsome cloth for twenty-five persons, with my monogram and crest in the centre.

We were very much relieved to have this Communistic visit end as peaceably as it did; for two of the members of the party had been among those who had so maltreated neighbors of ours. They had arrested a Madam K—— and all her family and guests, and kept them locked up, the family in different partitions of the cellar, without giving them seats or even straw to lie on: and there they were held for ten days. The guests, as presumably less culpable, were confined to rooms in the house, and all were brought into the dining-room for their meals, while soldiers, with rifles, guarded them, and entertained them by encouraging remarks, such as, 'Eat more, it may be your last meal.'

When Madam K—— complained of the dampness in the cellar, they said, 'Never mind, even if you do take cold; for you will be shot to-morrow at the latest.'

All these remarks Madam K—— answered mockingly, and added, 'We must all die some day, and I would far rather be shot and done with, than to have this kind of a life last, or to lie an invalid for years in my bed.'

Madam K—— was expecting a number of friends and relatives from Petrograd and Moscow, who were coming to the country in hope of laying in food-supplies. They continued to arrive for several days; and as each party of guests drove up, they were politely ushered to their rooms by the Red Army and Tcheka men, where they were promptly locked up, to their great astonishment.

Among the last to arrive was a French lady, who outwitted the Tcheka men in a very clever manner. She had jewels hidden inside the stocking on one foot, and when she was searched, as all were, she made a great fuss, pretending to be very bashful, and begged to take off her shoes and stockings herself. This she did, very coyly under her skirts. Somehow she managed to strip the same foot twice, and the soldiers shook out the shoe and turned the stockings inside out, never noticing that it was the same foot each time.

The Communists who visited us told us, with the greatest glee, of the indignities they heaped upon Madam K—— and her guests; but they fortunately were very good tempered when they came to our house.

This again shows how uncertain our life was, and how our fate always depended upon the persons and the mood of the persons who happened to visit us. And this very uncertainty was one of the most wearing features of the long years. Many a bridge that we dreaded to cross, we found, on approaching, never existed; and again, when we least expected it, a flood would burst upon us. What has driven the refugees in tens of thousands from Russia, has not been altogether the fear of famine and starvation, but in some measure the impossibility of leading the life that made us each evening thank God for one more day of comparative peace, and in the

morning ask Him for help to bear whatever the new day might have in store for us.

II

In spite of the promise of the Commissar of Agriculture, our personal belongings continued to be taken from us; and in April of 1919 the estate was turned into a state farm. We were permitted to live in a small bungalow on our (former) land and to cultivate with our own hands as many acres as a peasant family of the size of ours would be entitled to have.

In the late summer of the same year, my husband died, and we were able to bury him in the family vault, where for three hundred years the members of our family have been buried. My youngest son and I were alone; my other son was stationed only some four hours by train from us, but the two telegrams we sent him reached him after his father's funeral. We could not send for him, as no permission was given to private persons to travel on that road. The peasants, however, rallied around us and did all they could for us in those sad days. My youngest son was then working in the Government Forestry Department near us, and he and I continued to live as before until September, 1920, when we were turned out by order of the Central Government.

The order was to evict us with two weeks' notice, giving us what was strictly necessary as to household goods, forty pounds of flour, three changes of linen and other garments, 'according to the season'—this, after repeated assurances that what we raised ourselves could not be taken from us! Existing 'decrees' also ensured us, as the family of a Red Army man, exemption from all requisitions, and from any curtailing of our rights. Here again we found that the 'freedom'

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and 'liberty' of Bolshevik Communism, as well as their decrees, are subject to many interpretations.

On hearing of this order, the peasants went to town and interceded for us so successfully, that we were allowed a year's supply of flour for myself, all our vegetables, and most of the clothing that we had saved. My sons were supposed to get army rations. The horse and the cow were to be taken from us.

The first years we had scrupulously kept intact the inventory of our property as made out by the peasants in 1917. Though we had often found ourselves in great need of what we could have obtained by bartering our household goods or clothing, we had never touched anything. But finally the day came when we realized that we were dealing with robbers, and that we must have more courage in acting for the future.

So we began to 'steal' our own property that the Bolsheviki claimed as the 'people's,' and to hide it. We had a girl in the house who watched and reported our every movement, so it took a good deal of skill to outwit her. During the day I would collect what I most wished to save, and pack it in boxes or bundles, at odd moments, as I could, when this girl's eyes and ears were otherwise engaged. Some dark or stormy night, when our spy was asleep, my son and I would grope our way in the dark to the attic, carrying the boxes or bundles down the stairs, stopping breathlessly to listen to each sound—down the hill, keeping well in the shadow of bushes and trees, to our little boat moored to the landing. Then we would row across the lake to where some 'speculators' were waiting to buy what we had; or, more often, to a neighbor's or some trusty peasant's who would hide the things for us. Sometimes a few days later we would learn

of a contemplated raid on one of these houses, and then another night-expedition would have to be undertaken, and a safer hiding-place found.

In this way we gradually smuggled clothing, household goods, and rye out of the house, until we had things hidden in twelve different places. So when the black day came and we were finally turned out of our last home, and were faced with life without our cow, we were able, by selling some of these treasures, to get the means of persuading the Agricultural Department to leave us our cow. In those hard times, if we could only have milk with our potatoes and rye bread we felt that we were rich indeed, and had no right to complain.

The cow once secured, the next problem was how to feed her. We had hay enough that my son had harvested himself, and we managed by a little extra persuasion to get this supply included in the permission for taking the cow, but this hay was in our barn, over twenty miles from the city, and it would have to be carted around the lake.

At this time we were suffering from an acute salt famine that continued for many months. There is plenty of salt in Russia, but this was just another example of mismanagement. In our part of the country salt was so scarce, and so dear, at that time, that it was used as our standard currency. Go to the market place and ask the price of anything and you were given it in so many pounds of salt; hire a carpenter, washerwoman, or day-laborer, and salt would be demanded in payment.

And here we — without salt, or any apparent prospect of obtaining it — were told by the peasants that they would only cart the hay to town for salt! Seven pounds of salt for each load of hay, and as the roads at that season were very bad we knew that

the loads would be small. Trusting to Providence, we promised to obtain the salt in some way, and they brought us the hay, consenting to be paid gradually as we could get the salt. Immediately on arriving in the city I went to some Jewish acquaintances who had hidden supplies and who gladly gave us salt for milk. As the price of salt was so exceedingly high, it took nearly the whole winter's supply of milk to get sufficient to pay for bringing the cow's food to town, leaving very little for our own use.

The little town to which we had moved was so crowded with troops that we almost despaired of getting lodgings. One basement room had to serve as bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen for us, and a little stable was found for our cow, with a loft for the precious hay. Hard as our life was in many ways, we felt that it was easier to endure these new troubles than it had been to live on the old estate and see the house where generations of our family had been born and had grown up and died, now occupied by strangers.

III

All these years we had been cut off from the outside world. No mail had come through from November, 1917, to October, 1920. All the news we had came through the Bolshevik papers. They gave accounts of the spread of Bolshevism abroad, and of the conversion of more and more countries to Communistic ideas.

At last, one never-to-be-forgotten day, letters came from dear friends in America, saying that they were working to get us out. Only those who have gone through what we in Bolshevik Russia have endured, isolated as in a prison, can understand what we experienced when those letters came, assuring us that there were people liv-

ing as human beings have a right to live, and that there was a hope of our escaping from what was a slow, living death. Life in Russia is now one long-drawn-out physical, mental, and moral torture, especially for people of our class. It is next to impossible to get out of the country, prohibition and strict surveillance within, and many complications that meet a Russian citizen as soon as he crosses the frontier. But at last, in December, 1921, the longed-for moment arrived, and it was in an unexpected way.

Every step had to be taken with the greatest care and secrecy, not only for our own sakes, but to avoid any risk of involving our friends. Hard as it was, therefore, to leave without a word of farewell, we decided not to take anyone into our confidence, and we left Russia without even the landlord of the rooms we occupied having any suspicion of our intentions.

Finally, one dark stormy night, the three of us — my two sons and myself — started on what we knew was the road either to freedom or to death. We took with us only what we could carry in sacks tied on our backs, and were guided by people whom we did not know, and whose faces we never saw through that long black night.

We found ourselves driving through snowdrifts in absolute silence; passing places where we had to make long détours to avoid exposing ourselves to lights, or running into the Red sentinels, stationed all along the border. After driving hours in the bitter cold, and having many false alarms, we came to a very serious obstacle in our path. It was an open, riverlike channel, some fifty feet broad, where large blocks of ice were floating. Our guides told us they were in the habit of unharnessing their horses and laying them bound with ropes on the sledges. Then, by gathering the blocks of ice

together with long hooks, the sledges could be pushed across. We asked where we should be during that operation, and were told that we could 'jump from block to block.'

In the darkness we could just distinguish black spots on the white snow, which we knew were open places in the ice and meant water. Our men began feverishly to unharness the horses; but, something alarming them, they decided that it was too great a risk to spend so much time, and that we must get across as speedily as possible.

Passing long ropes under the bodies of the horses and around the shafts, the ends of which were held by the drivers, we proceeded to cross as best we could. The large blocks of ice were drawn together, making as solid a mass as possible; and over this the horses stepped quickly and lightly, as only Russian horses can do, accustomed as they are to crossing unsafe ice.

One of our horses broke through, but my son and the driver jumped off the back of the sledge on to the firm ice, and with the support given by the ropes the horse was able to scramble out and we all crossed in safety.

A few days later, when safely over the frontier, we met a family who had experienced greater difficulties than those that had fallen to our lot. Their horse, breaking through the ice, had been unable to get out and, in its extremity, began to scream. Fearing that it might be heard by the Red sentinels, the guides struck it over the head, and pushed the body of the horse and the sledge under the ice so as to leave no trace — and continued their way on foot.

After going some hours farther in the darkness, we were told that the frontier was crossed, but we soon found that our trials were not at an end.

The understanding with the guides had been that they were to take us to

a village, where we could get a horse to take us farther. What was, then, our dismay when our guides abruptly stopped and, ordering us to get out, began throwing our sacks after us onto the snow, telling us that they would take us no farther! All our protestations were in vain. Waving their hands indefinitely in the darkness, our guides kept repeating: 'Go in that direction and you will be sure to strike a village.' Taking up their reins, they dashed off, and were soon swallowed up in the darkness.

Unbroken snow and drifts lay before us in the direction so vaguely indicated, without a track to guide us; but we tied on our bags and set out as hopefully as we could. I, however, came very near wrecking our expedition; for my knees were so frozen that I could not make them bend. The snow was drifted in some places nearly to my waist, and every few steps I would fall. In fact, we all did; but the difference was that my sons could at once regain their feet, whereas I had no strength to rise with the bag on my back. My sons would remove the sack and pull me to my feet, only to be obliged to repeat the operation after a few steps.

The night was wearing on, and we were not far enough over the frontier for safety; but I could do no better. As a last resort, one of my sons suggested going on in hope of finding help, leaving us with his bags to struggle on as we could. So my eldest son and I took one bag at a time, dragging them a few rods, and then going back for others. In this way, falling and rising, we made some progress, until, to our dismay, we realized that the footprints that we were following were being fast obliterated by the storm, and the horror of losing each other was added to our anxieties.

My son and I held a council of war, and decided that he was to go on and

get into communication with his brother. This he was very reluctant to do, as it involved leaving me quite alone; but I insisted that in doing so lay our only hope of keeping in touch with each other.

Before starting, my son gathered all our sacks and, piling them up, told me to sit down and rest; then he in turn disappeared in the darkness. I soon found that sitting still and thinking was the last thing to do, and that I must act—even if with little result. Taking one bag at a time, I stumbled on, making some headway, until I found that the footsteps I was following were becoming so faint, that in the darkness I sometimes had to feel for them with my fingers. This seemed to me the last straw, and dropping the bag that was in my hand, I hurried on, feverishly trying to go as fast as I could, losing all estimate of time. It seemed to me that eternities passed before I saw, way ahead of me, a light brightly gleaming in the darkness.

IV

No lost mariner ever saw the saving light with more thankfulness and joy than did I, alone in the darkness, with dangers worse than shipwreck behind me. Now I felt I could rest and get my breath. Gathering up all our sacks, I sat down and patiently waited till I saw the dark figures of my two sons looming out of the darkness. Now we did not mind stumbling and falling, for we knew that the goal was near.

It seems that the son who had gone first struck a little clearing in the forest—the only one, as we afterwards learned, anywhere near. Here he found a forester's cabin and, waking the family, asked them to put a lamp in the window to guide us, and to prepare something hot to drink. Retracing his steps, he met his brother, and the two found me.

When we entered that little one-roomed cabin, and were met by the fragrant aroma of real coffee, the first we had smelled — to say nothing of tasting — in years, I think that was one of the strongest sensations of that long night.

The young wife spoke no Russian, but her heart went out to us, and she bustled about, getting our frozen garments thawed and dried, and placed before us a steaming coffee-pot, milk, and — what seemed to us a most unwarrantable extravagance — a saucer heaped full of sugar. We had not seen so much sugar in one place for a long time. She then made us comfortable, one on her bed, others on the floor, to rest while her husband went to a neighboring village.

How we slept! It was day when the men came in, and we had a long argument about hiring their horse to take us to the quarantine. On every frontier these quarantines are established against Russian refugees. Though nominally to protect Europe against the epidemics, — now a part of the Bolshevik régime, — it seemed to us that there was more of political than sanitary significance to the quarantine, where we were told we must spend two weeks.

On arriving there we found that our friends in America had taken all necessary steps to make the remainder of our journey both safe and comfortable — and so we were led out of that land of desolation and suffering. Our escape was made possible, humanly speaking, by the activity of our friends; but every step was so wonderfully guided and the rough ways made smooth, that we could only thank God for his mercy to us.

In looking back, we felt that we had awakened from an awful nightmare. We almost forgot that we were leaving

all we held dear and our homeland; for Russia is so changed. Our family also is almost entirely broken up. Death, — largely from privations, — exile, imprisonment had done their work.

What we left is not Russia. Not only have the Bolsheviks ruined a great empire and made it desolate in every sense of the word, but the very life and spirit of Russia are changed. Among people once unparalleled for their kindness, hospitality, and charm, one now sees, on the one hand, only the despotism, brutality, and even luxury of the few, in whom not a Russian trait seems to have survived; and, on the other hand, the cowed, starving mass, with all initiative and life crushed out of them.

But I fully believe that Russia is not dead. How long it will take her to rise and shake off the heavy yoke that is crushing all intellectual and moral life, and begin a new and freer development, no one can foretell. 'Many waters must flow' — as the Russian proverb has it — before peace and life can come; and, in the meantime, the toll must be great in life and misery; but the dawn will come with God's help. While holding fast to this belief, one's heart is heavy in thinking of the many lives so uselessly sacrificed, families scattered, and suffering endured — and oh! so bravely that no pen picture can portray the reality.

The only gleam of light came through the wonderful work of Hoover's Relief Administration. One of my nephews, also a Russian refugee, wrote me of the help he and his family had received through that organization, and added: 'So long as Russians have breath in them, they will pray God to reward the Americans who sent them food for their starving bodies, and, above all, words of cheer to keep up their courage in their time of dire need.'

LEADERS OF BRITISH LABOR

BY E. T. RAYMOND

[*Mr. Raymond's illuminating analysis of British politics, begun in the August Atlantic, with portrait etchings of Lord Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George, and thumb-nail sketches of Mr. Bonar Law and some others, here concludes, with a précis of the British Labor Party and its leaders.* — THE EDITORS.]

I

THERE remains Labor. Three years ago I remarked that a great political genius, with no point of view but that of the architect, would prefer the materials offered by the Labor Party to any at present available. I still adhere to that opinion. The decay, apparently irremediable, of the older aristocracy, the loss of political power and, still more, of political instinct by the middle classes, have given the English masses an immense preponderance, in political keenness as well as in numbers, of which some great man is sure, sooner or later, to avail himself.

There are spiritual qualities in 'Labor,' which, properly used, would give it, under adequate leadership, a power and a dignity at least equal to those of any of the historic parties. The better kind of British workingman is that rarest of beings, a patriot who loves his own country more than he hates others. His 'internationalism' is all on the surface; he is at bottom the most English thing in England. Knowing that he has to live in his country, whatever betides, he has no motive, as the commercial classes too often have, to calculate national prosperity in the terms of profit earned at the nation's ultimate cost. It is true that, being in touch with the sternest real-

ities of life, he cannot afford to look far ahead; for him the daily wage must always be the first question. But, apart from his absorbing interest in the meat that perishes, he is a romantic and an idealist; fair-minded, altruistic, remarkably free from envy, malice, and uncharitableness, and possessed of a fervent desire, as well as capacity, to admire what he can genuinely recognize as superior. Under a leader of fine intellect and heroic temperament, British Labor could, without great shock or destruction, achieve a social rearrangement far exceeding in thoroughness and beneficence any of which British history bears record.

As things are, however, the Labor Party is but an embodied satire on the natural and legitimate aspirations of the English masses. It has achieved a considerable Parliamentary representation, and it may well win a good many seats at the next election. At the bye-elections, alone among the parties, it has revealed great accessions of strength independent of local and temporary factors. But the larger grows the phalanx of heavy trades-union leaders in the House of Commons, the less moral and intellectual weight Labor seems to possess in the councils of the nation. Its Parliamentary representa-

tives are deficient in almost everything that counts in a popular assembly — in enthusiasm, industry, debating-power, tactical ability, and sense of values. They derive a certain strength from their personal integrity, using the word in its most narrowly material sense; for, though a Labor vote is often stupid, it is seldom venal; and the worst that can be generally alleged against the class of workingman M. P.'s is that they have latterly tended to wind up as rather highly paid civil servants.

For intellectual honesty, however, they are not distinguished; and, without charging them, as Lord Birkenhead did, with 'consistent and abject poltroonery,' it is impossible to acquit them of failing, in face of the great problems of the last few years, to see and act straightly. The fault is possibly due rather to mental confusion than to moral obliquity. Certainly, in the case of Mr. Arthur Henderson, whose retention of his primacy during so many checkered years is a signal reproof to those who charge the masses with inconstancy, the head is rather at fault than the heart. Mr. Henderson is thoroughly well-meaning, and as little unremindful of his moral responsibilities as Mr. Pecksniff. But he is afflicted in a rather unusual degree with a common British characteristic, that 'woolliness' of mind which, though perhaps of some advantage in practical politics, makes the speculative essays of so many British politicians an astonishment to the outside world.

Mr. Henderson has read many times the Sermon on the Mount; and, in his capacity as Wesleyan local preacher, has given his own valuable comments thereon. He has also read, with perhaps less mastery, certain abridgments of the works of Karl Marx and his commentators; and, like the authority on Chinese metaphysics, he tries to 'combine the information.'

Unfortunately, he is dealing with things that simply will not combine; and in consequence Mr. Henderson suffers from what Mr. Chesterton once wittily described as a literally splitting headache — a permanent schism in the mind that produces a habitual inconsistency. He can scarcely speak without contradictions, which are obscured only by the vague and cloudy character of his rhetoric. We are to have perfect freedom for all, combined with universal compulsion. There is to be national control of the means of production, but no 'bureaucracy.' The 'biggest incomes and fortunes' are to be the main source of revenue, but Labor will incessantly work to make big incomes and fortunes as impossible as they are inequitable, and 'the notion of private gain' must be replaced by 'the notion of public service.' On the subject of taxation, indeed, Mr. Henderson's ideas are as simple as those of any old-time dey of Algiers. He seems to regard 'big incomes' as a sort of spontaneous growth, encouraged rather than checked by hard grazing. On no other assumption can we reconcile his desire to 'eliminate profiteering' with his promise to make the profiteer pay the bulk of the expenses of what would certainly be a most expensive form of government.

More artfully concealed, but scarcely less fundamental, is the trouble which sterilizes the considerable abilities of Mr. J. R. Clynes. His case is not Mr. Henderson's. He speaks much too clearly to think muddily; and if he were always free to give the counsel he would desire, British Labor would be viewed with less suspicion than it is to-day. But Mr. Clynes, with many excellent qualities, — moderate, quick of vision, and as intellectually honest as he can afford to be, — has hardly the substance to be a leader who leads.

There is too much difference between the speeches in which he thinks it safe to say what he thinks and those in which he says only what his followers like to think that he thinks.

After all, there are ample excuses. More than any of his fellow ex-Ministers, Mr. Clynes in office displayed the essential qualities of statesmanship — courage, judgment, initiative, and a capacity for noncommittal coöperation with people who may be the opponents of to-morrow. He has, too, a dignity which might not be inferred from the first glance at his insignificant figure and small, sharp, terrier-like face. That such a man should be too often obliged to argue on lines which obviously fail to appeal to his understanding is sufficient indication of the servitude which present conditions impose on those who purport to lead Labor.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, the divinity who shapes the ends of all who work on railways, is almost the only other figure on the Labor Bench who counts, since Mr. Brace, the splendid, became a Government servant, and could indulge without proletarian criticism his taste for a good cigar and a tolerable picture. Though, as a trades-union leader, there are few to vie with him in clear perception, both of his own interests and those of his men, Mr. Thomas, like the other Labor leaders, is, on his political side, a man of double vision. Mr. Thomas, indeed, has a multiplicity of personalities. He is an organizer of extraordinary talent, who achieved almost a miracle in uniting all the separate railway trade-unions (each representing a social division much more marked than that which distinguishes a marquess from a baronet) into a single organization. He is a trained and skillful negotiator. He can be, when he likes, a rampant demagogue, whose 'warnings' at first sight

seem scarcely distinguishable from incitements, although at the last his word is always for prudence and for peace. He is a revolutionary, who proposes to work by evolution, and fears no 'riotous breaking from old ways' — or, at all events, 'only in the passing stage.'

But he is also — most important of all — a thoroughly middle-class person, who likes flattery, and values the fact that he can always get breakfast at the Prime Minister's table. The two understand each other, as Welshmen and old friends, exceedingly well; and when there has been a crisis in the railway world, Mr. Lloyd George has probably slept the better through his confidence in the essential respectability of Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Henderson was, a very long time ago, a moulder. Mr. Clynes once won a scanty wage as a 'little-piecer' in a Lancashire cotton factory. Mr. Thomas, an errand-boy at nine, was an engine-cleaner in his later teens. All of them are now in comfortable enjoyment of incomes which, however far from excessive, are by no means contemptible. To arrive at their present positions they have gone through much. No labor is more exacting, no routine more wearisome, no self-suppression more repulsive, than the labor, the routine, and the self-suppression of a Labor leader.

Is it rational to expect those who have won through, by patience, tact, persuasiveness, and pliability, such as no ambassador was ever called on to display, to be wanting in the defects of their qualities? Can such men be supposed to mean the things they constantly have to say? Can they be imagined as earnestly bent on social changes which, desirable or undesirable, can assuredly be compassed only at the cost of much sweat, and perhaps some blood?

II

No. British Labor's time, it seems to me, is not yet; nor will it come until it has thrown up from its own ranks, or attracted within its orbit, one whom it is prepared to accept, and one who is worthy to act, as its master. It is not by those who repeat formulas, and especially borrowed and alien formulas which they only half understand and do not half believe, — which is certainly the case with the British Labor leaders and Marxian Socialism, — that great democratic movements come about. History tells us that no great outburst of democratic zeal is evoked except by great and simple men, with a great and simple message, to deliver which they are ready to risk all, even their respectability. And that sort of man is seldom found among those who have plodded their way, with patience and caution, from a lowly position to one simply comfortable. The great popular leader is often a damaged aristocrat. He is sometimes an eccentric man of wealth. He is sometimes a genius from the depths. Men who have had much will gamble their last crown through despair. Men who have much will gamble their last crown through tedium. Men who have never had anything will stake the only thing they can risk — their lives. But the man whom, of all others, we least expect to play a big game of any kind is the one who, starting from nothing, has become the possessor of a few hundreds in first-class securities, and the master of a nicely furnished little home. Of such are the Labor leaders who, at one moment, call for the resignation of the most profligate of capitalistic Governments, and the next (at a hint of dissolution) cry, in effect, 'Oppressors of the people, conscienceless despots, how dare you put us about, and threaten us with a further

run on sorely depleted funds, by talking of giving us an early opportunity to destroy you?'

Such, as it appears to my judgment, is a not unfair presentment of the political conditions in Great Britain to-day. If it be true that the Government is so wanting in any principle of vitality that it would fall at a blow, or even at the blast of any trumpet giving forth a not uncertain sound, it seems also true that there is no arm strong enough to strike the blow, and no mouth capable of forming a genuine note of defiance.

One real thing, it is true, remains, and it would be capable in a short time of communicating reality to other things. I mean, of course, the so-called Die-Hard Conservatism. These people represent something in certain respects rather stupid, but also something very genuine and vital. They are, for the time, deprived of their natural organs by the adherence of all possible leaders (with the notable exception of Mr. Bonar Law) to the Coalition; but it is not improbable that, like those other organisms that walk backward, — the respectable family of crabs, — they will shortly develop new limbs — and claws.

Something over a year ago, I suggested that Mr. Lloyd George, 'the born explosive of party union and builder of flying bridges between incompatibles,' as a witty critic has called him, was ambitious of stinging British Toryism into paralysis, without actually killing it, so that he might, like the ichneumon fly, provide living pabulum for some political larva of his own production. That scheme has now failed, obviously and finally. Genuine British Toryism does not mean to be killed or paralyzed. It is, on the contrary, the only British party with a definite aim, and that aim is most definite. It is simply to rid itself, by any

means, and at the first possible moment, of the Lloyd George connection.

Unless Mr. Bonar Law should decide to help it, however, it can hardly emancipate itself by the time an election comes. It must, therefore, be assumed that the Coalition will go to the country in its present form, and secure a majority. But the conditions of the next Parliament will not be the conditions of this. The dependence of the Prime Minister on Conservatism will be much more marked; the independence of individual Conservatives will be correspondingly accentuated; a large party of very definite convictions, unfavorable to continued coalition, will form; and it is not consistent with any theory of political human nature that some clever man, either in the Coalition or without, will refuse the opportunity open to him who becomes its leader.

British political conditions are so singular, the character of the Prime Minister is so incalculable, that it would be foolish indeed to attempt to predict the precise development of the movement toward stable equilibrium which is undoubtedly beginning. The possibilities of minor complications produced by the final burst-up of the Coalition are almost as numerous as the ways of arranging how, in a train carrying five hundred people, two hundred can travel with their faces and two hundred with their backs to the engine. But one or two conclusions seem to be justified.

There will reëmerge, sooner or later, a genuine Conservative party, of which Mr. Lloyd George will not be

the leader, partly because he is not wanted, partly because he can hardly acquire, at his time of life, the accent of Toryism. The mere existence of this party will tend to reconsolidate Liberalism, which still represents the habitual mood of a large body of the British people, and represents even the British people itself in certain of its moods. Labor, until it has produced its man, seems destined to continue a rather niggling and ineffective Ishmaelite.

It will be observed that no allowance has been made for the factor of Mr. Lloyd George's personality. I am, indeed, disposed to think that, once he is out, he will remain out. His ascendancy depends on the prevalence of turmoil. There was a certain truth in his description of himself as a stormy petrel, whose element is the tempest. He has always not only made his best figure, but prospered best, in conditions of crisis. During the latter years of the war, every reverse only added to his security; and it is hardly unfair to say that, since the Armistice a quarterly political sensation has been necessary to maintain his prestige. The country, however, shows unmistakable signs that its nerves will no longer respond to stimulus; it wants, above all, sleep; and, once it has sunk into much needed repose, Mr. George will be at a disadvantage. Clever as he is, there is one thing Nature has put beyond his power. He can do nothing without a brass band, and his sheer incapacity for quiet routine must tell against him with John Bull, when that much-tried personage has got his head well on the pillow.

LIBERIA AND NEGRO RULE

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

THE recent arrangement with the Negro Republic of Liberia, whereby America will undertake certain administrative duties and will grant a loan for the development of that rich and backward portion of the coast of Guinea, has introduced a new and startling feature into the administration of Tropical Africa — new in the sense that America is strengthening the somewhat nebulous relations she has long maintained with that portion of Western Africa, and startling because, for the first time, she is seriously undertaking administrative responsibilities in a continent from which, except for the previous agreement with Liberia in 1911, she has studiously held aloof.

When I wrote my book, *The Germans and Africa*, at the beginning of the war, I was much criticized, on both sides of the Atlantic, because I suggested that the time was not far distant when the United States would be compelled by economic necessity to accept responsibilities in a portion of the world which, hitherto, had been regarded as peculiarly the domain of European enterprise. What I then wrote was as follows: —

There remains one great and powerful nation that as yet has taken no part either in the regeneration or exploitation of Africa — a nation that sooner or later will be compelled to obtain new sources of tropical supplies, and to extend her influence over other portions of the globe than those now under her sway. The future of the United States

as a plantation power has so far scarcely been considered. The entry of America upon the African continent would involve a reversal of traditional American policy, though not so great an upheaval as would have been the case before the Philippines, some of the Samoan Islands, Porto Rico, and Cuba had come under the American flag or had fallen under American influence. Yet even were America desirous — and there is no present evidence of such a desire — of undertaking fresh responsibilities (in Africa), and even were Great Britain anxious to assist, it is hardly probable that such assistance would be forthcoming without some substantial compensation in the form of a reorganization or exchange of territory. But such a possibility may well occur within the present or next generation. America, if she is to continue triumphantly in the future along the paths of progress she has trodden in the past, can hardly afford to deny herself the opportunity of acquiring tropical possessions, from which she might gather the products that will be needed for her own enterprises. The vast stores of rubber, cotton and other fibres, vegetable oils, copra, tea, coffee, and other tropical products that are consumed by her population or utilized in her factories will doubtless, if her progress is to be assured, be obtained from American territory outside the boundaries of the United States.

While it is by no means suggested that what is essentially an economic arrangement between the most powerful Republic in the world and probably the weakest independent state outside Europe necessarily involves the territorial absorption of the latter, it is evi-

dent to those who are conversant with the processes of economic expansion that, by obtaining a commercial foothold in Africa, the American people has entered upon the first step that leads to direct economic, if not political, control.

It is neither desirable nor necessary to discuss the action of America in all its bearings, either as to whether the people of the United States will eventually realize the factors and ultimately undertake all the work that such an arrangement involves, or whether the European tropical powers will welcome the presence of a newcomer on their African preserves; but it is certainly pertinent to consider two important aspects of the question immediately brought to the front by the Liberian agreement — the first purely economic, and the second political and sociological.

The development of tropical Africa, and more particularly those portions of the continent that lie within Upper and Lower Guinea, has been extraordinarily rapid during recent years. Railways have been, and are being, built, which are draining toward the coastal outlets the vast agricultural wealth of the interior plateaus, and will eventually form the main economic avenues whereby the latent wealth of Western Africa will be fully developed. Enormous agricultural developments are taking place in all the African colonies bordering on the Atlantic; native industries, such as the cocoa industry of the Gold Coast, have been established and developed entirely by native labor and under native peasant-proprietorship, on a scale undreamed of even a few years ago. The natives of Western Africa are becoming educated in the best means of developing their own territories to a degree unknown at any period of their history. They are undergoing a process of agricultural regeneration, which undoubtedly will turn their lands into a

vast tropical storehouse for the supply of European markets and manufacturers, and will bring them into closer and closer touch with the economic life of Europe and with the political and social systems of the Western nations. The time cannot be far distant when the profound and disturbing changes of the present will produce in West Africa a race — or rather a number of races — who will have attained a degree of civilization that will fit them for political advances for which, even now, a small, but as yet unrepresentative, minority is clamoring. That process must necessarily be slow, but so long as Western civilization itself endures, it will be sure.

The economic development of Western Africa is at present practically in the hands of two, or, if the immense basin of the Congo be included, three European nations — Great Britain, France, and Belgium. The first administrators four widely separated territories: the Gambia Colony, a small enclave on both sides of the lower reaches of the vast Gambia River, which in the future will form a great highway of commerce from the interior of Western Africa; and the three colonies and protectorates of Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Nigeria. The last is in itself a vast tropical empire, peopled by nearly eighteen million inhabitants of diverse races and civilizations, some of whom, long previous to the advent of Europeans, had reached a high stage of development and had evolved civilizations peculiarly their own.

Surrounding these British colonies are the really immense territories of the French Colonial Empire, stretching from the Mediterranean in the north to the Gulf of Guinea and the Congo in the south, and from the Atlantic in the west to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan in the east — an enormous block of territory, embracing the temperate north-

ern lands of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, where some millions of Frenchmen are already settled, and the purely tropical countries south of the Sahara, which forms at present a natural barrier between the two great sections of French Africa.

In the far south Belgium administers a country embracing the enormous and fertile region of the Congo Basin, with thousands of miles of navigable waterways, and agricultural and mineral possibilities that even yet are only partly realized. Here then, not only within easy reach of Europe, but also facing the American continent, is a region which offers unrivaled possibilities of development and practically every tropical product used in modern industry.

The position of Western Africa, *vis-à-vis* America, is the economic factor to which I have alluded above. A glance at the map will reveal two important facts which have a direct bearing upon the economic expansion of Western Africa. The first is that not only does the coast of Guinea lie within easy distance of Brazil and thus in direct communication by land with the Argentine and South America generally, but it also represents that portion of the African continent which is nearest to the eastern littoral of the United States. Direct steamship communication between the West African ports and New York is certain to be developed largely in the near future, when the agricultural wealth of Guinea is more fully realized. The second fact is that the economic development of West Africa is proceeding upon lines that will bring to its western coasts, where are to be found the best harbors, the products of the interior.

I have already alluded to the Gambia River, which at present is practically unused as a great economic highway into the heart of Guinea, because of

the unnatural diversion of traffic due to political factors that would be involved in the development of the great natural routes of commerce. But there are other harbors, — though none of them served by so valuable a waterway, — equally effective for the development of this portion of West Africa: the great ports of Dakar and Konakry, in the French colonies of Senegal and Guinea respectively, and the extremely valuable natural harbor at Freetown in Sierra Leone. The value of the last port, however, is largely discounted by the fact that it can serve only the comparatively restricted area of the protectorate, so long as France and Great Britain are trade and political rivals in West Africa. But it is mainly from the point of view of French policy that the position of West Africa must be regarded; as the French, by their system of railway expansion, are seeking to develop their territories from west to east along the vast grasslands which form the interior plateau toward which all West African colonies rise from the coast. By joining Dakar and Konakry with the headwaters of the Niger and Senegal, as they have already done, and by continuing their railways from west to east toward Lake Chad, the French are developing a great railway system that will drain toward these two ports and toward the coasts of the Gulf of Guinea, by means of their branch railways, the as yet entirely undeveloped produce of the interior.

There is, however, one other factor in this connection that must be taken into account. The French are in possession of the key to rapid railway communication between South Africa and Europe — the Sahara. It is an essential feature of French policy that sooner or later a great trunk line shall be constructed from Algeria across the Sahara to the Niger River, and thence to the port of Dakar, the nearest point

to South America; or alternatively, and perhaps additionally, a railway along the coast from Dakar to the international port of Tangiers. It is too much to claim, as some authorities have done, that a Saharan railway would be likely to pay its way by the conveyance of produce between Western Africa and Europe; but undoubtedly it would form the quickest route for mails and passengers, and may thus be regarded as a world-route of the future.

South of the areas drained by these railways, and within easy reach of the American coasts, lies the great territory of Liberia — a practically undeveloped country, possessing enormous latent wealth in tropical products, and economically one of the richest regions of Western Africa.

II

Having considered the economic factors connected with the European development of Western Africa, we come to the second important aspect of European control — the policy involved in native administration, and the right attitude to adopt toward the backward races, in view of the changes that have occurred in our conception of the duties of a protecting power. It is now fully realized, especially since the adoption of Article 22 of the Treaty of Versailles, that the economic development of Tropical Africa involves the recognition, and not only the recognition but the actual fulfillment, of the doctrine of trusteeship. It is no longer possible to adopt the old German view, as stated by Hassert, that 'colonization consists in the utilization of the soil, its products and its men, for the economic profit of the colonizing nation'; or, in Fischer's phrase, 'colonizing Africa is making the negroes work,' even though there are still many who regard economic considerations as the primal motive in civilizing Africa. The

economic imperialism which recognizes only the duty of paying dividends to shareholders is almost a thing of the past; and it is generally felt by most colonizing nations — certainly by Great Britain, France, and America — that the doctrine of trusteeship on behalf of the backward races of mankind is the essential, and indeed vital, moral stimulus without which no European power is justified in enforcing its will upon weaker peoples.

Although the recognition and practice of this doctrine do not preclude the economic development of a country in the interest of the protecting power, they do involve the assumption that that development must not be contrary to the interests of the natives. Forced plantation labor, with its attendant evils, as taught by Karl Peters and practised by the Germans, has given place to a wiser and more humane statesmanship; so that it is no longer possible to regard as serious such a statement as the following: 'To me the most advantageous system seems to be one in which the negro is forced, following the example laid down by Prussian military law, to devote twelve years of his life to working for the Government. During this time he should receive food and shelter, and a small wage, say about two shillings a month, like a Prussian soldier.'

Lord Milner has officially laid down the policy of the British Government on the subject of native labor, 'in order that there may be no room for doubt in the matter.' The 'traditional policy,' he says, 'is absolutely opposed to compulsory labor for private employment. . . . It is a point of fundamental importance that there is no question of force or compulsion, but only of encouragement and advice through the native chiefs and headmen.' The claims and demands that arise out of our dual responsibilities as controlling

powers in the Tropics — as trustees to civilization for the adequate development of their resources for the benefit of the whole of mankind and as trustees for the welfare of the native races — are frequently mutually antagonistic and extremely difficult to adjust. How far this 'encouragement and advice' should go is a difficult matter to decide; but there can be no doubt whatever that it occasionally proceeds too far, even in those colonies where the doctrine of trusteeship is now fully recognized. It is my intention to inquire briefly how this doctrine is being applied in Tropical Africa: and the question is equally interesting to British and Americans, in view of the fact that both are trustee powers.

It may, of course, be assumed that no country is sufficiently altruistic to undertake the painful, and often thankless, task of administrative work in Africa purely from moral motives, and with the sole idea of benefiting mankind. We are still far from the millennium, and it is certain that the prime motives that move mankind in the mass are those concerned with self-interest. Thus, American administrative work in Liberia, British administrative control in Nigeria, and French administration in Senegal have, as their primal factor, the economic development of those countries. But such economic development is assuredly not unconnected with, or divorced from, the high moral obligations officially recognized by the Treaty of Versailles.

The subject of native administration in Africa is one of enormous importance, for upon the application of correct principles depend in a large measure not only the stability of the economic machine, but the happiness and future prosperity of vast numbers of peoples who hitherto have been regarded as among the most backward of the races of mankind. It is precisely here that

the forces that are moulding anew the destinies of Africa — modifying, and occasionally destroying, the established customs and habits of the native races; changing the age-long political dependence upon native chieftains into dependence upon European administrators; sometimes forging the bonds of economic servitude upon races who hitherto have been more or less free within their own peculiar spheres; or erecting a new and bastard civilization on the ruins of an effete but venerated system — have to be judged.

Administration, to be effective, must seek to preserve instead of to destroy. In its modifying and civilizing mission it must keep all that is good in native life and customs; it must support the independence of the chieftains and aid them in the work of governing their own peoples; it must preserve the economic freedom of the races under its charge, and not allow them to be exploited for the sole benefit of European traders, settlers, or planters; and, above all, it must safeguard the rights of the natives in their own lands; train them in agricultural work, so that they can develop their own farms and plantations; and, by realizing that the true prosperity of a tropical country is founded upon agricultural development, foster by every means the latent ability of the natives to sow and reap their own crops. In other words, one of the main functions of administration must be to prevent native races from becoming mere wage-earners working for others, instead of being primary producers on their own behalf. It is entirely because the Germans failed to recognize that the possession of land was essential to native races, that their policy had such disastrous results in Southwest Africa, where a whole race was practically exterminated because of its devotion to the pastoral lands of its forefathers; or in the Cameroons, where villages were

depopulated because of the constant demands for plantation labor.

The problem differs largely in the various African colonies. In some, such as East Africa, where the presence of a large and intrusive European element has immensely complicated the task of administration, although enormously adding to the economic value of the country, the native peoples had hitherto been largely of a nomadic or pastoral character, roaming over or occupying large tracts of country without effectively developing them. Here it is obvious that the natives as such can have no exclusive rights over the land; and although this may not justify the policy that has been pursued, it goes far toward explaining it.

In others, such as the contiguous country of Uganda, where the natives have been largely agriculturists who, by their numbers and influence, have formed powerful native kingdoms, it has obviously been the correct policy to safeguard jealously native rights over the land. This has especially been the case in West Africa, where the British Government has not only deliberately followed the policy of ruling, so far as possible, through and by means of the native chieftains, but has also, during recent years, encouraged by every possible means the formation of a class of peasant proprietors working for themselves, under expert European advice wherever possible.

With respect to the actual work of administration and its main purposes, so high an authority as Sir Frederick Lugard, one of the outstanding figures of modern Africa, has stated that 'We must continue to guide and control; the keynote of our endeavor being to create a class of rulers fit to assume by gradual processes a limited responsibility, while devoting our energies to raising the ignorant millions to a higher plane, by a system of education suited to their

needs.' On the other question — native agricultural development — Sir Hugh Clifford, the Governor-General of Nigeria, a country which may be termed the African India, has stated that agricultural industries in those tropical countries which are mainly, or exclusively, in the hands of the native peasantry have a firmer root than similar enterprises when owned and managed by Europeans, are the cheapest instruments for agricultural production, and are capable of a rapidity of expansion and a progressive increase of output that beggar every record of the past. There can be no doubt, with the examples of the Gold Coast, Nigeria, and Uganda before us, that the policy of peasant proprietorship, wherever there is a natural agricultural bent on the part of the native races, has been triumphantly vindicated.

It may not be considered out of place, therefore, if I attempt to apply the lessons already learned during a long period of experimental administration in West Africa to the question of Liberia. There the problem is essentially different from what it is in any other portion of the continent, because Liberia is a large and practically undeveloped country in which, in the past, a small educated native community, settled along the coast, largely the descendants of freed slaves and not necessarily of the same races as the remainder of the natives, has been struggling to educate and administer upon European lines the large and unresponsive masses of the interior.

It is a singular fact that African natives, as a whole, feel little respect for those Africans who, not being of their own particular race, attempt to administer their territories, unless such natives are acting under European direction. With their own hereditary chieftains and headmen it is a different matter. In the case of Liberia, there

fore, the task of the educated coastal native has been exceedingly difficult. With inadequate financial resources, and with the inertia, if not the active hostility or contempt, of the interior natives to overcome, it is no matter for wonder that the development of Liberia has been retarded instead of advanced by that very political freedom which is the most cherished possession of European races.

For this reason, therefore, American administrators have an almost unique opportunity in Liberia; and if they are able to train the Liberians to govern themselves they will have rendered a real service to the cause of West Africa.

They will, moreover, have provided an object-lesson as effective in its way

as that offered by the British administrations in Nigeria and the Gold Coast.

In Liberia it is entirely a matter of educating the natives of the interior in agricultural work, and convincing them that their economic independence is intimately connected with the development of their own lands and resources. If they are once convinced that there is no danger of their becoming merely the hewers of wood and drawers of water for a dominant caste, be it European or native, and that their lands will be respected and their customs, so far as they do not actively conflict with the higher ethical teachings, will not be interfered with, the task of administration will be comparatively easy.

THE INDIAN FERMENT. II

BY C. H. VAN TYNE

I

THE outstanding leader of the Indian masses in the last few troubled years has been Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, and of him I found the greatest differences of opinion. Is he politician, demagogue, or saint? Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde? Is he 'that lunatic' as I heard a British general call him, or a seer comparable to Buddha or Confucius? Is he 'that blackguard' or a 'reincarnation of Vishnu,' as I was repeatedly assured? Is he 'filled with humility,' or has attention made him 'vain of power'? To answer these questions, I read all I could find of his writings, and better still I went to see him.

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E

It was at Ahmadabad, during the late December meeting of the All-Indian Congress, that I first saw Gandhi. Mr. Amballal, a rich mill-owner, kindly arranged the meeting. In his car we drove to the Congress Hall, erected outside the walls of Ahmadabad, near the vast tent-city built to house the many thousand delegates and their friends. All the curious square tents were built of slight wooden frames covered with Indian woven cotton cloth, or *Khadi*. The thousands of visitors had come as is the custom all over India in attending fairs or sacred festivals, literally taking up their

beds and walking, at least to and from the railroad station. Their wants are few: a blanket, a bag of rice, a simple cooking utensil or two. If it is warm, they wear little but a loin cloth: if cold, they wrap their many-colored blankets around them. One missed the picturesque turban or other headdress, because all the faithful wore the Gandhi cap — a homely white skull cap, hopelessly inartistic, but the token of submission to the will of the great 'Mahatma.'

As we neared the Congress Hall, with the giant spinning wheel before it, — Gandhi's device for winning economic independence, — we met the thousands of delegates coming out. Everybody seemed to know Mr. Amballal, but they looked at me with curiosity. 'Gandhi is coming and will soon be in his tent,' was the answer to the questions of my Indian friend. We turned aside, worrying our way through numbers of tongas, autos, and pedestrians, and drove as near as we could get to Gandhi's tent; then walked through a narrow lane made by the ten thousand wildly enthusiastic Indians shouting: 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!' (Victory for Gandhi, the holy man.) I have seen many American crowds, madly shouting their admiration for Roosevelt, but never with greater devotion than that of these dusky-skinned masses. Knowing full well the race hatred with which Gandhi, willingly or not, had filled his disciples, and recalling the fate of an American in the recent Bombay riots, I hoped fervently that Mr. Amballal's power was as great as it was reputed. There was no need to worry, for everybody looked at me merely with curiosity.

At last we reached the simple tent reserved for the great leader. Following the old Indian custom, which all obeyed, we took off our shoes before entering. Passing through the outer

room, we entered Gandhi's own room, in which there was a spinning wheel, whereon the leader was used to spin as an example to his followers. Besides the rush matting, there were a pallet and two pillows on the floor, and three bricks at one side of the room. This was all the furniture.

Soon we heard the voice of the crowd outside grow in volume, and going to the door we saw Gandhi, the saint, the seer, the reincarnation of Vishnu, drive up in a Ford car! There flashed through my mind the memory of his fierce denunciation of machinery, and modern rapid locomotion. In a moment, the man who had aroused India's spirit as no man, dead or alive, had ever done, stood before me, and I was being introduced. Except for a loin cloth and a narrow scarf, he was naked, wearing no sandals, no cap such as his disciples wear. He shook hands, his eyes cast down, and there was an air of humility. I noted that he was a small man, that every rib plainly showed, and that his whole physique was frail. When he looked up at me with a tired but kindly smile, I saw that he had lost the two upper front teeth.

As he talked, I began to understand why C. F. Andrews 'loved him like a brother,' and why the proud Brahman, S. Srinavasa Iyengar, spoke of him tenderly as 'my master.' I understood why the Inspector of Police at Poona enjoyed nothing more than to talk with him, though, as he laughingly added, 'I may have to arrest him any day.' Gandhi's eyes were liquid, filled with a spiritual light, and there was a mildness, a sweetness of spirit, a compassion for one who could not see the light, who could only stand in the outer darkness of the materialistic world. I recalled what his friend Jayaker had told me of Gandhi's 'selflessness,' — a word his admirers never omit, — of his gentleness, his piety and religious fervor. In

America, he would be merely a curiosity. The long-haired men and the short-haired women would gather around him and console him because nobody appreciated him; but in India, whose mystic soul is stirred by nothing as by religion, millions turn to him, swayed, I feel sure, much more by his religious appeal than by his political ideals. The Maharajah of Alwar was more than half right, I believe, when he assured me: 'Mr. Gandhi is not of any influence, but *Mahatma* Gandhi is listened to because he is a holy man.' 'If you and Gandhi and I,' said His Highness, 'were to go to the gates of an Indian village, and determine by lot which would be announced as a *mahatma*, it would not make the least difference which of us got the title and went in. To the one with that title all would come, asking no questions, but accepting whatever he said without question.' It is true that Gandhi has more than once declared that he is not a *mahatma*; but his followers insist upon the title.

Only by reviewing the political and social ideas of this new messiah can one understand the amazing miracle of his leadership. 'India,' he says, 'is being ground down, not under the English heel but under that of modern civilization.' — 'There is no end to the victims destroyed in the fire of civilization . . . it is like a mouse gnawing while it is soothing us.' It is railways, lawyers, and doctors, he declares, that have impoverished India. 'But for the railways, the English could not have such a hold on India as they have.' These railways have spread bubonic plague, he asserts, because they carry plague germs. 'Railways increase the frequency of famines, because, owing to facility of means of locomotion, people sell out their grain . . . become careless, and so the pressure of famine increases.' He forgets that it is the rail-

road which has enabled the Government so to combat famine that, in its worst aspects, it has practically disappeared. He clinches his argument against railways by asserting: 'Good travels at a snail's pace — it can therefore have little to do with railways, . . . but evil has wings.' — 'God set a limit to a man's locomotive ambition in the construction of his body.'

It is not the railroads alone, Gandhi teaches, but lawyers who have 'enslaved India.' They will, 'as a rule, advance quarrels.' — 'They have made brothers enemies.' — 'Lazy people, in order to indulge in luxuries, take up such professions.' If law 'pleaders were to abandon their profession and consider it just as degrading as prostitution, English rule would break up in a day.'

They have also used the medical profession, he declares, for holding us. 'Doctors have almost unhinged us. Sometimes I think that quacks are better than highly qualified doctors.' Diseases arise by our own negligence or indulgence. 'I overeat; I have indigestion; I go to a doctor; he gives me medicine; I am cured; I overeat again; and I take his pills again. Had the doctor not intervened, nature would have done its work, and I would have acquired mastery over myself, would have been freed from vice.' — 'Hospitals are institutions for propagating sin.' The Mahatma's pure reason is never marred by facts. In one passage of *Hind Swaraj*, Gandhi bitterly attacks vivisection, and one seems to be listening to a voice from the Middle Ages.

And what does Mr. Gandhi conclude from all this? 'Those alone who have been affected by Western civilization have become enslaved.' Get rid of it, and India is free. He believes the old civilization of India 'is not to be beaten in the world. Rome went, Greece shared the same fate, the might of the Pharaohs was broken, Japan became

westernized . . . but India is still sound at the foundation.' He glories in the fact that 'we have managed with the same kind of plough that existed thousands of years ago.' Indeed, I can testify that, while traveling 5000 miles in India, going out frequently into the country districts, I never saw a modern plough, or a reaper and binder, or a threshing machine, or any agricultural implement not used by the sons of Abraham 3000 years ago. They reap with a sickle, and thresh with a flail that was old when Methuselah was a child.

Perhaps nowhere else does the ancient world survive to the extent that it does in India; and if this is a virtue, by all means give her the palm. Gandhi complacently decides that India 'has nothing to learn from anybody else, and this is as it should be.' — 'A nation with a constitution like this is fitter to teach others than to learn from others.' Wherever in India the curse of modern civilization has not reached (he has in mind the backward districts, as travelers describe them), India is as it was before, and is happy and free. All Indians, by going back to the simple life, using the *charka*, or spinning wheel, to make their own simple Khaddar cloth, giving up machines and English luxuries, may be free. 'It is *swaraj* [self-rule] when we learn to rule ourselves.' Only 'our adoption of their civilization makes the British presence in India at all possible. Your hatred against them,' Gandhi counsels his followers, 'ought to be transferred to their civilization.' When they wish to resort to warfare, he asks them gently, 'Do you want to make the holy land of India unholy? To arm India on a large scale is to Europeanize it. Do you not tremble to think of freeing India by assassination? What we need to do is to kill ourselves. It is a cowardly thought, that of killing others. Those

who are intoxicated by the wretched modern civilization think these things.'

He would therefore simply use 'love-force, soul-force,' or passive resistance. That plan was sure to appeal to an Oriental. A governor of a great province described to me how thirty thousand Indians in his capital city lay down on the street-railway track and stopped all traffic for two days. In desperation he at last ordered the chief of police to bring a company of dragoons into the city, select a place where the horsemen could be seen coming for several blocks, and then order to charge with lowered spears and come thundering down upon the prostrate Indians. He sat, in an agony of suspense, until word came by telephone that the passive resisters had broken and fled, clearing miles of the track.

When Gandhi was asked how he would meet the wild Afghans if they were to swoop down out of the Northwest hills to ravage India when the British had left, he answered that he would meet them with 'soul-force.' Police-Inspector Griffith was discussing with Gandhi the punishment of criminals, which the reformer thought was all wrong. 'What would you do?' asked the Inspector.

'I would punish them as I did my daughter when she told me a lie: I fasted for a fortnight.'

'But,' said the Inspector, 'if you fast a fortnight for a lie, how long must I fast for a murderer? Besides, there are 54 murders a year in this city. When would I get a chance to eat?'

'Oh! now you're unreasonable and I can't argue with you,' replied Gandhi.

He would, therefore, resist evil by deliberate self-suffering, not deliberate injuring of the wrongdoer.

In one of his famous interviews with the Viceroy, the Mahatma had argued against repressive measures, and urged 'soul-force.' 'Can you tell me,' queried

Lord Reading, 'any example in history when government has successfully used soul-force?'

After just a moment's hesitation, Gandhi replied: 'Ah! Your Excellency, but this is a new dispensation.'

Yet this 'Grand Old Fanatic,' as one of his deepest admirers dubbed him to me, had a good English education, first in India, then in London University, and finally by completing his studies for the bar in the Inner Temple. He speaks excellent English in a most eloquent way, though he is not at all oratorical, and is more likely to scold his audience than to tickle its vanities. With all his maddening unreason there is about him something fundamentally right-minded. He is quite right that Indians cannot win *swaraj* by force. He is right in urging Brahmins to sit at the table with 'untouchables,' and thus rid caste of one of its worst features. He has attacked fearlessly some of the worst evils of Hinduism. Whatever one may think of noncooperation and its danger, it has done much that Gandhi's admirers claim for it. He has made the Indian people feel their unity as never before. He has awakened Indians from two hundred years of dreaming 'in slavery,'—as agitators love to call the British late benevolent absolutism,—to a pride that will not tolerate assumed superiority.

When, as I was leaving India, I heard of Gandhi's arrest, and later, on ship-board in the China Sea, learned that he had been convicted and sent to prison for six years, I found that I had mingled feelings about it. I thought of Gandhi's gentleness, his loveliness, the atmosphere of saintliness about him, the frail body always overtaxed and ever driven on by a high sense of duty. I recalled him—simple, undefiled, living in the pure radiance of the spirit. These thoughts made me sad. But when I

reasoned about it, I knew that, had I been Viceroy, I should have arrested Gandhi six months earlier! I never could have had Lord Reading's patience, or the courage to face the criticism of those who gnashed their teeth at his delays. I have only admiration for the wisdom and patience of the Viceroy, a liberal man, a strong, calm, and reasonable man, who wished nothing so much as to do right. Though keen in his intuitions, he is cautious in action. His critics say that he lacks firmness. When I saw him, he was acting from day to day as the hour seemed to demand, but waiting for a policy. He had two firm convictions: one, that civilized society rests on respect for law—that was Gandhi's Nemesis; the other, that legal consideration ought not always to be uppermost in a statesman's mind—that was Gandhi's hope. Gandhi's persistence in civil disobedience compelled the Viceroy to act on his first conviction.

I asked Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, President of the Bombay Legislative Council, and loyal supporter of the British Government, why it was that I could detect in him and other Indians, who bitterly criticized Gandhi's methods, an underlying reverence for the man. 'It is,' he replied, 'the religious appeal, the strongest of all emotions in an Indian. I, who gave up my Brahmin prerogatives that I might fight the battle for the depressed classes, and who have a reasoned hatred of idols, have felt the religious emotions well up within me when, even lately, I have entered a Hindu temple and looked upon the stone idols. Millions of Indians believe Gandhi to be a reincarnation of Vishnu. "He will become a God," they declare.'

It must not be forgotten that for the masses Gandhi is not merely what his own words and conduct would make him, but what his followers, good and

bad, have told the most credulous people in the modern world to believe him to be. A most active extremist organization exploits this holy figure as its greatest asset. One finds Gandhi's pictures for sale in every bazaar in India, often drawn in the midst of other sacred figures suggesting his close relation with the Hindu gods. It has been carried in chariots in the sacred processions so loved by the Hindu. Simple village folk, I have been told repeatedly on the best authority, pray to these pictures. They find the leaves of trees stamped with the Mahatma's name; and the cunning charlatan who did it sells the leaves to awe-struck worshipers. Ignorant peasants are told that, if they do not heed Gandhi's commands, they will be turned to stone. They are promised that, when the Gandhi *raj* (rule) comes, they will have no land-tax to pay, no famine or scourge will appear in the land, and the Golden Age will come.

The Mahatma himself frowns on all this; but, fearful of injury to the whole cause, he finds it hard to control the fringe of cranks and of unprincipled rogues that follows any great movement. Gandhi finds consolation in his nobler followers, like Mr. Jayaker of Bombay, who, though a graduate of Oxford, rich and influential, dresses in *swadeshi* cloth and thrusts his bare feet into Indian slippers. I recall him, gentle as a dove, soft-spoken, with a mild, sad face, and a soul that glowed with enthusiasm over Hindu philosophy, Hindu art, Hindu literature. His culture and refinement, his gentleness and sweetness of nature are all devoted to admiration of Gandhi. So, too, S. Srinavasa Iyengar, who admitted to me that, at first, he had opposed Gandhi's noncoöperation, but that, at last, he had 'seen the light,' and was 'filled with a strange happiness' when he realized that its value was, not the trouble which the non-

coöperators gave the British Government, but the unity and self-control which they acquired for Indians. 'We gain *swaraj* day by day,' he assured me with ecstasy, 'as we conquer ourselves and go to prison or give up luxuries or offices for the cause.' — 'We don't hate the English,' he declared, true to his master's teaching; 'we serenely ignore them.'

Nevertheless, the result of Gandhi's noncoöperation methods is the breeding of hate, as the riots at Bombay, Madras, and Chauri Chaura plainly revealed. In each it was Indians who chiefly suffered. Indians maltreated, killed, and burned each other; but the attack was made by noncoöperators upon those who seemed either to obey English-made law, or to favor the British Government. It was of little use for Gandhi to fast, to declare that noncoöperation stunk in his nostrils, and to threaten to go into exile in the Himalayas. In vain, he urged criminals to deliver themselves to the authorities and confess their crime. It was to no purpose that he declared the Chauri Chaura tragedy 'a third warning from God.'

So far as Government was concerned, Gandhi's doctrines had led to these tragedies. He himself confessed at Ahmadabad: 'I have said times without number that *satyagraha* [insistence on truth] admits of no violence, no pillage, no incendiarism; and still, in the name of *satyagraha*, we burned down buildings, forcibly captured weapons, extorted money, stopped trains, cut off telegraph wires, killed innocent people, and plundered shops and private houses. If deeds such as those would have saved me from prison-house or scaffold, I should not like to be so saved.' With all his fasting and sorrow, his is the ultimate responsibility. He had declared openly, in print, 'I deliberately oppose Government, to the

extent of trying to put its very existence in jeopardy. I seek to paralyze Government.'

In Bombay, a wealthy Parsee gentleman came to take me for a ride in his car. As I stepped in, I saw a large six-shooter lying on the seat. With some embarrassment, my host put the weapon out of sight with the words, 'Mr. Gandhi has made that necessary.' When that stage had been reached, it was time for Government to act. His imprisonment, strangely enough, has hardly caused a ripple.

II

The Government of India Act would have had a better chance from the first, if it had not been for the unfortunate circumstances under which it was inaugurated. There were several untoward events. Immediately after the end of the World War, the Government of India, fearing that upon the passing of its war-powers would come Indian anarchy, with which it had no adequate powers to cope, pressed through its Council the Rowlatt Acts. These acts gave the Government an extension of its war-powers for what seemed an adequate time. The acts remained a dead letter, and have always had a fictitious value in the argumentative battle between the Indians and the British. Many Indians protested, and Gandhi began his campaign of passive resistance, using the favorite argument of a conscientious objector, which violates the basic principles of law and order as accepted by believers in our Western civilization.

The first display of his power was a *hartal* at Delhi, later widely extended to other provinces. A *hartal* is often described as a strike, but it means more than that; for, when it is successful, a whole city seems dead. All shops are closed, all activities cease, people re-

main in their houses, with shutters down. It would be impossible in any land but India, where fear of public opinion is a dominant force.

Aroused by this agitation, which went far beyond the actual demands of the occasion, the people of the Punjab were aroused to a frenzy in which they made a brutal attack upon an Englishwoman, murdered five Europeans in Amritsar, and created the impression in the minds of those in the midst of these riots that all the Punjab was in open rebellion—that another Indian mutiny was imminent. The very British understanding of the Indian people led them, perhaps, to be too fearful. It is easy for one who is inexperienced to be misled by the customary docility and obedience to law that obtain among the Indian masses. The Western mind does not easily grasp the fact that these resigned and mild-mannered people can be stirred, by appeals to their ever-dominant religious fanaticism, to a high pitch of reckless fury. No lie can be too crude, no deceit too open, to draw them into insane violence unknown in present-day civilized lands.

Out of this situation came the well-known 'Punjab affair,' General Dyer's folly, which cost nearly four hundred Indian lives. A ghastly blunder had been committed, for which only the most prompt repudiation by the Government could make the least amends. There was fatal delay, and when the Hunter Commission was appointed, it was too late to appease Indian opinion. It availed nothing that Dyer was retired from the service, and that the British Cabinet at last stigmatized his action as transgressing 'certain standards of conduct which no civilized government can with impunity neglect, and which His Majesty's Government are determined to uphold.'

It was too late. The affair determined the hitherto wavering Gandhi.

He had fasted for the violent sins of his followers, but now he denounced as satanic the conduct of the agents of the British Government. Until it should show a complete change of heart, Gandhi declared it a deadly sin for Indians to coöperate with it. In a word, an almost isolated instance of bad judgment and inhumanity by an individual was made to suffice as an indictment for a whole régime. True the British Government did not hasten to repudiate the action, but that only implicates a busy Viceroy and a British Cabinet harried by more world problems at the moment than has been the lot of any other government in history. English journals and members of Parliament denounced the affair without stint.

With this 'Punjab wrong' was linked the 'Khilafat wrong.' After the treaty of peace with Turkey, at the close of the World War, in which the conduct of the Turks had aroused the moral indignation of the world, Moslem leaders began to arouse the Indian Mohammedans with the cry that Islam was endangered. It was urged that the capital of the Islamic world, Constantinople, had been seized by the Allies with British approval; that the Khilafat was threatened, and that other Moslem holy places in Asia Minor had been violated by the British, in spite of promises to the contrary. A fictitious importance was attached to it, and a vast amount of exaggeration was indulged in with respect to it. The Honorable Mr. Fazlul Haq said to me that some of his fellow Moslems had openly confessed to him that 'they did not care a brass anna for the Khilafat; but the object of agitation and non-coöperation campaigns was to pave the way for Revolution in India.'

It is certain that it was necessary in this case, as it was not in the Punjab case, to engage in a propaganda to arouse the interest and sympathy of

the masses. Moreover, in this case, English statesmen were victims of historical events beyond their control. Had they been disposed, for the sake of peace in India, to yield all that Turkey wanted, they would have had to face as the alternative the indignation of a world (especially the United States) surfeited with Turkish horrors. There had been no intent of inflicting injury on the Moslems of India. Gandhi, however, was persuaded by the Khilafat agitators that the Mohammedan movement was a manifestation of religious faith. In his simple way he unquestioningly accepted it as his own, calling it a revolt of Moslem conscience against British world-tyranny, just as defensible as the Hindu conscientious revolt against the 'tyranny' of the Rowlatt Acts. The Mohammedan was to accept the Hindu movement of passive resistance, though he much preferred to fight; and the Hindu was to accept the Moslem Khilafat movement. Both were to display the soul-force of India, arrayed against the brute force of the British. Gandhi declared anyone treacherous to the soul of India who would accept any mere constitutional reforms, like the Government of India Act, as reparation for this double wrong. To paralyze this Government, he organized his non-coöperation movement. Step by step with that has gone a campaign of complaint against Government, carried on with all the bitterness and invective which the radical Indian press and the extremist orator could summon.

The Indian agitator would make a much better impression upon one if he could be less extravagant in his arraignment of the British régime. After being led up tortuous streets and down back alleys, through low dark hallways, into council rooms of sedition, I have sat with the agitators in their clubs, with twenty to twenty-five dark-com-

plexioned faces about me, earnest with rebellious feelings. When they got excited, they all talked at once and, being foreign, to me seemed most alarming. I felt very strange and alone among those outlandish Oriental figures. I returned to my room more than once expecting all India to be in flames the next morning; but awoke to find the dawn as serene as ever, and no news except of some isolated riot.

The curious Oriental dress enhanced the alarming effect. Some about the council table wore only a loin cloth and a *khaddar* scarf. Others were in rich robes and handsome turbans. I recall one occasion, when I sat next to the son of a rajah, whose ancestral face must have been aristocratic from the days of Buddha. Opposite sat a dirty-robed, bare-footed, scowling Pathan, who looked as if he had just cut a throat and was enjoying the recollection of it. Some had caste-marks painted on their foreheads. Some were oily and fat, while others were thin, with fanatical faces. One of Gandhi's disciples proclaimed himself the 'destroyer of Government and the founder of the true religion.' All tried to impress me with the ineffable sins of the British Government.

The average extremist has only begun when he denounces the 'Punjab affair' and the 'Khilafat wrongs.' He declares that Government raises too heavy taxes, with which it pays lavish salaries to Englishmen, spends recklessly on the army, and burdens the people with a costly removal of the Government to the mountains during the hot season. Indians are not trained as army officers, and are given only the minor and ill-paid civil offices, the Nationalist asserts. Government allows Indians to be ill-treated in the British colonies, he affirms; 'Being a foreign government, it is selfish and tyrannical.' It has, cries the Gandhi

disciple, made the people poor by draining India of its wealth. This brings in its train, one is told, famine more frequent and on a scale unknown before. Government has taken the Indian peasant's land, the trade of the merchant, the industry of the artisan, declares the agitator, and it seeks to root out caste by polluting the sugar and salt that men eat, even the clothes that they wear. With its everlasting canals, roads, and railways, it has loosed malaria. It has even poisoned wells, I have been informed, and maliciously brought in the plague. All this was aimed at reducing the population, and making it easier to govern.

One Bengal enthusiast sat, with his little Babu secretary by his side, and delivered to me in my Government House parlor an oration intended to demonstrate that the true cause of all Indian unrest was — the Englishman's fondness for beefsteak! With statistics from the 'All-Indian Cow Conference,' he showed that this led to killing too many cows, which reduced the draft animals, thus cutting down the acreage ploughed, and resulting in a smaller harvest, which left the Indian people half-starved and hence discontented! I was appalled at the British heartlessness; but I wondered why the beef eaten by seventy-seven millions of Mohammedans had so much less effect than that eaten by two hundred thousand Englishmen.

From some noncoöperators I learned that the British had made no effort to educate the people; but others complained that they had destroyed religion by their godless system of education. In short, cried C. R. Das to me, as we talked in his cell in Alipore jail, the British have enslaved a whole people who are now struggling to be free.

Omitting the Khilafat matter and the Amritsar affair, which have been weighed above, I wish to say that, after

a most dispassionate examination of these alleged wrongs, I must conclude that some of them, like the plague and malaria and beefsteak arraignments, are absurd, some are the results of advancing Western civilization, and the rest are based upon such temporary errors of judgment as all governments, are likely to commit, or upon unalterable conditions or stupendous facts before which any government would stand appalled. The Indian Government has to meet the needs of a modern state, with the slender resources of an Oriental community. Moreover, it has to bear the blame not only for its own faults, but also for plagues and badly managed monsoons, just as American administrations are blamed for bad harvests and the influenza. When all is duly considered, there is much truth in the British assertion: 'We have labored untiringly to reconcile Hindu and Moslem. Our schools and our railroads have shaken the exclusiveness of caste; ancient privileges are disappearing before justice and reform laws; by the universal spread of the English language, we have furnished all educated Indians with a common medium for exchanging their thoughts. We found India under an inefficient despotism and we banished it.' At the Darbar in Delhi, the thought came to me that only the British rule made it possible for all the forty Indian princes to meet peacefully under one canopy. The only unity that India enjoys to-day is the gift of the British rule. It has beyond question brought India nearer to political competence and national unity than she would in all reason have been without it.

III

With those who only carp at what England has done in India, I have no patience. They belong with those who, as Sydney Smith said, curse the solar

system because under it has come all our woe.

As for me, the marvel of British rule in India never ceased to appeal to my imagination. In Bombay, or Madras, or Calcutta, the British society, with its British statues, British churches, British conventions, and red postboxes, goes serenely on, as if there were no brown waves of humanity beating ever upon the shores of this island of English life. In India there is one ruler to two hundred thousand ruled. No wonder that Horace Walpole cried: 'The Romans were mere triflers to us.'

If the British should leave suddenly, without preparing the Indians through a long period to assume the burden of government, there might easily be realized the prophecy which a governor of one of the great Indian provinces made to me. 'There would at once be riot, murder, rapine, in the great cities,' he said. 'All money-lenders would stop business, all stores close, there would be no food. Within three weeks or a month, the Afghans would pour in from the Northwest for pillage, plunder, and rapine. The Parsees would be wiped out of Bombay, the Marwari from Calcutta. Mohammedan would be arrayed against Hindu, Hindu against Moslem. Millions would pay the forfeit, anarchy would reign.'

The Resident at Baroda, Mr. Crump, told me of taking five or six Sikhs to Calcutta. On arrival, he gave them some money with the caution to behave themselves, have a good time, and report next day. When they appeared he asked, 'Well, how do you like Calcutta?' One of them replied: 'It would be a great city to loot, and ten of us could do it, too.' Thus the big, warlike Sikh of the Punjab looked upon the little, rather timid, Bengalee, whose alert mind brings him prosperity which his neighbor covets.

It is this which the efficient British

Government prevents. It is an alien government, but I have had even extremist Indians admit to me that, if India is to have any foreign government, they would prefer the British to any other. 'Yes, even to your own,' added one frank Nationalist.

Many of the Indian leaders deny that there is any ground for the dire prophecy of evil days in store for a self-governed India. A merchant from Indore, complaining bitterly to me of the arrogance of the British in assuming to be better able to care for India's political welfare than the Indians, cried passionately: 'Think of their assumption! My people were highly civilized thousands of years ago, when your people and the English people were running about wild in the Teutoburg Forest.'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but we have kept on running ever since, while yours have stood still.' It was said with a smile, and he let it pass.

I had heard the argument a hundred times in different forms. I shall never forget the Honorable G. S. Khaparde, of the Council of State, pacing up and down before guests, who had adjourned from the dining-room to the parlor, and fervidly discoursing on India's past. 'Look at her, worshipping to-day the same gods, keeping to the same civilization, she had four thousand years ago. Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome have passed away; their gods are no more; their civilization is dead; they are a mere historical memory; but India still worships at the old shrines and follows the old social customs, in spite of invading Greeks, Persians, Moguls, and British. And, like Cleopatra, "age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."' "

Sir Surendranath Banerji declared that the ancient Hindus had been the spiritual teachers of the world. This mission has ceased to function, he sadly

admitted. 'It must be set in motion again, that India may save mankind from the materialism and badly directed moral culture which led to the World War.'

It is customary for Indians to sneer at European civilization. The war exposed it, they say. Surely Indians never made such a mess of their affairs as the statesmen of Europe! They forget that British power rescued India from just such a scene of clashing races; that thrones, dominations, princely ambitions, had for ages wrecked India before the British compelled peace.

IV

Does India stand in the forefront of barbarous nations, or in the vanguard of civilized nations? I don't know. But, if prevailing ideas in our Western world are right, India is not wholly civilized. India has a state of society, not savage exactly, but simple and destitute of comforts, beyond the conception of untraveled Americans. It is a society which has its simple pleasures, and a not unaffectionate family life. Its only outstanding civilized trait in Occidental eyes is its art creations along certain lines. In any native street, one sees beautifully carved columns, beams, lintels; and in the temples and mosques of Northern India one sees architectural beauty unsurpassed by the classic or Gothic architecture. Yet all these lovely monuments of Indian art were being neglected, and even used for building materials, until Lord Curzon began his noble work of rescuing the decaying and neglected temples, mosques, and ancient forts.

In a lifetime men do not tire of India's myriad colors, its myriad forms. In dress alone, its people know an infinity of ways of exposing the charms of the human body. I have

never before seen such artistic grouping of colored garments as a large crowd of Indians displays. Nor can one elsewhere see such a variety of faces as in an Indian crowd, from the ferocious long-haired Bheel, to the refined Christ-like Brahman. The streets of Bombay, with their hundreds of thousands of chattering, aimlessly moving human beings, doing a myriad of inexplicable things in the midst of sunlit, highly colored streets, are the most interesting of sights. Such squalor, such dirt, such incredible fanaticism, such bathing in vile, sacred pools, such mumbling of holy phrases, such fits of passion and such mild resignation, I never saw or want to see again.

That the English have taught these writhing, wriggling, filth-enjoying live things even the rudiments of sanitation is greatly to their credit. I take a reverent attitude before the patience and devotion that has moved fanatical mountains. I have the greatest respect, and even admiration, for many cultured Indians I have met; but my Occidental density renders me wholly unable to see the wonderful spiritual qualities which enthusiasts find in the lower classes of Indians. If I have correctly measured the attainments of Indian civilization, it will need generations of patient effort to raise it to a stage where more than four or five millions out of the three hundred and fifteen millions can intelligently take part in their self-government.

Moreover, there is the question whether India has men capable of assuming the burden of governing one fifth of the human race. The English say: 'Political responsibility is a thing few Indians will shoulder; if they do, they grow weary soon, and allow self-interest and family interest to corrode it.' I have had astounding cases of nepotism in Indian high officials absolutely proved to me. Many emphasize

the contradiction between the Indian politician's distrust of the British, and the almost universal Indian respect for, and demand for, the Sahib's administration.

That the majority of Indians do not favor Indians in offices of trust, is a common saying in India. 'Many Indian officials have quick, destructive little minds, touchy, vain, polite, evasive, but not strong, confident, burden-taking minds,' asserted a keen, liberal, and experienced Englishman. Perhaps this is a prejudiced, uncharitable view; but when one talks with cultured Indians — the best of them — and appreciates the singular gentleness of soul which marks them, one wonders whether out of their number one could select a minister with 'backbone and guts' — one who will 'pull his weight and not be afraid of a racket,' as an English friend expressed it. Nevertheless, I have never felt any doubt that experience would give them the sterner qualities. It is all a matter of being gradually accustomed to the burden.

And one can never get out of one's mind the ominous historical fact that in India, in the past, any race that came down from the Northwest and conquered it, had the energy and spirit to build a civilization, effective government, architectural monuments, and all before the climate sapped its strength; but when that time came, it fell before a new invasion from the North, which, in its turn, built a new civilization and awaited again its Nemesis.

The British alone, coming to India by sea, returned as individuals to their home, and, like the giants of old, renewed their strength on that soil. In spite of historical ill-omen, however, the Indians have a very natural and proper ambition for self-government, with which every magnanimous person will sympathize; but surely a mere ill-considered try for it, at the frightful

cost of universal anarchy, in a country like India, would be ghastly folly.

All prophecy as regards the political future of India is futile; but I am convinced that the British will work out some solution of their problems in that troubled land, which will put an end to the present political ferment. A most lovable Scotch missionary, who entertained me at Poona and who went with me to a meeting of the Deccan Liberal Club there, came away shaking his head sadly, saying: 'The fire has been lighted. The flame will never go out. England has lost India.'

I do not now agree with him, though at the moment I did. The men who are really in power in India — Lord Willingdon, Sir Harcourt Butler, Sir William Marris, Sir George Lloyd, and many others — are right-minded; they wish to do the right thing, and if the people at home, in England, will let them alone, keep their hands off, a wise solution will be found by those actually in India, who understand all the subtle influences, the unique conditions, and the almost morbid sensitiveness of the Oriental mind.

It was unfortunate that the visit of the Prince of Wales focused English attention on India at a time when it was most important that there should be no censorious comment from British sources on the way the new reforms were working.

The rising tide of criticism in England, which swept Lord Montagu out of office, is bitterly resented by Nationalist leaders. The Indians are most sensitive to any indications that London means to put any obstacles in the path of their political advance under the new Act. Any suggestion that Parliament is saying: 'Oh, we did not mean to go as far as that when we gave India the new scheme,' is maddening to men who think that they have not been given enough.

The fall of Lord Montagu, who stood for the new era in the Indian mind, made more stir in India than the arrest of Gandhi; for many interpreted that to mean reaction at Whitehall. Lord Curzon's talk about 'a subordinate branch of the Imperial Government, six thousand miles away,' and English criticism of the personnel of the Delhi Legislature, simply pour oil on the flames of Nationalism and race-feeling in India.

This great imperial problem must be solved in India. It is not within the power of any party in England to arrest the movement of political opinion in India. In the present stage, the temper of that opinion is one of the vital factors; and any attempt to reassert the control of the Imperial Parliament too obviously will have a bad effect.

EUROPE IN THE MELTING POT

WITH SOME NOTES ON FRENCH STATESMEN

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

RATHER foolishly asking an American visitor to Paris what America was thinking, I received the well-deserved reply: 'But America is not a country — it is a continent!' What is true of the Pacific seaboard may not be at all true of the Atlantic littoral. And so Americans, who are inclined to generalize about Europe, should remember always that Europe, like Walt Whitman, is large and contains multitudes. Each nation has its own point of view, which often differs entirely from the point of view of other nations. There is at this moment absolutely no European idea; Europe has no purpose, but has a dozen contradictory purposes.

Nor is it true to say that Europe is definitely divided up into settled hostile camps. The European schism of which we sometimes hear is a schism whose frontiers are unfixed and protean. This power to-day is on the side of that power; but to-morrow it may be on the side of the other power. Europe — thy name is fluidity! Fickleness — thy name is Europe! Nobody except one of those dogmatic persons who write predictions in the newspapers, in the sure and certain hope that they will be forgotten before they are falsified by events, would venture to declare how the chief nations will range up. What it is possible to say is that the present

alignment is not a permanent alignment; but what the permanent alignment will be, or even whether there can be a permanent alignment, no statesman can say. Things may turn out altogether differently from what may be now imagined.

It is, at a given moment, comparatively easy to suppose that the Entente between France and England will cease, and that England will take her stand with Germany. It is facile to picture a Russo-German alliance. It is the fashion to deplore the isolation of France. But all this is gratuitous assumption. Because it is likely at a certain instant, it does not follow that it will be likely an instant later. The wheel is constantly turning. In the whirligig of time are many reverses. It would be just as reasonable to suppose France and Germany allied against Russia and England; and whoever may scoff at the notion may live to repent.

In most speculations about Europe far too much is taken for granted. There are subtle and hidden factors which are operating, and the diplomatist who knows most is the diplomatist who confesses that he knows nothing of the future. I make these remarks by way of reaction against the rapid crystallization of notions that have only a superficial justification. When you

have as many countries as there are cards in a pack, it is the height of folly to pretend to know how they will be shuffled. For example, who has paid the smallest attention to the Scandinavian countries? And yet these Scandinavian countries are destined to have an immense influence on the European situation. I wish that somebody would study and work out the effect of them upon the general scheme.

It is usually thought that the Baltic States are doomed to disappear when Russia recovers; but surely there is a considerable chance that they will form a lasting buttress against Russia. Generally men shake their heads about Poland, believing that Poland must be crushed between the upper and the nether millstones of Russia and Germany; but why should not Poland work in friendly coöperation with Germany on the one hand, or with Russia on the other, or even with both? Her present attitude undoubtedly is not her final attitude, and already one may detect a weakening of the ties which bind her politically to France, whose outpost she is represented to be. Can anyone prophesy what will happen to the Petite Entente? Is Czechoslovakia with France or with England, or is she seeking to make terms with her great Slav neighbor?

And Italy? Where does she stand? Will she compose her quarrel with France? or will she reach out through Austria, whom she no longer fears, to Germany, whose ally she once was? Will Austria, in spite of artificial and arbitrary injunctions of treaties, join up with Germany? What will be her ultimate relations with Hungary? Will Hungary and Rumania, forgetting their differences, find it desirable to make common cause against Bolshevism? And in the Balkans, properly so-called, what combinations will be formed? Will Greece look east or west?

Will Yugoslavia continue to scowl across the Adriatic at a frowning Italy?

I could give the conventional answers to these and to many other questions, but I do not guarantee that the conventional answers are the right answers. On the contrary, I believe that, in all probability, what appears probable will prove improbable.

In short, it has become necessary to issue a warning against the diagrammatic statements of diplomatic writers who solemnly draw and color the map of Europe, but who will find that the map will not keep still and that the colors will run.

Europe is in flux. Europe is in the melting pot. No one can tell what the new Europe will be like. Polish boundaries are still unmarked; and disputed provinces, like Bessarabia, constitute terrible danger-points.

II

Nevertheless, some tendencies may be set down; and, above all, it is useful to consider the character of a few typical European statesmen. I have already, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, drawn some portraits of French politicians; but I may add to the gallery some *croquis* of M. Poincaré, M. Tardieu, M. Barthou, and M. Caillaux.

When M. Poincaré came to power, the British Government and the British press were quite openly against him. Never did he receive the smallest official or unofficial assistance. Everything that could be done to make his task harder was done. This, in my opinion, was a mistake. The personality of M. Poincaré may not be found pleasant, and Mr. Lloyd George is essentially a man who is moved by prejudices. He has almost a feminine sensibility. He has likes and dislikes. M. Poincaré was one of his dislikes. The result was that, if he did not personally

oppose M. Poincaré, — so far as a minister in one country can oppose a minister in another country, — his henchmen and his tame writers, taking their cue from him, did so. The French Premier had to struggle against this antagonism. Rarely have I seen anything more foolish in diplomacy. M. Poincaré was forced into a false position. He was compelled to proceed to extremes which he would have wished to avoid.

The day when France will accept the dictation of another country as to her Prime Minister or her Foreign Minister is over. Frenchmen remember the fate of M. Delcassé, virtually dismissed because Germany demanded his head. If Mr. Lloyd George desired to carry out his plans, he would have been wiser to persuade M. Poincaré to go along with him, and to set aside his personal antipathy. It is, unfortunately, true that these personal antipathies play an important part in foreign affairs. How absurd! Beyond M. Poincaré, beyond Mr. Lloyd George, beyond any other person who happens to be invested with authority, is the nation. Over these petty quarrels of individuals, is the cause of humanity. While sympathizing very much with many of the aims of Mr. Lloyd George, the present writer was led to believe that he was 'not big enough,' by nothing so much as this personal feud and resentment against M. Poincaré.

The French statesman, by general British consent, was described as the French Kaiser, and was depicted in a Prussian spiked helmet, ready to unsheathe his glittering sword, and to shake a menacing mailed fist. The truth is, of course, that M. Poincaré (in a figurative as well as literal sense) wears a shining silk hat and white kid gloves, and for weapon carries only the bourgeois umbrella of a prudent life. M. Poincaré will never be understood

unless it is recognized that his violence is chiefly verbal — and is a very methodic violence, full of reservations.

His mind is the mind of the cautious lawyer. On nearly every occasion that I have seen him, he has spoken of 'Article so-and-so,' and has interpreted texts. In procedure he is inimitable. Were he pleading in a court of law, there is no point that he would miss. His technical skill is remarkable; and were diplomacy purely a thing of juridic intelligence, M. Poincaré would be the greatest diplomatist I have ever met. The Poincaré method, however, breaks down in this — that he has to execute his own judgments. He cannot, having made his plea, pick up his portfolio and leave the court, knowing that an official will carry out decisions with which he has nothing more to do. He is his own court, his own advocate, and his own bailiff.

I do not mean that M. Poincaré is incapable of real energy, but merely that, if he lacks any quality, it is the quality of forgetting his documents, of disregarding his texts, and of taking action. Living facts do not always present the same appeal to him as to Mr. Lloyd George, who, on the other hand, is far too much inclined to overlook legal and logical rights.

III

There are pressing M. Poincaré, on opposite sides, M. Tardieu and M. Barthou. M. Tardieu is certainly one of the cleverest politicians in France, and if his day is not yet, it will come. His personality is perhaps not altogether *sympathique*. He is somewhat too conscious of what he knows. He marshals his facts and his figures clearly and irresistibly — and yet one is not convinced: one is rather annoyed at his rightness, which is a still more rigid rightness than that of M. Poincaré. He

makes less progress than he might otherwise make because he is regarded by Parliament as too much of a superior person. One respects a man whose arguments are water-tight and iron-bound; but one likes better the man who comes down to our level and is a jovial virtuoso. M. Tardieu endeavors to be mathematically correct and omniscient, whereas a man like Mr. Lloyd George depends upon intuitive judgment and is not afraid of lightly leaping over chasms of ignorance. After all, in politics it is the light leaper who goes farthest.

Strongly in M. Tardieu's favor is his utter loyalty to M. Clemenceau, his master and mentor. It was M. Clemenceau who gave him his chance, and he will not desert the old Tiger because the jackals are baying at his flanks. France, like other countries, is deplorably ungrateful to her politicians. When M. Clemenceau was in power, everybody fawned at his feet. When he fell, his popularity vanished in a night. The Tarpeian Rock is still near to the Capitol. But when M. Clemenceau was friendless, M. Tardieu remained his friend. In good and bad report he stood by him and by his treaty. M. Tardieu will see no fault or flaw in the treaty. He demands the treaty, the whole treaty, and nothing but the treaty. If matters have not turned out as was expected, if disappointment and disillusionment have followed, that is because the treaty is a 'perpetual becoming.' Its virtue lies in its proper application. The bad workman always complains of his tools.

In the triangular duel, M. Barthou takes up his corner as in the famous scene of Captain Marryat. That M. Barthou possesses ability of a high order, though not of the highest order, is not to be questioned. But he is to be placed rather in his relations to others, than on his own footing. I can

best illustrate this point by saying that, when M. Briand was Prime Minister, M. Barthou was regarded as his possible successor because he was more conservative; and when M. Poincaré was Prime Minister, M. Barthou was considered his possible successor because he was more liberal. He is a man who, in default of being chief, must for safety's sake be made a lieutenant — and even then safety is not necessarily secured. He will show up as more this or more that against the background of his chief; and according to which point of the triangle his chief occupies, will he appear conservative or liberal. With a man of the Right he will seem to be to the Left, and with a man of the Left he will seem to be to the Right; and so will he always have his supporters, always will he have rosy prospects, always will he commend himself to the inevitable adversary of Left or Right — but always will he fail to obtain the entire confidence of the Chamber.

IV

What does the future hold for M. Joseph Caillaux? M. Caillaux has undoubtedly become extremely active once more; and, in spite of the ban which is placed upon this one-time leader of the Radical Party, he is still to be reckoned with. For many years, according to the judgment of the High Court of the Senate, he is condemned to lose his political rights. It will be remembered that his conduct during the war was considered to be anti-patriotic. He believed that the war might, or ought to, have been ended sooner. He adumbrated an eventual *rapprochement* with Germany. He was understood to be against a policy which committed France for a long period to British tutelage. It is not necessary to state precisely the charges which were brought against him — indeed, it would

be difficult to state them except in these general terms. But at any rate, rightly or wrongly, he was found guilty by the High Court and may not even live in, or visit, Paris. He may not even be elected on the local *comice agricole* — which is hardly a political body. Thus, if the sentence stands, he is excluded altogether from political life until he reaches an age when he would, in any event, normally retire from the arena. And yet, it cannot be denied that there is some suggestion that he will return.

There is nothing to stop him from writing. He is writing books, and he is writing in the journals. His books have real force, and are taken by his admirers to show that he has not lost his grip of finance. Now it so happens that, in the long run, when all the political controversies shall have died down, it is the finances of France which will demand serious attention. Finance Minister after Finance Minister comes and goes; and as yet there is no hint of the solution of France's problem. There are many people who hold that no first-rate politician, who is capable of tackling the true central question, has emerged, and that M. Caillaux in his seclusion is the man to whom France will ultimately have recourse.

Personally, I am inclined to doubt the validity of such indications. Not until the *Bloc National* disappears, not until the Radical Party is again predominant, can the verdict against M. Caillaux be quashed. And I am bound to say that the chances of the Radical Party are not as bright as is often represented. One cannot be dogmatic; but unless the financial crash of which many folk love to talk is nearer than I can imagine, the Bloc National will continue to rule the roost. Even assuming that the Radicals come back, there would be inevitable objections, due to jealousy, due to lack of courage, to any revision of the old sentence. Other leaders have

come to the front, who would make way reluctantly for M. Caillaux, who is an impetuous, somewhat supercilious, overbearing, and sharp-tempered man. However this may be, it would be well not to leave M. Caillaux completely out of the reckoning, for an unexpected turn of the wheel would bring him and his policy, which implies a Franco-German economic accord, back into effective international life.

V

Probably it is true that the real trend of the world is toward the Left — that is to say toward liberalism. But we must not exaggerate the speed of the movement. One may find that many institutions which are regarded as bulwarks of the Reaction have disappeared and are disappearing; but it does not necessarily follow that with them vanish tyranny and obtuseness. If one looks around Europe to-day, one will find many ruined thrones. But what of that? The kings depart — but not the captains, and not the capitalists. The Tsar, the Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, and many minor monarchs, no longer reign. Is therefore Russia less oppressed? Are the people of Germany freer? Is not Hungary notoriously governed by a military caste? And though England retains her King and her House of Lords, while France long ago became a republic, is it not a French publicist, M. Jacques Bainville, who boldly cries: 'Let us frankly take up our position as the most reactionary country in the world!' I do not accept his estimate, but it indicates sufficiently that it is not so-called proletarian rule, or so-called bourgeois rule, or so-called aristocratic rule, or so-called military rule, that makes the difference to the happiness of a people. Apparently the real ruler everywhere is Big Business. It is in economic terms that one

is obliged to speak. I recall the expression of Camille Desmoulins, when he dissociated himself from the Terrorists of his time: 'No, Liberty is not a courtesan of the Opera, it is not a Phrygian cap, a dirty shirt, and rags.' Communism has found that out and has been found out.

Indeed it is difficult, if one looks closely at the European situation, to discover genuine signs of a movement to the Left. England is certainly trying to escape from the vicious circle of the treaty she fashioned for her own imprisonment. Mr. Lloyd George is describing the attempt in moral phrases. But the purpose is not moral. It is purely economic. The fact is, that there are electoral problems and there are unemployed problems. France is thinking, above all, of her budget, and of taxation, and of the bankruptcy which many Cassandras are crying. Russia is preoccupied with reconstruction, but is not willing to make doctrinal concessions. Germany is clearly wondering how she can escape from the burden of reparations. Italy is concerned about her want of coal and the general industrial depression. Austria is asking how she can live. Other countries are anxious, either to stick to the economic as well as the territorial gains they have acquired, or to recover those which they have lost. Look where you will, it is the economic equation which matters; and, as the profit of one country is the loss of another, they are all at sixes and sevens. It should be candidly acknowledged that the motives everywhere are egotistic. The thing is, to find the common denominator. What is to the interest of all? If only they could see it, the good of their neighbor is their own good, and trade freely flowing may be found to be the unifying and pacifying factor. In my view, it is the only hope of peace; but unfortunately commerce has two faces.

It may divide, or it may knit together. At present it divides.

Two commodities which are necessary to industry are the objects of strife and are determining the political currents in Europe. One is coal and the other is oil. It is better to face the facts with complete frankness. While it would be foolish to deny that there are purely political problems, they are dominated by these economic problems. Whatever subject was discussed at Genoa, every delegate was thinking about oil. Russia is, from the international standpoint, chiefly remarkable as an oil field which may become a battlefield. Truth, it is said, lies at the bottom of a well — but it is an oil well. When it can be decided, to the general advantage of Russia, England, America, and France, how and by whom the oil resources of the great land are to be exploited and to whom these riches are to be allocated, the Russian enigma will be largely solved. If only this could be got out of the way, the rest would be easy. Obviously the fight is chiefly between America and British interests, with France playing the part of honest broker. Apparently, France has given up thought of herself taking a leading part in the working of the oil wells; but if she is more or less disinterested, she nevertheless sees political advantages as well as material advantages in supporting this or that company, this or that country. I do not intend to do more than to indicate that here is one of the keys to European politics.

The second key is coal. If Russia may be described as an oil-problem, Germany may be described as a coal-problem. Here France is intensely interested. Without discounting what I have already written in respect of France, I may add that, in addition to purely financial considerations, there is also this broader economic

consideration. Of two things, one: either France must come to a peaceable arrangement with Germany, by which the iron ore of Lorraine is exchanged against the coal of the Ruhr or smelted in Ruhr furnaces, or France must obtain forceful possession of the Ruhr, if she is to make the most of the great windfall of iron ore she has obtained in Lorraine. To obtain control of the Ruhr is to obtain a double profit. Not only is the German metallurgical industry ruined, but the French metallurgical industry is placed in the most favorable situation.

Here, however, is where French interests come up against, not only the interests of Germany but the interests of England, who has hitherto led the way in coal and iron. It is possible that, if French military operations in Westphalia resulted only in the destruction of the German metallurgical industry, England would be able to look on with some indifference. But it is impossible that the definite superiority of France in these vital possessions should not arouse alarm in England. France already holds the most abundant deposits of iron in Europe. It would be too much that she should also have an incontestable advantage in coal.

Thus, besides the masses of the British people afflicted by unemployment, Mr. Lloyd George can command the support of the magnates of industry and the coal-owners, when he opposes the invasion of Westphalia. The enterprise, it has been pointed out, would be as dangerous for England as for Germany. Now, France is not and never has been keen upon making the most of the opportunity that is offered her; but in view of so much provocation from Germany, and from those who unthinkingly denounced the Entente in England, the ranks of the more adventurous capitalists in France are strengthened. No such midsummer

madness has ever been known in European politics as the tactics of English men and parties who would break with France, instead of remaining with her at any cost and thus serving to check the transports of the extremists. I repeat that there was never any demand for the occupation of the Ruhr until there were stupid voices raised in England for the smashing of the Entente and the abandonment of France.

Nothing will ever be accomplished until all these cards are placed on the table and the international situation is regarded, not so much as a moral problem (for alas! much masquerading morality and canting humanitarianism have served only to camouflage, but not to conceal, the real issue), but as an economic problem — an economic conflict in which nobody will win if regard is had only to individual interests. An equitable arrangement will result in the salvation of Europe. A continuation of the struggle will result in the beggary of everyone.

If the movement to the Left in the world at large is not so swift as is represented, neither is it in France in particular. First, it is by no means certain that the Radicals in 1924 will triumph over the Bloc National; and second, it will be seen that, in the nature of the case, the Radicals, when they get down to essential things, can adopt no other attitude than does the Bloc National. M. Herriot, who, since the eclipse of M. Caillaux, is the Radical leader, or M. Painlevé, who is a sincere Radical, who has been, and may again be, Prime Minister, is obliged to take account of these implications if the attitude of England remains what it has become. Once it becomes an economic battle instead of an economic accord for coöperative purpose, the cleavage must grow deeper and wider. There may be devil's broth brewing in the melting pot in which Europe is seething.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THEN AND NOW

HISTORIANS need not write heavy books to explain that times change: let them publish a few letters from each era, and the trick is done. A glance at the two letters which follow shows the truth of this statement. Both were written by young people, 'in their teens,' and both are descriptive of the places where they found themselves.

The first was in the mahogany sewing-box, inlaid with satinwood, lined with faded crimson satin, and furnished with tiny ivory sewing implements, which was left to us by our great-aunt. The yellowed pages are not complete; but as the writer refers to his twentieth birthday, and the date is 1857, we can place him fairly well.

The second letter was found on the street, evidently having blown off the ashman's cart. Being unsigned and impersonal, it seems possible to publish it as a sign of the times.

The first letter is dated from 'The Inn of the Lily of Laughing Tuscany,' Pistoja, Italy, and runs:—

The morning of my twentieth Birthday
May 1, 1857

It is such a pleasure, my dear Lucy, to be seated at my table, this lovely morning, with my books about me, and my brain refreshed by dreamless sleep. My cares in running the house in Cambridge before our dear Mother's death did sit rather heavily upon my shoulders, and it is a joy to me to sit here and think that no calculations as to whether shad or sheep is cheaper today need bother me. The servants come and go in the courtyard below, but I

am not disturbed by thoughts that later they must be fed, and the lights may burn all night for aught I care. I have no conscious agony over coming bills!

How many times I wish that you were here, dear Lucy; and my thoughts are not wholly unselfish, for you, and you alone, know how to trim my quills to a decent point. What struggles I have to keep myself supplied with anything comfortable or practicable, and how many times I have to fall back upon prosaic steel! Thoughts of the library at Cambridge, with my dear cousin seated by the open fire sharpening my pens, bring such thoughts of homesickness, that I think I will at once plunge into a description of my arrival at the Lily of Laughing Tuscany.

This is a charming Inn, one of the pleasantest I have as yet encountered on the Grand Tour. I arrived here on a cheerless and rainy twilight evening, in a heavily-built, and somewhat shabby traveling coach, which may once have belonged to some Milord di Londra. It entered the gate of the ancient and stately city of Pistoja, with a flourish, and drew up at the doorway of the Inn. The *vetturino* was a beetle-browed, thick-set, thick-headed countryman of Boccaccio and Macchiavelli, spattered with mud, and with a complexion no less muddy than his boots. As he opened the door, my fellow passengers alighted first. I had passed some six hours with these two, who were plainly husband and wife, and from the United States. The gentleman had slept most of the way in the swaying, jolting vehicle, and the only time he had addressed me had been in the language

of the country. As I was wrapped in one of those large, brigandish cloaks which I had purchased at Bologna, and had answered him in the same tongue, he had no reason to think I was not what I seemed—a somewhat melancholy traveling Italian youth. I would have made myself known, had there been a good opportunity to do so; but the feeling of traveling *incognito* was very interesting.

The gentleman, then, alighted. He wore a cloak which looked like a dressing-gown, as it was blue and orange plaid, checked off in large squares with green and black. His temper seemed as infirm as his body, and as the coachman held the door open for him, touching his hat and murmuring something about '*buonamano*,' the old gentleman pushed him sternly aside with a word or two of very pure English, in which a passerby might have caught 'Scoundrel' for one word, and, possibly, 'Damned' for another!

The next time I saw the elderly gentleman and his gentle spouse was when we met in the dining room of the *trattoria* for dinner. The gentleman was warming his feet before the small open fire, and complaining about the sheets on his bed, which he said were 'damp, unaired linen, as he knew by just touching them.' As it was necessary for us to join forces if all were to get the benefits of the fire, I introduced myself, and we were soon comfortably comparing notes on Italy and America, for the Stepgoods were themselves from Hingham, Massachusetts, and knew many of our Cambridge relatives. The gentleman was on a trip for his health, accompanied by his good wife who took every care of him, and whose patience I never saw equaled.

Mr. Stepgood declared that the wine would not be fit to drink and that he must have tea with his supper. He added in the next breath that there

was no decent tea in Europe, and that he had been damnably cheated in London where he had paid half a guinea for a quarter of a pound of tea. He exclaimed irascibly, 'I suppose Mrs. Stepgood has lost it by this time, too.'

Mrs. Stepgood said sweetly, 'No, Mr. Stepgood, it is right here in my dressing bag. I always keep that with me until I feel sure of the servants in these European hotels.'

She produced the tea, and a pair of thin silver spoons, and rang the bell for a servant. None came, and she rang several times. Mr. Stepgood by this time had changed his mind, and thought he might like some mulled wine. I offered to try to discover the kitchen and raise a saucepan, a lemon and the wine itself.

'And sugar,' said Mr. Stepgood crossly; 'Mrs. Stepgood never would remember the sugar if it were n't for me!'

Mrs. Stepgood poked in the interior of the dressing bag again, and triumphantly produced several lumps of the commodity. She held them out to Mr. Stepgood. 'Stolen from the last supper table, no doubt,' scolded the invalid; 'but no matter, it will help me to warm my cold bed.'

I left the room, and hunted down various dark passages until I came to the Malebolge which serves for a kitchen to the Lily of Laughing Tuscany. It was a picturesque room, and if not underground, it seemed to be. The occasional beat of a horse's hoof clattering on the stones of his stall, and the slight odour of hay indicated that the room was on the border land between man and beast. The hearth was raised three or four steps from the floor, and on it the fire flickered, casting long shadows into the surrounding gloom. At either end was a smokejack, some two yards in length; and at one side was a seat with a very high back

for the convenience of late comers on a cold and rainy night. In the middle of the room was a long table, and at one end of it a picture composed itself which Correggio might have painted. Amid the blackness and vagueness which gave a certain sublimity to the smoky rafters sat a young man as handsome as Raffaele, leaning his hand upon his arm, and lighted by the dim radiance of one of those tall brass lamps that travelers in Italy so greatly admire, and whose light is not equal to that of one good firefly. The youth was reading his dingy book with such rapt attention — (*The letter ends here*).

DEAR DICK: —

The All-American Girl has just blown in from her first trip on the Nile, and found your letter waiting. Say, Kid, you have no idea how good the little old U. S. A. stamp looked to yours truly. Have been on the go ever since we struck these shores. Took a look around Rome a couple of weeks ago, seeing more historical spots than I ever knew were in the world. None of them meant anything to me, so we won't dwell on that much. Saw some swell ruins by moonlight — looked a lot like the Stadium; you know, the place where they used to run a free-lunch counter for the lions, with Christians *à la king*. Then blew down here; nothing much doing, too many old fossils on board. One of the party who steers us around is beginning to take notice, and I must say he is very Sheik (get me, kiddo?), but I'll never have a chance so long as the Dame in charge of us girls has her eyesight. Bought a new ring yesterday which is easy to look at, one of those big bugs or something, mummified. I'll wear it the next time we take in a toddle party. Lord! Will I ever get back to the Big Country, and be a human being again! When I trip over the pond next time,

I'll have a husband along to show me the sights. Fond of travel, Priceless?

Long about July 1st, have a brass band down to the station, for the All-American will breeze over on the five o'clock that afternoon, and believe me, child, you'll look good to me. Your sea-going hack will have no terrors for me now I've ridden a camel, I'll tell the world. Farewell, Bozo, till we meet, and have lots of pinwheels and skyrockets ready for a big step-out on my return. Bye.

THE RACE OF TOM

CATS are the Only Woman's favorite animal. Sometimes I've even thought that she hardly makes a sufficient exception in favor of man. And I've learned to understand the cat, partly by being with *her*, and partly by traveling. True, as Pierre Loti says, 'On a le sens de chat, ou on ne l'a pas.' Yet not even with the *sens*, can anybody completely fathom the cat by staying at home. Some one or two individual specimens are certain to get in the way, and obscure one's sense of the cat *per se*.

The Only Woman, reading the foregoing over my shoulder, denies that the cat may be completely fathomed at all.

'You know very well,' she says, 'that nobody could do it, even by circumnavigating the globe.'

I yield at once. I always yield to her when it comes to cats, chiefly, I think, because she does n't want to keep one. Keeping cats is a mad practice, something like having children, but without that consciousness of public approval, of doing one's duty and of God being responsible, which sustains the courage of parents. Why, if you keep a cat, it may die. Also, if you are a nomad, it's out of the question.

So we have to enjoy the cat temperately, intermittently, humbly, and by

the sufferance of others. A degree of asceticism is necessary to the perfection of any passion. For all I know, there may be such a thing as cat-satiety. Travel spares us that. It has also taught us the inner significance of the cat's Latin name — *Felis Domestica*. Some might translate it, 'Happily Domesticated,' which is ridiculous. But 'At Home Everywhere' is a true rendering; for the cat is universal.

I don't mean merely that it is to be found everywhere. The dog is to be found everywhere, too. But, whereas the dog is like the dyer's hand, tinted somewhat by environment, stained not a little by the surrounding ocean of human nationality, so that there are American dogs, English dogs, French dogs, Russian dogs, and not anywhere simply dogs, the cat is always simply the cat, whether domiciled in Egypt as a god, or among the white shadows of the South Seas as an outcast.

There are inner differences, it is true, but they reflect on the character of *Homo*, not of *Felis*. You can tell all you need to know about the society of a region simply by the way in which its cat regards your first advances — by her patient waiting to give you a chance to prove yourself, or by her celerity in climbing the nearest tree. The dog has spoiled man by sticking to him through thick and thin. The cat, like woman, makes certain cultural demands.

This is the secret, I think, of the implacable feud which exists between cat-lovers and the partisans of the dog. There is no *sens de chien*. Anybody can appreciate the sentimental faithfulness of the dog. But dog people resent our preference for aloofness, treachery, and indifference. They suspect the existence of something fine and consciously superior, which they cannot grasp, and they retaliate usually by resorting to bad language.

They even pretend to be annoyed by those mystically soothing notes indicative of sublime insight into the sad heart of things, which arise sometimes at midnight from back fences and kitchen roofs, and are known to the Anglo-Saxon as caterwaulings, but to the Frenchman more politely as *miaulements*. And the very men who hurl shoes at this music seem unable to discover anything disagreeable in the intermittent, senseless yapping of a wakeful cur. There is no use in arguing about it. Nobody can love Dickens and Thackeray equally well. The catophile will inevitably choose Thackeray, and prefer Baudelaire to either. On a le sens de chat, ou on ne l'a pas.

The most perfect cat I ever met lived in Venice. The Only Woman and I were proceeding toward the Accademia, along the street known as the Rio Terra de S. Agnese. He was seated in a doorway waiting to be let in.

We both stopped. The cat was no Royal Siamese, Blue Persian, or Angora, but of the common variety called Tiger — and of an age which permitted the golden subintents of his fur to begin to make themselves felt. A glance was sufficient to assure one that he had not a single physical imperfection, from the tip of his tail to the clean, sharply turned corners of his eyes.

I stooped, holding out my hand cautiously. He turned his head in our direction, and said: —

'Meow!'

'What a wonderful creature!' I exclaimed, after having rung the doorbell for my new friend's accommodation, and passed on so as to avoid explanations on my own account.

I felt the Only Woman's hand tighten on my arm. 'I was so afraid you would n't see it,' she whispered.

'See what?'

'That he is the greatest cat that ever lived.'

'I'm not blind,' I retorted, hurt, and saying to myself that I would never have accused *her* in that way — not without, at least, taking evidence.

'But it was n't only the outside of him,' she went on in explanation. 'He was just as intelligent as he was lovely. How did he know what kind of people we were? How did he dare be so friendly? There are plenty of folks in the world who would have scatted him.'

We continued our way, happy in the thought that there was something in our very appearance which distinguished us from those who could have said, 'scat.' We were also happy in the knowledge that we did not own the Perfect Cat. I'd rather own the Venus of Milo. You could watch over that, I suppose. Anyway, it would never die or grow old.

LITERARY REAL-ESTATE

SOMETIMES I wonder what writers, if they had n't been writers, would have done for a living? Rossetti and Du Maurier, of course, would have given themselves wholly to art, and Sidney Lanier brimmed over his cup with music. Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton are men who can both lecture and write; in fits of sickness I long for kind, capable Mary Roberts Rinehart to 'special' my case; while Kipling, accredited agent of the Red Gods, could arrange delightful, adventurous trips to dead, enchanted cities and painted islands in the Pacific. But since, like everyone else, I look when I read for the thing that most interests me, I have been wondering lately how many authors could have been successful interior decorators. Now, anybody can *describe* a room. Minute detail is n't what I mean; that's a matter of mere statistics: so many tables, so many chairs. To make a reader feel a room's *presence*, its infinite,

intimate charm, is a different thing, given supremely to just a few.

But those few do it so exquisitely! How comfortable you always are in Archibald Marshall's novels, whether you are visiting the Clintons, or sitting at ease with Mrs. Redcliffe in her gay-chintzed, oak-raftered room glowing with candles, softly shining with the rare undergleam that comes with old, loved things: treasured china, polished brass, and well-rubbed furniture. As you read, a sense of incomparable ease is directly transferred to you — so directly, indeed, that I am determined Marshall shall do such a room for me. But, if ever I am an inn-keeper, or owner of a Manor Farm, I shall retain the services of Charles Dickens. For, just as *Pickwick* always makes me hungry, so do these ample abodes find me stretching like a cat to the warmth of their welcoming hearths. Candlelight, candlelight, and crackling logs, and merry voices. 'If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.'

And yet, is this picture more endeared than *Snowbound*? Ah, I never want a New England farmhouse unless our gentle, kindly Whittier will arrange it for me. So often I have sat happily in that homely, firelit room, watching the cat's dark silhouette upon the whitewashed wall, the witches making their tea under the bare-boughed lilac tree, the mug of cider simmering slow between the straddling feet of the old Turk's-head andirons. Not Time nor Change nor all the deep-piled snows of winter can ever quench the memory of that ruddy fire glowing on the wide and clean-winged hearth.

But again I turn to England — to Coleridge. (Is it their 'abidingness' that gives the English such an ex-

quisite sense of interior?) He is to fashion for me a Gothic room, a

Chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet;

perfect in every detail, down to the silver, angel-swung *veilleuse*, to protect me all the night from wandering spirits of the dark. And for it Keats shall stain a jeweled mullioned window, to throw its benediction of colors on me as I kneel at my orisons, and place magic casements to look out upon the foam of perilous seas.

Next, should I desire a Renaissance apartment, — I don't in the least, but everybody else seems to, nowadays, — why, that I would entrust to Browning; the poet who wrote 'The Bishop Orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's' could not help revealing the resplendent paganism of that triumphant time. But Tennyson can't and shan't decorate even a corner of a room for me! Despite Maud's own little oak room, notwithstanding all the splendid pictures in 'The Palace of Art,' I have misgivings; I distrust the soundness of his taste. I vow that the *malice* of Max Beerbohm's very Victorian cartoon is not in my mind as I write; but I am convinced that Lady Flora, taking her 'broidery frame and adding a crimson to the quaint macaw, was but completing a scheme that already dominated the drawing-room — other quaint macaws in staring crewelwork on cushions and screens, with, probably, the final elegance of antimacassars on chair-backs. Rather Tennyson shall 'landscape' my estate for me, spread his dark green layers of shade, give me a high hall garden, with rooks to cry, 'Caw! Caw! Caw! Caw!' at the falling of twilight. Though I do hope he will consult Amy Lowell about the more intimate house-planting; I want her flowing melodies in blue, her parterres of brilliant tulips. And I should welcome

a few words of advice from Compton Mackenzie, since *Plasher's Mead* always inspires me with the hope that some day I shall marry a gardening parson in the South of England.

Amy Lowell, too, — for she so well knows how beautiful the sun can be on bricks and pewter, — shall plan my kitchen — after talking it over with Padraic Colum, who is to hang the lantern-clock, and fill my dresser with shining delf. Oh, and I am almost forgetting my haunted chamber! I'm writing to Walter de la Mare about that, for he will contrive such delicately modulated terrors: faint winds to stir a dusky arras; frail, wistful ghosts to flitter down old galleries polished by moonlight.

The loveliest chamber I have not yet shown you — Galsworthy's matchless 'little whitewashed withdrawing-room of a thatched, whitewashed cottage. . . . A log, dropping now and then, turned up its glowing underside, and the firelight and the lamplight seemed so to have soaked into the white walls, that a wan warmth exuded. Silvery dun moths, fluttering in from the dark garden, kept vibrating like spun shillings, over a jade-green bowl of crimson roses; and there was a scent, as ever in that old, thatched cottage, of wood-smoke, flowers, and sweet-briar.'

But for an all-round understanding of Things, the Things that are tangible thoughts, give me Anne Douglas Sedgwick. In every story that she writes there is this inner sense, the same serene discernment: 'The Third Window,' 'Hyacinths,' 'The White Pagoda,' all are examples of excellence. Her rooms are the backgrounds of her characters; sometimes, indeed, they seem almost the characters themselves.

Do you envy me? I am neither rich nor poor; to quote my beloved Horace Walpole, I have just 'a middling

house'; but *cric-crac*, in an instant, behold my palace rise. And not yet have you tasted its fullest joy; I never have to dust; I walk through my rooms, and find them swept and garnished. Praise be, I don't even *know* that there is such a thing as a Servant Question!

NEDDING

I USED to think that the world was filled with all sorts and conditions of men, but that was before the Only Woman and I took to Nedding. Now we know there are only fifteen or twenty at the outside. Nedding is a very simple pastime, within reach of anybody whom necessity or disposition compels to travel even a little.

She invented it — at Avignon, if I remember — by simply remarking as we sat there having a coffee in the *Café des Négociants*: 'Why, that man over there looks exactly like your uncle Ned.'

Until that hour we had both preserved our infantile illusion that the human family was a vast agglomeration of desperate units, grouped somewhat carelessly into races, but otherwise decidedly heterogeneous. A great many apples must have fallen to the ground before there came a Newton to deduce the law of gravitation. Do you see? No sooner had I discovered that the man at the neighboring table was but another edition of Ned, than I became aware that his companion, a woman whose sharp features seemed to have been thrust into visibility by the pressure of a volcanic personality, was but the double of Fanny, a nursemaid, sacred to the memory of my tenderest years. Much social as well as temporal and geographical — to say nothing of ethnological — distance separated them, no doubt. Nevertheless they had been cast in the same mould.

That opened my eyes, and the eyes of the Only Woman. To Ned and

Fanny were soon added Father, Mrs. B., Dollyann, the Farmer, Splitcracker, and Double Bass. Avignon began to seem like a reincarnation of our native town. A nomadic existence led us back to Paris; from there to London; thence to Marseilles, Turin, Venice, Vienna, Athens, Constantinople, to Avignon again. Nomadism is a weary thing when it is one's business. The hours that one spends in cafés become simply irksome. But it is different when you have discovered a great secret of the race and have something to look for.

Ned reappeared in Paris the first day we were there. He had grown a moustache and lost most of his hair. The hair was even of a different shade. But nothing could disguise him. He has never deserted us since, except in Turin, where our stay was short and filled with uninteresting matters. Nor have the other members of the Doubles family proved less constant. Their numbers are increasing every day as our trained senses become more apt in piercing through superficial differences to hidden identities. We have had to invent new nicknames, as types never noted before thrust themselves repeatedly upon our attention; and one of the things that help us to look forward with pleasure to an approaching pilgrimage to the home town is the hope of finding the overlooked originals who will make these types as old as the others.

For the human race is composed of a very few strains. They run through races, tribes, and nations like threads through a pattern. You, who consider yourself so original in thought and feature — the Only Woman and I will agree to find your twin in any town on earth to which you will pay our traveling expenses. How witnesses dare to identify the defendant in the offhand way they do at criminal trials passes my comprehension. I would not swear, now, even to Uncle Ned.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, an old *Atlantic* contributor, brings to her study of the Byron-complex sound psychological insight, and a flair for controversy. She writes, however, 'I do not, of course, pretend to keep my head about Byron, but . . . I have been as moderate as woman could!' We refer our readers with satisfaction to the new volume of Byron letters, letters among the very best in English, recently edited by John Murray, and — with a vigorous caution not to read it — to the reissued edition of *Astarte*, wherein Byron's grandson spits upon his grandfather's grave in order to champion his grandmother's wrongs (both published by the Scribners). **George W. Alger** is a New York lawyer who drafted the New York Employers' Liability Act and many amendments to labor and child-labor laws. Upon several occasions **E. Barrington**, who is a British scholar, has given stories to the *Atlantic* with authentic and entertaining eighteenth-century backgrounds. This romance will form a chapter or two of a volume to be published in the autumn. **George Moore**, the English author and lover of life, in conversation with Joseph Husband, talks with Chicago in this number of the *Atlantic*. We are not permitted to disclose the writer of 'The Jungle of the Mind,' but regarding the remarkable mental experience, we quote the following letter from a physician of reputation: —

I am greatly interested in the author of this paper, not only personally but from a scientific standpoint. According to all our textbook symptoms of *dementia præcox*, she was surely that. For a long time the condition looked hopeless, but we took some desperate chances with her in the way of freedom and occupation, and gradually she gave up one symptom after another until at the last there seemed to be a very rapid readjustment.

* * *

Amory Hare is a poet well known to *Atlantic* readers. She sends us 'The Lifted Latch' from her home in 'The Little House,' at Cynwyd, Pennsylvania. The paper on

Bret Harte and Mark Twain has been edited by **M. A. DeWolfe Howe** from the letters of Mrs. James T. Fields, the wife of a former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The paper is part of a book to be published October 1. From his own experience **Ivan Ostroshki** tells the human story of the German occupation of Serbia. He is now a student in an American university. *Atlantic* readers will remember **Joseph Fort Newton** as the author of 'Preaching in London.' He is the pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York.

* * *

Edgar J. Goodspeed, who contributes 'The New Barbarism,' is a professor at the University of Chicago, and the author of many volumes of Biblical lore. **Emma Lawrence** is Mrs. John S. Lawrence of Boston. The *Atlantic* has printed several of her stories, among them, 'The Floor of Heaven,' in the August issue. **Florence Converse**, poet, novelist, and member of the *Atlantic's* staff, gives us this month the poem, 'Merlin Met Morgan-le-Fay.' 'The Strange Mind of India' is illumined by **J. A. Chapman**, who has devoted twenty-odd years to the sympathetic study of Bengalee character. He is librarian of the Imperial Library at Calcutta. **Madame Ponafidine** concludes her terrible story of sufferings under the Russian Revolution and after, by setting down the details of her escape.

* * *

E. T. Raymond is a British editor and student of political forces and personalities. He is the author of *Uncensored Celebrities*, and contributed 'The Future of Mr. Lloyd George' to the April, 1921, *Atlantic*. **Evans Lewin**, who is Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and Librarian of the Colonial Institute, is an eminent authority on contemporary Africa. **Claude Halstead Van Tyne**, head of the Department of History in the University of Michigan, continues his story of 'The Indian Ferment' which he began for *Atlantic* readers in July. He has recently

returned from India, where he has been studying at first hand the chaos of political and social upheaval. The *Westminster Gazette* was represented at the Peace Conference by **Sisley Huddleston**, whose dispatches won him wide recognition. In this number he discusses the relation of French problems to the present chaos of Europe.

* * *

Southerners from half-a-dozen states have written to us confirming the absolute authenticity of Eleanor C. Gibbs's 'Plantation Chronicles.' To be able to speak or write real 'nigger' is an accomplishment; for unfortunately the comedians of our press have succeeded in corrupting this most interesting of American dialects almost past recognition. A correspondent writes us the story of a Southern girl abroad, who when told of the advantages of a polylingual education, exclaimed, 'but I speak four myself!' 'Indeed,' said her friend, 'and which are they?' 'Good English, bad English, baby talk, and nigger.'

* * *

The *Atlantic's* discussion of the Ku Klux Klan has stirred discussion and brought us many letters. Here is one from Klan territory:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I read with much interest the article in your magazine on the Ku Klux Klan. As a resident at the centre of their operations I have had plenty of opportunity to study the workings of this organization. I perfectly agree with you that, although the Klan proclaim their innocence of many of the crimes committed in the name of Law and Order, that, if the Klan had not begun it, the others could not have followed.

A Klan parade was staged here last winter and it was openly announced that the Klan paraded only where law enforcement was lax. Of interest during the parade was a solitary negro who took a position of vantage on a corner and watched the whole affair unmoved. I later sought an interview with this negro and found him to be a native of one of the New England states. He was born in the North and held much the same idea of the Klan as most sensible people, namely that it is ridiculous in its methods, ritual, dress, and language. The older negroes and most of the real Southern negroes, however, are afraid of the Klan for the same reasons stated in the article: because they have no idea what the Klan desires when

they say that they 'will not bother any negro who behaves himself,' and so forth and so on.

So far as I can see there is no need for all this mumbo-jumbo to aid the Law, and the idea of each Klansman being a detective to watch his neighbors is hardly in keeping with the three rights of man — Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Sincerely yours,
LESLIE G. CUTLER.

An important commentary on the attitude of certain officers of the law toward the Klan comes to us in a letter from Nebraska:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Some three months after the murder of the negro woman mentioned in the *Atlantic's* article on the Ku Klux Klan, two policemen attempted to arrest a negro suspected of auto-stealing in the same city. One of the officers was shot and killed. The usual mob formed, killed the negro, and burned the body. The significant thing is this: at the burial of the dead officer, a delegation of white-robed, hooded figures appeared and deposited the usual tribute in the grave, indicating that the officer was a member of the Klan. Their action explained fully what I heard repeatedly during several weeks spent in Texarkana, that no police officer would interfere with the Klan, no matter what it had done. It is easy to understand why, if the officers had taken the oath quoted by Mr. Percy.

WALTER H. RILEY.

* * *

We are glad to correct an error which appeared in the name of one of our contributors in the July *Atlantic*, by printing this kind letter of the author:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

It is very sad, when one has finally achieved the great ambition of every true daughter (and granddaughter) of New England, and *got into the Atlantic*,—albeit it was only in the Contributors' Column,—to do so under the wrong name. Many times since my marriage, half a century ago, have I wished that either my husband's Dutch patronymic did not look so much like Sharp, or else that my writing were more legible. The name is not Sharp — it is SHOUR.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUR.

* * *

Professor Herman T. Frueauff of Allentown, Pennsylvania, writes us that he recalls his excitement when the first issue of

the *Atlantic* came to his house in November, 1857. He wonders whether any of our other readers have such long memories. We wonder, too.

* * *

We have received a number of letters critical of Dr. Channing Frothingham's article in the July *Atlantic*, from chiropractors, osteopaths, and their patients. We have no hesitancy in saying that we believe Dr. Frothingham's position essentially sound and we were at some pains to verify the correctness of his facts. But because, like him, we believe there is useful truth to be found in the other schools as well, we are glad to publish two carefully considered letters from a chiropractor and an osteopath which state their positions more fully:—

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have always felt that the motives of this magazine are to give the truth to its readers, regardless of its own, or the opinion of any group. Believing this to be true I wish to call your attention to several statements appearing in Channing Frothingham's article on 'Osteopathy, Chiropractic, and the Profession of Medicine' in the July issue of your worthy magazine.

Who but a medical doctor would hold it a grievous fault that the chiropractor is given a course in the fundamental principles of advertising? Two years ago this course was not given. Since, it has become a part of the curriculum, not by crowding out some other subject, but by adding more time to an already long course. This was instituted at the insistence of a single man, it being his idea that a person is only half equipped who is given something to sell and is not taught how to sell it. The chiropractor is of necessity an educator. Where is he going to learn how to educate anyone if not in his schools?

He says that chiropractic is only a theory, but only states half enough when he fails to say that medicine is only a theory. Two theories in fact, and opposing ones at that. Theories which after years of trial are no nearer a scientific basis than the day they were founded.

Likewise the statement, 'the chiropractor claims a misplaced vertebra is the cause of disease,' places us in an unfair position, for it only states half enough. A chiropractor believes that disease is always caused by an abnormal expression of the vital forces within the body. He is interested in the spine because it is practically the only structure in the body that can interfere with the distribution of mental impulses from the brain to the tissue cells.

The chiropractors are criticized for not conduct-

ing more research work. It must be remembered that chiropractic is a new science, and that most of its energy has been utilized in fighting for its life. It has recently established the National Chiropractic Research Society. It has been conclusively proven by animal experimentation that spinal pressure can and does bring about functional and structural changes in the periphery. The spinographic plate proves definitely the universality of abnormal spines. The clinical results are such that many people are becoming boosters in spite of their own natural prejudice.

Dr. Frothingham seems sincere when he is alarmed that many patients may fall into the chiropractors' hands, and so much valuable time be lost that they may become hopelessly incurable. He is unduly alarmed, for he must remember that practically all of the patients that come to the chiropractors do so after they have made the rounds of the medics. Usually, if they have been to five doctors, they have been treated for five different conditions. It's not through the chiropractors that the patients are losing so much time, but through self-medication — an evil that can hardly be laid at the chiropractors' door.

There would be no chiropractic problem if the present health methods were efficient. People do not try a new health method if they are satisfied with their present one. The way to deal with the situation is for the medics to give service to those that come to them, but not through the legislative halls. Whether chiropractic is going to succeed medicine is no concern to the chiropractor, for he knows that medicine has the happy faculty of succeeding itself every decade. He does know that chiropractic shall stand as a separate science. On this issue he is willing to die.

These problems are to be solved, not by one group writing diatribes about the other but rather by each group knowing its own sphere, and doing its work honestly and efficiently. It does seem to be the height of egotism for one group to think that the world can look only to them for help.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

No one who had investigated the osteopathic colleges could have said, as did Dr. Frothingham in the July issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that osteopaths discard 'all the accumulation of facts in the science of medicine.' The osteopathic colleges give a complete course in all branches of medical science except materia medica and pharmacology and they all include in their curriculum a careful study of *some* drugs, which all osteopaths consider useful, such as the anesthetics, antiseptics, anthelmintics, emetics, counterirritants, cathartics. The Los Angeles College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons gives a complete

course in *Materia Medica* and *Pharmacology*. All the osteopathic colleges give a four-year course; all make a high school education an entrance requirement; some also require for entrance one year of college work in the sciences. The originator of osteopathy himself was very insistent that students be thoroughly trained in anatomy, physiology, and all the allied sciences. He said, 'Imperfect knowledge created a desire to go out into the world as know-alls and cure-alls who wanted to write and say all and much more than is in osteopathy.'

A brief résumé of what has occurred in California may clarify the situation.

Ever since there has been an examining board in California, osteopaths have taken the same examination in *all subjects* as the medical graduates. The medical graduates were granted, upon passing these examinations, a license to practice medicine and surgery. The osteopaths were given a license to practice osteopathy. Osteopathy was not defined, and there trouble arose. The medical profession claimed that osteopathy meant manipulation only. Osteopaths claimed it meant all measures studied in the osteopathic colleges of which they had proven their knowledge before the medical board.

Finally, in 1913, the state legislature tried to settle the matter by passing a law which provided that all, whether medical men or osteopaths, who had completed a certain course of study and who passed the physician and surgeon examinations should receive the physician and surgeon license. The state medical board then refused to allow osteopaths to take the regular physician and surgeon examinations. They forced osteopaths who had had four years' intensive training to take what they called a drugless examination and to accept licenses which allowed them no more privileges than were enjoyed by chiropractors with practically no education. The osteopaths took the matter to court and after two years of expensive litigation won. But the judge warned them that the relief was temporary. That if they so much as changed their janitor the medical board might again disapprove the school.

Can you not see that such a state of affairs endangers the very life of the osteopathic school? Students will not continue to enter a school which can give them no assurance that, after four years' preparation, they will have the privilege of using their training. Can you not see that under the domination of the medical profession the school will be forced to choose one of two alternatives: either to reduce its standards of education to that of the chiropractic schools and prepare its students only for such work as the drugless license permits; in other words teach only manipulation and drop from its curriculum the other branches of medical science (which Dr. Frothingham says

we *should*, but does not seem to know that we *do* study), or the school must die. We are forced to conclude that if they must tolerate rivals they prefer ignorant ones.

The California law requires the same educational standard for medical men and for osteopaths. Please note that the bill which osteopaths are sponsoring, and which is to be voted on next fall by the people, expressly states that these educational requirements are in no way changed, that osteopaths shall now and hereafter fulfill any educational requirements which the legislature has imposed or shall impose on the medical profession. The bill simply provides that the medical law be administered to osteopaths by a board of osteopaths chosen and appointed by the Governor, instead of by a board of medical men who do not want to apply the law to osteopaths. If the osteopathic school is to be able to maintain high standards and live, this bill must pass.

Osteopaths are thoroughly educated in all the branches of medical science. But, owing to medical propaganda, they have made slow progress in educating the public to that fact. It is not fair that a magazine of the standing of the *Atlantic Monthly* should in one unfair article tear down what they have been years laboriously building up.

Dr. Frothingham says that the osteopathic research institutes have published no satisfactory proof of the correctness of osteopathic theories. We suspect that he did not investigate the reports of the institute any more carefully than he did the curriculum of the schools.

Osteopathy was not founded upon a theory as Dr. Frothingham says. It was founded upon observations. Then theories were evolved to explain observed phenomena.

Let us have a *thorough* and *fair* investigation.

Respectfully,

MARY L. LECLERE, A. B., D. O.

* * *

Madame Ponafidine, whose experiences with Bolshevist Russia are familiar to *Atlantic* readers, sends us the following statistics, which give in numbers some of the terrors she has put in words. The figures appeared in the *Paris Gaulois*, being the reports of the Extraordinary Commission, which had been printed in *Soviet* newspapers. Since October, 1917, executions in Russia numbered: —

Bishops	28
Priests	1,215
Professors and Teachers	6,775
Doctors	8,800
Army Officers	54,000

Soldiers.....	260,000
Police Officers.....	10,000
Constabulary.....	48,500
Landowners.....	12,950
Intelligentsia and Middle Class.....	355,350
Peasants.....	815,100
<i>Total</i>	<i>1,572,718</i>

It is interesting to note that these are more than France lost during the World War, and that the French Revolution's Reign of Terror gave only 17,000. It was reported that doctors in Russia were executed chiefly for finding people incapacitated for service in the army.

Madame Ponafidine has requested us to correct the date of the abdication of the Czar, which she inadvertently placed in May, instead of March, in her paper of the *July Atlantic*.

* * *

Apropos the 'Food of the Poets.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The 'Food of the Poets' in the June 'Contributors' Club' needs no gilding. Yet I cannot feel happy that Cowper should have been slighted, not so much for the 'cups that cheer but not inebriate' as for the 'Roman meal,' —

Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd — spare feast! — a radish and an egg!

Eggs are mentioned generously in the essay, to be sure. But is there another radish in all poetry?

L. M. BEATTIE.

Has peppergrass, we wonder, been overlooked by the rural poets?

* * *

For the benefit of all Mohammedan readers of Mrs. Gerould's paper in this month's *Atlantic*, and all others interested in the question of whether women have souls, we print the following footnote: —

The assumption that women are denied souls by Mohammedanism is so general and traditional that I may perhaps be excused for having made it; the more, that various books and learned articles on the Mohammedan religion make no definite statement about the matter. But the assumption is apparently incorrect, at least in

that sweeping form. See Chapters 3 and 4 of the Koran in Sale's translation.

K. F. GEROULD.

Robert M. Gay's discussion of Noah's wife in the May *Atlantic* has brought us further data upon that lady, neglected for many generations. Florence V. Mead recalls an essay she wrote when a Freshman in college, which describes with keen historical imagination the difficulties of wash day in the ark:—

Mr. Gay's characterization of his heroine quite agrees with mine. I placed her under the most trying circumstances known to femininity since the beginning of Creation, yet she emerged triumphant: the corner grocery store was washed away, the giraffes ate up all the starch, the hyenas drank the bluing water, the elephant calmly packed away Noah's best shirt and collar in his trunk, the tigers became hopelessly entangled in Mrs. Japhet's pink Mother Hubbard, yet through it all Mrs. Noah met every emergency and culinary disaster with unvarying patience and fortitude. Finally, according to my vivid account, 'having washed the dishes and scrubbed the floor, she lay down to take a nap with the morning paper over her face to keep off the two flies, blissfully unconscious that her young grandson, Arphaxad, was tracking up her clean floor with his muddy boots, and that the chilly tiger and leopard from the torrid zone, standing over the register to keep warm, had knocked the clotheshorse on to the wet floor.'

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I might paraphrase the patent medicine testimonial and say: 'I used to think the *Atlantic* was terribly dry and uninteresting, until one day I stumbled upon a copy, and from that day I have read no other.' It would be quite true, however. As lowly kitchen boy in a hotel last summer, I filched a copy from the hall rack (I did n't realize until afterward the enormity of the crime). Since then, I've enjoyed the *Atlantic* thoroughly. But I've always felt a twinge of conscience about that first copy. Thoughts of the anguish of the estimable gentleman, when he discovered it gone, have often haunted me, and won't be downed. Do you suppose he would have felt compensated if he knew the pleasure that succeeding *Atlantics*, have given me? One thing I am sure of, and that is that he would have been quite astounded to learn who took it. A bell-hop *might* have, but a kitchen boy — !

Yours very truly,

A. W. ESTABROOK.